



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

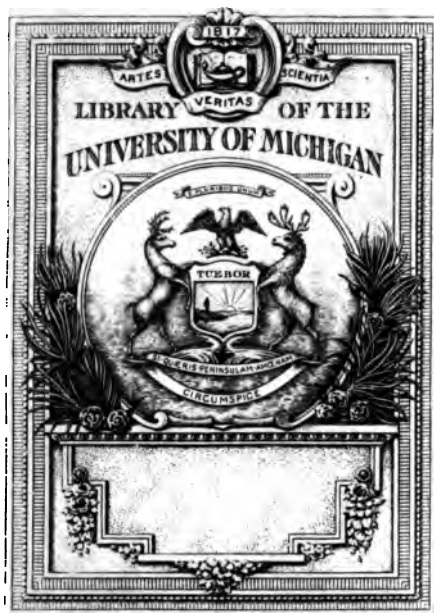
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A

843,676



F

211

.H3

LC

1:





1

2

3



SAM HOUSTON.

LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
SAM HOUSTON

HERO AND STATESMAN,

BY

C. EDWARDS LESTER,

AUTHOR OF

"THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND"; "THE NAPO-
LEON DYNASTY"; "AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT";
"LIFE OF PETER COOPER," ETC.

Reb.

Housto.

Close of

As a

(COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.)

NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.

1883.

to Rev.

21



J

119/1037

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Introduction.....	5
Start in' Life.....	11
Life as a Soldier.....	21
He Becomes a Lawyer.....	34
He Enters Public Life.....	36
His Indian Life Resumed.....	39
Texas—The New Field.....	54
Elected Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Texas.....	67
Texas Victorious in Her First Campaign.....	69
Texas an Independent State.....	72
Preparing for San Jacinto.....	92
The Battle of San Jacinto.....	96
The Victor and the Captive.....	117
Farewell to His Army.....	139
President of the Republic of Texas.....	140
Administration.....	155
Releasing Santa Anna.....	158
Houston's Annexation Policy.....	161
Close of his First Administration.....	167
As a Legislator.....	170
Second Term.....	176
Appeal to the Great Powers.....	198
Annexation.....	203
Sagacity of Houston's Diplomacy.....	209
In the National Senate.....	227
At Home.....	236

119-29-35-H&C

317621

INTRODUCTION.

SAM HOUSTON's Life and Achievements constitute an important and inseparable portion of the history of the United States. Their significance is only just beginning to be understood.

The object of this work is not limited to a biography of General Houston, but it will endeavor to explain the real meaning and influence of his acts and show how far they tended to mould the fortunes of this nation; and why future historians will be obliged to regard him among the greatest of the post-revolutionary statesmen of our Republic.

If I assign him so high a place in our annals, I think I can clearly make out the case to the satisfaction of every candid reader.

He has been so long dead that none but a few men, now passed the meridian of life, knew him, while fewer still of the present generation are familiar with anything but his name. Most of the young have only heard of him as an adventurer in the far-off wilds of Texas, who had something to do with frontier life in the Southwest, and who won a great battle over the Mexicans, and was called the Conqueror of Santa Anna, and the Hero of San Jacinto. But of the real life and deeds of

this strange and only dimly comprehended man, and the influence he put forth on the destinies of this country, not one American in a thousand has any conception. To the great mass of his countrymen, or of mankind in other countries, he is little more than a myth; scarcely as real as Romulus, instead of being the actual founder of a Republic, with no rape of the Sabines, and suckled by no wolf-mother.

I am now performing the office of an historian; and I feel it a sacred duty, not only to the man whom I knew in those far off-days, but to men now living and to those who shall live hereafter, to write with the strictest accuracy.

It seems proper to give some account of the way in which I learned the facts I am about to relate, for the reader has a right to know why I can give so exact and minute an account of a history, which may seem to read more like a romance than a sober historic recital of one who, but twenty-five years ago stood in the Senate of the United States.

It happened as follows: I first met Sam Houston in the winter of 1845-46 at Washington, where he had come on from Texas after the Treaty had been ratified by our Government, which annexed that independent Republic as a member of the Republic of the United States.

One of our Founders said: "Who would dare to predict our future, if the future shall not betray the pres-

ent?' "How far our territory is to be extended, is perhaps not for us to determine; but we cannot restrict the extent of our influence, if our Union shall be perpetuated."

These were the utterances of the wisest of our early statesmen. And yet when the question of extending our territory beyond the limits of the Old Thirteen Colonies came up during Jefferson's time the timid were afraid. But that great statesman bought the vast territory of Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte, and our Republic moved across the Mississippi, and afterwards Florida was purchased from Spain.

Again, another period opened for our expansion—the annexation of Texas. The very announcement of such an idea filled the minds of Henry Clay, and his great and noble partizans, with absolute terror. It cost Clay the Presidency! The great Wm. Ellery Channing, too, living and dying without a peer in his realm of reform in theology, and chieftain of humanity, opposed it; and from the purest but most erring of motives. They were *mistaken*—nothing else. The future alone could prove it, and to show how that future did prove it is one of the chief motives of this volume.

The Treaty of Annexation having been ratified by the sovereign authorities of both nations, Texas came into the Union December 21st, 1845, and Generals Houston and Rusk took their seats as the first Senators from the new State. They established their quarters

at the National Hotel, having under their charge the archives of Texas, which were subsequently to be transferred to the final keeping of the United States.

It was at this time that fortune favored me with an acquaintance with General Houston, which soon ripened into an intimacy that lasted till his death. Having then but recently returned from Italy on leave of absence, after several years' consular service, and having felt a deep interest in the career of General Houston, and the Texan question, then foremost in American statesmanship, I was invited to write an historical record on the subject, and every facility was offered for the preparation of such a work. The chief leader, and most of the surviving actors—soldiers and statesmen—of Texas were in Washington, ready to lend their aid, while free access was had to the official archives, which furnished complete authentication for every statement and event considered necessary or desirable. I had, besides, the constant and invaluable assistance of General Houston, in whose private room the record was prepared without the intermission of an entire day during the succeeding three months. It was published shortly afterwards, under the title of "Sam Houston and His Republic." It was the first authentic history of Houston and of Texas, which had appeared, and it was widely circulated at home and abroad. Some years later, I continued the record of Houston's public life, and traced the immense conse-

quences which followed the annexation of Texas to the United States.

This present work embraces everything of permanent value as a contribution to the authentic biography of the Founder of Texas, or the history of that great State, which covers an area six times larger than New York, with a population of two millions of prosperous people, living on the broadest, richest and healthiest compact body of land on the surface of the earth.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

NEW YORK, July 4, 1883.

25

LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF SAM HOUSTON.

START IN LIFE.

BEFORE we come to the union of Texas with our republic, which will for ever be associated with the name of HOUSTON, we must trace the origin and personal history of the man to whom was assigned so grand a part in the drama of life and government in our Western World.

It has often been remarked by the most sagacious observers in every school of philosophy and religious belief, that the only way to interpret the purposes of the Supreme Power, which decides the fate of men and governments, is to read history backwards; unfulfilled prophecy can have no intelligible meaning except to a man who can believe without evidence. In reading the biographies of men who have risen to great eminence, much of the charm is found in tracing their early footsteps on the long road which led to fame. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of Sam Houston in whose eventful life we shall be often reminded of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

Virginia is proud of being called the mother of presidents, and she has a right to the name. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Harrison were all her

sons. But she has many other illustrious children whose names would have received no additional luster from the presidential office. This is particularly true of General Sam Houston, the father and president of the republic of Texas. He was born on the 2d of March, 1798, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, seven miles east of Lexington, at a place then known as Timber Ridge Church. He was many years afterwards to celebrate the anniversary of his birth-day as that of the birth of a new republic, for it was on his natal day that Texas declared herself free and independent.

He always spoke of his ancestry with pride and gratitude, for on his father's and mother's side they sprang from the Highlanders of Scotland, who fought for God and liberty in the days of John Knox. During those troublous times, they emigrated with that numerous throng of brave men and women, who were driven away from their Highland homes to seek a refuge in the north of Ireland. Here they remained till the siege of Derry, in which they were engaged, when they immigrated to Pennsylvania. For more than a century these families seemed to have kept together in all their wanderings, and at last a union was formed between them, by the marriage of Houston's parents, who had been sometime settled in Virginia, when the birth of the subject of this book took place.

His father seems to have possessed the means of only a comfortable subsistence. He was known only for one passion, and this was for a military life. He had borne his part in the Revolution, and was successively the Inspector of General Bowyer's and General Moore's Brigades. The latter post he held till his death, which took place in 1807, while he was on a tour of inspection among the Alleghany Mountains. He was a man of

powerful frame, fine bearing, and indomitable courage. These qualities his son inherited, and they were the only legacy except an honorable name which he had to leave him.

His mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall, and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that chequered the history of the frontier settler. Her beneficence was universal, and her name was called with gratitude by the poor and the suffering. Many years afterwards, her son returned from his distant exile, to weep by her bedside when she came to die.

Such were the parents of this man. Those who know his history will not be astonished to find that they were of that noble race which first subdued the wilderness of Virginia, the forests of Tennessee, and the ferocity of their savage inhabitants. It is a matter of some interest to inquire, what were the means of education offered to this Virginia boy. We have learned that he never could be got into a schoolhouse till he was eight years old, nor that he ever accomplished much, in a literary way, after he did enter. Virginia, which has never become very famous for her common schools, had still less to boast of eighty years ago. The State made little or no provision, by law, for the education of its children, and each neighborhood was obliged to take care of its rising population. Long before this period, Washington College had been removed to Lex-

ington, and a "Field school" was kept in the ruined old edifice, once occupied by that institution. This school seems to have been of doubtful utility. Houston learned to read and write, and gained some ideas of ciphering. Late in the fall and winter were the only seasons that he was allowed to improve even these dubious advantages. The rest of the year he was kept to hard work. If he worked very well, he was sometimes permitted to run home from the fields, to be in time to retain his place in spelling. But he never went to such a school more than six months in all, till the death of his father, which took place when he was thirteen years old. This event changed at once the fortunes of the family. They had been maintained in comfortable circumstances, chiefly through the exertions of the father, and now they were to seek other reliances.

Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters. But she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she immediately sold out her homestead, and prepared to cross the Alleghany Mountains, to find a new home on the fertile banks of the Tennessee River. Those of our readers who live in a crowded population, surrounded by all that embellishes civilized life, may be struck with the heroism of a Virginia woman who, nearly a century ago, took up her journey through those unpeopled regions; and yet few of them can have any adequate conception of the hardships such a heroine had to encounter. We hope the day may come when our young authors will stop writing and dreaming about European castles, with their crazy knights and lady-loves, and hunting through the mummy-haunted halls of Egypt, and set themselves to work to

glean the unwritten legends of heroism and adventure, which old men could tell them, who are now smoking their pipes around the roof-trees of Kentucky and Tennessee—a race which is too rapidly fading away to return no more.

There is room for the imagination to play around the toilsome path of this widow and her children, as she pushed her adventurous way to her forest home. Some facts, too, of wild interest, are in our possession—but we shall hurry on with our story, for, if we mistake not, our readers will find romance enough in this history to satisfy the wildest fancy. Fired still with the same heroic spirit which first led them to try the woods, our daring little party stopped not till they reached the limits of the emigration of those days. They halted eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary between white men and the Cherokee Indians.

Sam was now set to work with the rest of the family in breaking up the virgin soil, and providing the means of subsistence. There seems to have been very little fancy in his occupations for some time; he became better acquainted than ever with what is called hard work,—a term which has a similar signification in all languages and countries where any work is being done.

There was an academy established in that part of East Tennessee about this time, and he went to it for a while, just after Hon. Mr. Jarnagin, who long represented his State in the United States Senate, had left it. He had got possession, in some way, of two or three books, which had a great power over his imagination. No boy ever reads well till he feels a thirst for intelligence, and no surer indication is needed that this period has come, than to see the mind directed towards those

gigantic heroes who rise like specters from the ruins of Greece and Rome, towering high and clear above the darkness and gloom of the Ages. He had, among other works, Homer's Iliad, which he read so constantly, we have been assured on the most reliable authority, that he could repeat it almost entire from beginning to end.

The boy's imagination was now fully awakened, and his emulation began to be stirred. Reading translations from Latin and Greek, soon kindled his desire to study those primal languages, and so decided did this propensity become, that on being refused, when he asked the master's permission, he turned on his heel, and declared solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any other kind while he lived—and we think it very probable that he kept his word! But he had gathered more from the classic world through Homer's Iliad, than many a ghostly book-worm, who has read Euripides or Æschylus among the solemn ruins of the Portico itself. He had caught the "wonted fire" that still "lives in the ashes" of their heroes, and his future life was to furnish the materials of an epic more strange than many a man's whose name has become immortal.

His elder brothers appear to have crossed his wishes occasionally, and by a sort of fraternal tyranny quite common, exercised over him some obnoxious restraints. At last they compelled him to go into a merchant's store, and stand behind the counter. This kind of life he had little relish for, and he suddenly disappeared. A great search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found for several weeks. At last intelligence reached the family that Sam had crossed the Tennessee river, and gone to live among the Indians, where, from all accounts, he seemed to be getting on much more to his liking. They found him, and began to question

him on his motives for this novel proceeding. Sam was now, although so very young, nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian, coolly replied that "he preferred measuring deer tracks, to tape—that he liked the wild liberty of the red men better than the tyranny of his own brothers, and if he could not study Latin in the academy, he could, at least, read a translation from the Greek in the woods, and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked."

His family, however, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover when he got tired of the Indians, gave themselves no great uneasiness about him. But week after week passed away, and Sam did not make his appearance. At last his clothes were worn out, and he returned to be refitted. He was kindly received by his mother, and, for awhile, his brothers treated him with due propriety. But the first act of tyranny they showed, drove him to the woods again, where he passed entire months with his Indian mates, chasing the deer through the forest with a fleetness little short of their own—engaging in all those gay sports of the happy Indian boys, and wandering along the banks of the streams by the side of some Indian maiden, sheltered by the deep woods, conversing in that universal language which finds its sure way to the heart. From a strange source we have learned much of his Indian history, during these three or four years, and, in the absence of facts, it would be no difficult matter to fancy what must have been his occupations.

It was the molding period of life, when the heart, just awakened to the fevered hopes and dreams of youth, looks wistfully around on all things for light and beauty—"when every idea of gratification fires the blood and flashes on the fancy—when the heart is

vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire." The poets of Europe, as well as of America, in fancying such scenes, have borrowed their sweetest images from the wild idolatry of the Indian maiden. Houston, who subsequently saw nearly all there is in life to live for, was heard to say, that, as he looks "back over life," there's much that was sweet to remember in this sojourn among the untutored children of the forest.

And yet, this running wild among the Indians, sleeping on the ground, chasing wild game, living in the forests, and reading Homer's Iliad withal, seemed a pretty strange business, and people used to say that Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, or die in a mad-house, or be governor of the State—for it was very certain that some strange thing would overtake him!

Well, it may have been doubtful, for a long time, what all this would end in. But the mystery cleared away somewhat after the battle of San Jacinto. Certain it is that his early life among the Indians was, as the event proved, a necessary portion of that wonderful training that fitted him for his strange destiny. There he was initiated into the profound mysteries of the red man's character, and a taste was formed for forest life, which made him, many years after, abandon once more the habitations of civilized men, with their coldness, treachery, and vices, and pass years among the children of the Great Spirit, till he finally led the way to the achievement of the independence of a vast domain, and the consolidation of a powerful commonwealth.

Guided by a wisdom all his own, the Ruler of Nations led him by an unknown path, and his wild history reminds us of the perhaps fabulous story of Romulus,

nurtured by the forest wolf, till he planted the foundations of a mighty empire. With the history of the Father of Rome, the pens of poets have played—and it would seem, after all, to have been but a prophecy in fable, whose fulfillment the world has waited for till our days. Certain it is, too, that no man has lived on this continent, who has had so complete a knowledge of the Indian character—none who held such control over the savage mind. During his entire administration of the government of Texas, not an Indian tribe violated a treaty with the Republic; and it is nearly as safe to say, that during the administration of others, not a tribe was known to make or regard one.*

* During the latter part of June, 1846, Gen. Morehead arrived at Washington with forty wild Indians from Texas, belonging to more than a dozen tribes. We saw their meeting with Gen. Houston. One and all ran to him and clasped him in their brawny arms, and hugged him like bears, to their naked breasts, and called him father. Beneath the copper skin and thick paint the blood rushed, and their faces changed, and the lip of many a warrior trembled, although the Indian may not weep. These wild men knew him, and revered him as one who was too directly descended from the Great Spirit to be approached with familiarity, and yet they loved him so well they could not help it. These were the men "he had been," in the fine language of Acquiquask, whose words we quote, "too subtle for, on the war path—too powerful in battle, too magnanimous in victory, too wise in council, and too true in faith." They had flung away their arms in Texas, and with the Comanche chief who headed their *file*, had come to Washington to see their father. We said these iron warriors shed no tears, when they met their old friend—but white men who stood by will tell us what they did. We have witnessed few scenes in which mingled more of what is called the moral sublime. In the gigantic form of Houston, on whose ample brow the beneficent love of a father was struggling with the sternness of the patriarch warrior, we saw civilization awing the savage at his feet. We needed no interpreter to tell us that this impressive supremacy was gained in the forest.

This wild life among the Indians lasted till his eighteenth year. He had, during his visits once or twice a year to his family, to be refitted in his dress, purchased many little articles of taste or utility to use among the Indians. In this manner he had incurred a debt which he was bound in honor to pay. To meet this engagement, he had no other resource left but to abandon his dusky companions, and teach the children of pale-faces. As may naturally be supposed, it was no easy matter for him to get a school, and on the first start, the enterprise moved very slowly. But as the idea of abandoning anything on which he had once fixed his purpose was no part of his character, he persevered, and in a short time he had more scholars to turn away than he had at first to begin with. He was also paid what was considered an exorbitant price. Formerly, no master had hinted above \$6 per annum. Houston, who probably thought that one who had been graduated at an Indian university, ought to hold his lore at a dearer rate, raised the price to \$8—one third to be paid in corn delivered at the mill, at 33½ cents per bushel—one third in cash, and one third in domestic cotton cloth, of variegated colors, in which our Indian pedagogue was dressed. He also wore his hair behind, in a snug queue, and is said to have been very much in love with it, probably from an idea that it added somewhat to the adornment of his person—in which, too, he was probably mistaken.

When he had made money enough to pay his debts, he shut up his school, and went back to his old master to study. He put Euclid into his hands. He carried that ugly, unromantic book back and forth to and from the school a few days, without succeeding in solving *the first* problem, and then came to the very sensible

conclusion that he would never try to be a scholar! Other and better work was reserved for him. This was in 1818.

HIS LIFE AS A SOLDIER.

The bugle had sounded, and America was forced into a second war with England. A recruiting party of the United States Army came to Maryville, with music, a banner, and some well-dressed sergeants. Of course, young Houston enlisted—anybody could have guessed as much. His friends said he was ruined—that he must by no means join the army as a common soldier. He then made his first speech, as far as we can learn:—
“And what have your craven souls to say about *the ranks?*—Go to, with such stuff; I would much sooner honor the ranks, than disgrace an appointment. You don’t know me now, but you shall hear of me.” His old friends and acquaintances, considering him hopelessly disgraced, cut his acquaintance at once. But his mother gave her consent as she stood in the door of her cottage, and handed her boy the musket:—“There, my son, take this,” she said, “and never disgrace it: for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave, than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards.” He was soon promoted to be a sergeant. In a short time he became the best drill in the regiment. He was marched to Fort Hampton, at the head of the Muscle Shoals, in Alabama, where he was promoted to be an ensign. Returned to Knoxville—assisted in drilling and organizing the Eastern Battalion of the 39th Regiment of Infantry; and *from thence* marched to the Ten Islands, where he re-

mained encamped for some time. The line of march was then taken up for Fort Williams. The regiment descended the Coosa, and marched for To-ho-pe-ka, or the Horse-Shoe, where some events took place deserving a more minute relation.

Most of our readers have probably read some history of the great battle of the Horse-Shoe. The following graphic account I penned verbatim from the lips of Gen. Houston:—"An indecisive struggle had for a long time been carried on with the Creek Indians, who had avoided the hazards of open warfare, hoping at last, by forest ambuscades, and stealthy eruptions, to weary out a foe they did not dare to meet in a general engagement. But this kind of warfare was soon to be brought to an end. They had a foe to contend with, who out-matched them in subtlety, and all the daring impetuosity of his nature was bent upon their destruction.

"Gen. Jackson's army, encamped at Fort Williams, now amounted to more than two thousand men, and his spies were scattered far and wide through the forests. Retreating from village to village and point to point, the enemy had gathered all their effective force on a bend of the Tallapoosa, where a thousand warriors—the chivalry of the Creek Nation—following the guidings of their prophets, had taken their last stand, resolved to risk all upon a single struggle. This bend, which they called To-ho-pe-ka or the Horse-Shoe, is accurately described by its name. It is a peninsula of about one hundred acres of land, opening on the north, where it was protected by a massive breastwork—reaching down to the river on both sides—composed of three tiers of heavy pine logs, with two rows of skilfully arranged port-holes.

"On the morning of the 27th of March, Gen. Jackson reached the Horse-Shoe, and immediately prepare for action. In a few hours, by a masterly arrangement of his forces, he had completely invested the Peninsula. Gen. Coffee had, early in the morning, crossed the river at a ford two miles below, with a body of mounted men, and nearly all the force of friendly Indians serving under Gen. Jackson; and at ten o'clock he had drawn up his lines on the south of the bend, cutting off all escape from three sides of the Peninsula. In the meantime, the general had advanced towards the north side of the bend, with the main army, and drawing up his lines, he ordered the two pieces of artillery to play upon the Indian breastworks. The first gun was fired at about half-past ten o'clock, and a brisk fire maintained till nearly one, apparently without much effect, —the small cannon shot playing almost harmlessly against massive timbers. No opportunity had yet been given to the main army to show their valor; but a rattle of musketry mingling with the sharp crack of a hundred rifles, was heard, and a heavy column of smoke came rolling up from the southern part of the Peninsula.

"The Cherokees, under Gen. Coffee, had discovered a line of canoes, half concealed by the bushes, on the opposite shore, and, in a few minutes, they swam the stream, and brought them across. Richard Brown, their gallant chief, leaped into a canoe, followed by his brave Cherokees, and with Capt. Russell's companies of spies, crossed the river. They first set fire to the cluster of wigwams near the shore, and, as the smoke rose over them, advanced upon the rear of a thousand warriors who were sheltered from the artillery on the north.

"When Gen. Jackson's troops heard the firing and saw the smoke, they knew that their companies had crossed the river, and they were impatient to storm the breastworks. But the general held them steady in their lines, till he had sent an interpreter to remove all the women and children in the Peninsula, amounting to several hundred, to a safe place beyond the river. The moment this was effected, he gave an order to storm the breastworks. The order was received with a shout, and the 39th Regiment, under Col. Williams, and Gen. Dougherty's brigade of East Tennesseans, rushed up with loud cries to the onset, where a short but bloody struggle followed at the port-holes, bayonet to bayonet, and muzzle to muzzle. Major Montgomery was the first man to spring upon the breastworks, but a ball in the head hurled him back. About the same instant, on the extreme right of the 31st Regiment, Ensign Houston scaled the breastworks, calling to his brave fellows to follow him as he leaped down among the Indians—cutting his way.

"While he was scaling the works, or soon after he reached the ground, a barbed arrow struck deep into his thigh. He kept his ground for a moment, till his lieutenant and men were by his side, and the warriors had begun to recoil under their desperate onset. He then called to his lieutenant to extract the arrow, after he had tried in vain to do it himself. The officer made two unsuccessful attempts, and failed. "Try again," said Houston—the sword with which he was still keeping command raised over his head—"and, if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth." With a desperate effort he drew forth the arrow, tearing the flesh as it came. A stream of blood rushed from the place, and Houston crossed the breastworks to have his wounds

ressed. The surgeon bound it up and staunched the blood. Gen. Jackson, who came up to see who had been wounded, recognizing his young ensign, ordered him firmly not to return. Under other circumstances, Houston would have obeyed any order from the brave man who stood over him, but now he begged the general to allow him to return to his men. The general ordered him most peremptorily not to cross the outposts again. But, Houston was determined to die in the battle, or win the fame of a hero. He remembered how the finger of scorn had been pointed at him as he fell into the ranks of the recruiting party that marched through the village; and rushing once more to the battleworks, he was in a few seconds at the head of his men.

‘The action had now become general, and more than two thousand men were struggling hand to hand. Swords, and spears, and balls were flying; swords and tomahawks were gleaming in the sun; and the whole peninsula rang with the yell of the savage, and the groans of the dying.

‘The thousand warriors who had gathered there that day, were chosen men. A brother of Tecumseh had, nine months before, visited all the villages of the Creek nation, and stirred up their passions for blood and revenge, proclaiming to their prophets that the voice of the Great Spirit had called him to go on the mission, and that the flower of their people should assemble to meet in battle the pale faces, and the day would be crowned with the final destruction of their foes. There was in this strange mission enough of mystery to inspire all the superstition and malignity of the nation; and, following their prophets, they had at last met the pale faces on the day that would give victory to their

people. The day of the battle had come, and warriors by hundreds were falling; but they were firm in belief of their prophets, who still proclaimed that they should win the day. The Great Spirit, they said, would sweep their enemies away with a storm of wrath, and his signal should be a cloud from heaven. And it proper to add, that when the struggle was decided, and the commander-in-chief was issuing an order to stop the carnage, and had sent an interpreter to tell them their lives should be spared if they would surrender, a cloud suddenly overspread the sky. The superstitious warriors, believing it the signal of their promised redemption, fired upon the interpreter after his message was delivered, and again the action began.

"But the eagerly-watched signal ended in a quick April shower, and no deliverance came to the brave but devoted people. Not a warrior offered to surrender, even while the sword was at his breast. Hundreds had already fallen, and were weltering in the gore—multitudes of others had been shot or drowned in attempting to swim the river—the ground of the Peninsula was covered only with the dead and dying, and the battle was supposed to be over. To the last moment, the old prophets stood firm, and gazed towards the sky; around them warriors clustered, fighting to the very last moment that relief would come. Hope expired only with the expiring groan of the last prophet, and the warrior who gasped at his side.

"But the victory was still incomplete—the work of slaughter was not yet done. A large party of Indians had secreted themselves in a part of the breastwork constructed over a ravine in the form of the roof of a house, with narrow port-holes, from which a murderous fire could be kept up, whenever the assailants showed

themselves. Here the last remnant of the Creek
of the Peninsula was gathered, and, as the
y could not be brought to bear upon the place,
uld be dislodged only by a bold charge, which
probably cost the lives of the brave men who

offer of life, if they would surrender, had been
l with scorn by these desperate savages, which
their fate. Gen. Jackson now called for a
of men to make the charge. As there was no
given, the lines stood still, and not an officer
ered to lead the forlorn-hope. Supposing some
would lead forward his company, Houston
wait no longer. Calling on his platoon to fol-
m, he dashed down the precipitous descent,
s the covered ravine. But, his men hesitated.
a desperation which belongs only to such oc-
, he seized a musket from one of his men, and,
; the way, ordered the rest to follow him.
was but one way of attack that could prevail—
to charge through the port-holes, although they
ristling with rifles and arrows, and it had to be
y a rapid, simultaneous plunge. As he was
ig to rally his men, and had leveled his musket,
five yards of the port-holes, he received two
lls in his right shoulder, and his arm fell shat-
to his side. Totally disabled, he turned and
once more to his men, and implored them to
the charge. But they did not advance. Hous-
od in his blood till he saw it would do no good
d any longer, and then went beyond the range of
illets, and sank down exhausted to the earth.
ndians were at last dislodged from the covered
by its being set on fire. The sun was going

down, and it set over the ruin of the Creek Where, but a few hours before, a thousand savages had scowled on death and their assailant was nothing to be seen but volumes of dense rising heavily over the corpses of painted warriors the burning ruins of their fortifications."

Thus ends this graphic, and probably the most and authentic account of the great battle of Towhee ever published. After the perils of this hard engagement, in which he had displayed a heroic courage, excited the admiration of the entire army, and the wounds which to his dying day never perfectly healed, he was taken from the field of the dead and was committed to the hands of the surgeon. He was extracted, but no attempt was made to extract the other, for the surgeon said it was unnecessary to do so, since he could not survive till the next morning. He spent the night as soldiers do, who war in the wilderness, and carry provisions in their knapsack for a week's march. Comforts were out of the question; but Houston received less attention than the others, for everybody looked on him as a dying man, and what could be done for any, they felt should be done for those who were likely to live. It was the darkest night of his life, and it closed in upon a brilliant day he had yet seen. We can fancy ourselves what must have been the feelings of the soldier, as he lay on the damp earth, through the darkness of that dreary night, racked with the keen tortures of his many wounds, and deserted in what he supposed to be his dying hour.

But the mysterious Providence which chooses its instruments by a way they know not of, for other work for him to do, he was yet

through many scenes of excitement and trial, and, at last, to lead a brave band of pioneers triumphantly through all their struggles and sufferings to the peaceful enjoyment of a free commonwealth. The military prowess Houston displayed throughout that bloody day, secured for him the lasting regard of Gen. Jackson, whose sympathies followed him through all his fortunes. More than thirty years after, when the venerable old chief was trembling on the verge of life, looking out with undimmed cheerfulness from the dark inn of mortality upon the summer path of light that opened before him, he sent for Gen. Houston to hasten to his bed-side to see him die.

On the day after the battle Houston was started on a litter, with the other wounded, for Fort Williams, some sixty or seventy miles distant. Here he remained, suspended between life and death, for a long time, neglected and exposed, the other regular officers of the regiment having all been removed to Fort Jackson, or the Hickory Ground. He was taken care of, a part of the time, by Gen. Johnson, father of the Postmaster-General of that name, and by Col. Cheatham—and by them at last brought back to the Ten Islands, and from thence by Gen. Dougherty, who commanded the brigade from East Tennessee, through the Cherokee Nation, to his mother's house in Blount County, where he arrived in the latter part of May, nearly two months after the battle of the Horse-Shoe.

This long journey was made in a litter, borne by horses, while he was not only helpless, but suffering the extremest agony. His diet was of the coarsest description, and most of the time he was not only deprived of medical aid, but even of those simple remedies which would, at least, have alleviated his suffer-

ings. His toilsome way was through the forests, where he was obliged to camp out, and often with no shelter. No one around him had any expectation he would ever recover. At last, when he reached the house of his mother, he was so worn to a skeleton, that she declared she never would have known him to be her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their wonted expression.

Under the hospitable roof of that cottage, whose "door was always open to brave men," he languished a short time, and when he had recovered a little strength went to Maryville to be near medical aid. Here his health gradually declined, and in quest of a more skillful surgeon, he was removed to Knoxville, sixteen miles to the eastward. The physician to whom he applied, found him in so low a state that he was unwilling to take charge of him, for he declared that he could live only a few days. But at the end of this period, finding he had not only survived, but begun to improve a little, the doctor offered his services, and Houston was slowly recovering.

When he had become strong enough to ride a horse, he set out by short journeys for Washington. He reached the seat of government soon after the burning of the Capitol. In common with every true friend of his country, his blood boiled when he saw the ruin that *heroic* people had worked, and he experienced one of the keenest pangs of his life, in the thought that his right arm should be disabled at such a moment, and while the foe was still prowling through the country. Winter was now advancing, and with his wounds still festering, he journeyed on to Lexington, Virginia, where he remained till early spring.

Having, as he supposed, sufficiently recovered to be

able to do his duty as a soldier in some situation, he prepared to cross the mountains. When he reached Knoxville, on his way to report himself ready for duty, he heard the glorious news of the battle of New Orleans. His furlough had been unlimited.

After peace was proclaimed, he was stationed at the cantonment of his regiment, near Knoxville, and when the army was reduced, he was retained in the service as a lieutenant, and attached to the First Regiment of infantry, and stationed at New Orleans.

In the fall, he had embarked on the Cumberland, in a small skiff, in company with two young men, one of whom afterwards became distinguished as Gov. White, of Louisiana. He was then a beardless boy, just leaving college. They passed down the Cumberland, entered the Ohio, and at last found their way to the Mississippi, over whose mighty waters they floated through that vast solitude, which was then unbroken by the noise of civilized life. Our voyager had with him a few of those volumes which have been the companions of so many great and good men: a Bible, given to him by his mother, Pope's translation of the Iliad, the same book he had kept by him during his wild life among the Indians—Shakspeare, Akenside, and a few standard works of fiction, which, like Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Vicar of Wakefield, have become a part of the history of every man who knows how to read. It is not difficult to imagine the effect such works must have produced upon the heated imagination of a young American soldier, voyaging through those impressive solitudes.

After many days their skiff turned a bend in the Mississippi, above Natchez, and far down the river they saw a vessel coming up the stream without sails, send-

ing up a heavy column of smoke. Instead of being a vessel on fire, as they at first supposed, it turned out to be the first steamboat that ever went up the Mississippi River.

..

At Natchez they exchanged their skiff for the steamboat, and in eight days they reached New Orleans, where Houston reported for duty.

He now had his wounds operated on once more, and the operation nearly cost him his life. The rifle ball, after shattering most completely his right arm just below its juncture with the shoulder, had passed round and lodged near the shoulder-blade. Nothing but an iron constitution had enabled him to endure the enormous suffering he had gone through, and the operation just performed had well-nigh robbed him of his last strength. His lungs were supposed, moreover, to be irreparably injured; but that indomitable resolution which has borne him triumphantly through all the struggles of his stormy life, never gave way.

After a winter of extreme suffering, he sailed in April for New York, where he passed several weeks, with a slight improvement in health. Returning to Tennessee by the way of Washington, after visiting his friends, he reported to the Adjutant-General of the Southern Division, at Nashville, and was detailed on duty in the Adjutant's office, and stationed at Nashville from the 1st of January, 1817. He was attached to the office till the following November, when he was detailed on extra duty as a sub-Indian agent among the Cherokees, to carry out the treaty just ratified with that nation. His feeble health rendered it peculiarly hazardous to encounter the exposures of such an agency, but Gen. Jackson considered it necessary to the public service that he should at least make the attempt, for he could

procure the services of no one in whom he could repose such entire confidence. Accordingly, Lieut. Houston, yielding to the importunities of his commander, who, knowing he was unfit for public service, offered him a furlough if he should decline the agency, entered upon his new duties with ardor, and discharged them with marked ability. During that same winter he conducted a delegation of Indians to Washington. When he arrived at the seat of Government, he found that attempts had been made to injure him with the Government, for having prevented African negroes from being smuggled into the Western States from Florida, which was then a province of Spain. These reports had been circulated by the friends of the smugglers, who were then in Congress.

He vindicated himself before the President and the Secretary of War, and showed that in all he had done, he had only endeavored to secure respect for the laws of the country. He was still to show, too, most conclusively, that while he had been occupied laboriously in his new and difficult mission, which he had, as was confessed on all hands, discharged with singular ability, he had been suffering without respite from his painful wounds received in the service of his country. It was the opinion of General Jackson, and all who understood Houston's position and services, at the time, that he was not only entitled to a full and ample exculpation from all blame (which was indeed accorded him), but had a right to expect that his magnanimous sacrifices for the State should have met with a warmer recognition. But he considered himself slighted at the time, and he resigned his lieutenancy in the army,—at a period, too, when his health rendered it exceedingly doubtful how he was to gain a livelihood. But he

acted on the principle he so often illustrated, that "no man should be an almoner upon the bounty of a State who cannot bring to its service talents and acquisitions which would procure higher emoluments in private life." He returned with the delegation to the agency on Hi-Wassee, and then resigned his commission as sub-agent, and went to Nashville to read law.

HE BECOMES A LAWYER.

Houston was now in his twenty-fifth year. He had played a brave part in the national struggle just past—he had become familiar with the hardships the frontier soldier has to encounter—he had seen the treachery and the coldness of artificial life—and he had passed years among the simple-hearted but stern children of the Great Spirit.

With a mind enriched by experience and observation, and a lofty aspiration for enduring fame, he abandoned the life of the soldier, to pursue the calmer path of the civilian. In his wanderings in search of health, his pay in the army had been inadequate to his necessities, and he found himself burdened by a load of debt. Before he began the study of law, he sold the last piece of property he possessed, and appropriated the last farthing of the avails to the discharge of his debts; but a residuum of several hundred dollars still remained unpaid—the balance, however, was soon discharged.

He entered the office of Hon. James Trimble, who told him that eighteen months of hard study would be necessary, before he could be admitted to the bar. He began his studies in June, 1818. He read a few of the standard works prescribed in a course of law study and read them thoroughly. He grasped the *principles* of the science, and they were fixed in

mind for ever. There is a class of men who are made up, like composite architecture, of the details of beauty taken from primitive orders. Such men constitute the *secondary formations* of society; but the intellectual world, like the frame of nature, reposes upon nobler and more massive strata.

Those men who borrow their lights from others, never lead the human race through great *crises*—they who depend on the strength they gather from books or men, are never equal to lofty achievements. The minds which electrify the world generate their own fire. Such men seldom shine in details—they have no time to attend to them, and they never feel the loss of these secondary lights. The bold mariner, who ventures at once upon the open sea, and regulates his course by a few towering headlands and solitary lights that gleam from afar, can give little information to the coaster about the tiny bays that indent the shore, or the color of the pebbles that glitter on the beach. But he has marked on his chart the dangerous reefs, and the great currents of the ocean, and he is at home with his noble vessel wherever the sun, the moon, and the stars shine.

So it is with those who explore the fields of science. Some men cultivate such studies only to amass details, to use on appropriate occasions, while others enter them only to gather general principles which have a universal application. In approaching these two classes, we discover as grand a difference as we do between one of those islands of the Pacific seas, newly formed by the countless animalculæ of the ocean, and the bold brow of the everlasting mountain.

We have used these illustrations only to convey a more perfect idea of Houston's character. His teacher had prescribed eighteen months' study: in one third of the

time he was recommended to apply for license, and he was admitted with *éclat*. A few months' study had enabled him to pass a searching examination with great honor to himself and his new profession. He immediately purchased a small library on credit, and established himself in Lebanon, thirty miles east of Nashville, and began the practice of law. Soon after, he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State, with the rank of Colonel. In the meantime he followed up his studies, and the practice of his profession, with earnestness, and so rapidly did he rise at the bar, that he was, in October of the same year, elected District Attorney of the Davidson District, which made it desirable he should take up his residence at Nashville.

There he was obliged to come in collision with all the talent of one of the ablest bars of Western America. Every step he trod was new to him, but he was almost universally successful in prosecutions; and his seniors who rallied him upon his *recent* advancement, and his *rawness* in the practice, never repeated their jokes. They discovered, to their mortification, that neither many books, nor much dull plodding, could enable them to measure weapons with a man so gifted in rare good sense and penetrating genius.

HE ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE.

We have taken considerable pains to render ourselves familiar with the various steps of Houston's advancement, till he reached the highest honors of the State. But we shall be obliged to pass rapidly over this portion of his history, in order to leave space to speak more minutely of his subsequent achievements. The labors of the District Attorney were unceasing, but the fees ~~were so inconsiderable~~ he resigned his post at the end

of twelve months, and resumed the regular practice of his profession, in which he rose to great and sudden distinction.

In 1821 he was elected Major-General by the field-officers of the division which comprised two-thirds of the State. In 1823, he was recommended to offer his name as a candidate for Congress. In the various official stations he had filled, he had won so much respect, and at the bar he had displayed such rare ability that he was elected to Congress *without opposition*. His course in the National Legislature was warmly approved by his constituents, and he was returned the second time by an almost unanimous vote.

His course in Congress won for him the universal respect and confidence of the people of Tennessee, and in 1827 he was elected Governor of that State by a majority of over 21,000. His personal popularity was unlimited, and his accession to office found him *without an opponent in the Legislature*.

In January, 1829, he married a young lady of respectable family, and of gentle character. Owing to circumstances, about which far more has been conjectured than known by the world, the union seems to have been as unhappy as it was short. In less than three months a separation took place, which filled society with the deepest excitement. Various reports flew through the State, all of them unfounded, and some of them begotten by the sheerest malignity, which divided the people of the State into two hostile parties, and inflamed popular feeling to the last point of excitement. As usual on such occasions, those who were most busy in the affair, were the very ones who knew least about the merits of the case, and had the least right to interfere. *But unfortunately for the peace of society, these*

is everywhere a class of impertinent busy-bodies, who make it their special business to superintend and pry into the domestic affairs of their neighbors ; and as curiosity must be gratified at any expense to private character, and such persons always like to believe the worst, the secrets of no family are exempt from their malignant intrusions. These are the disturbers of the peace of society whom the law seldom punishes, although they perpetrate more crimes than highwaymen and assassins—burglars of the domestic tranquility of families—robbers of others' good name—assassins of the characters of the innocent.

Thinking, most probably, that they were doing her a kindness, the friends of the lady loaded the name of Houston with odium. He was charged with every species of crime man ever committed. The very ignorance of the community about the affair, by increasing the mystery which hung over it, only made it seem the more terrible. In the meantime, Houston did not offer a single denial of a single calumny—would neither vindicate himself before the public, nor allow his friends to do it for him. He sat quietly, and let the storm of popular fury rage on. From that day, even among his confidential friends, he maintained unbroken silence, and whenever he spoke of the lady, it was with great kindness. Not a word ever fell from his lips that cast a shade upon her character, nor did he ever allow an unkind breath against her in his presence. Whatever may have been the truth of the matter, or whatever his friends may have known or conjectured, he had but one reply for them : “ This is a painful, but it is a private affair. I do not recognize the right of the public to interfere in it, and I shall treat the public just as though *it had never happened.* And remember that, whate

may be said by the lady or her friends, it is no part of the conduct of a gallant or a generous man to take up arms against a woman. If my character cannot stand the shock, let me lose it. The storm will soon sweep by, and time will be my vindicator." Throughout this bitter and prolonged trial, Houston displayed a majesty and magnanimity of character entirely unparalleled in any authentic record which has come within my knowledge.

He had been elected to every office he had held in the State by acclamation, and he determined instantly to resign his office as Governor, and forego all his brilliant prospects of distinction, and exile himself from the habitations of civilized men—a resolution more likely to have been begotten by philosophy than by crime.

I have no apology to offer for this singular event. If Houston acted culpably, it could not be expected he would become his own accuser. If he were the injured party, and chose to bear in silence his wrong and the odium that fell on him, he certainly betrayed no meanness of spirit, for he never asked the sympathy of the world. But notwithstanding his unbroken silence about the affair, and the sacrifice of all his hopes, he was denounced by the journals of the day, and hunted down with untiring malignity by those who had the meanness to pursue a generous man in misfortune. After his determination to leave the country was known, they threatened him with personal violence. But in this he bearded and defied them.

HIS INDIAN LIFE RESUMED.

But his friends did not desert him while the sun of his fortune was passing this deep eclipse. They gathered around him, and the streets of Nashville would have

flowed with blood, if Houston's enemies had touched : hair of his head. But such ruffians never execute their vows, when they have brave men to deal with, and Houston resigned his office, and taking leave of his friends, he quietly left the city of Nashville. He now turned his back upon the haunts of white men, and there was no refuge left for him but the forests. There he had a *home*, of which the reader has yet heard nothing ; it was far away from civilized life.

While he was roving in his youth among the Cherokees, he had found a friend in their chief, who adopted him as his son, and gave him a corner in his wigwam. In the meantime, the chief with his tribe had removed from the Hi-Wassee country to Arkansas, and become king of the Cherokees resident there. During their long separation, which had now lasted more than eleven years, they had never ceased to interchange tokens of their kind recollections. When, therefore, he embarked on the Cumberland, he thought of his adopted father, and he turned his face to his wigwam home, knowing that he would be greeted there with the old chief's blessing.

His separation from his friends at the steamboat was a touching scene. He was a young man, for he had not passed his thirty-fifth year. He was in the vigor and strength of early manhood. He had filled the highest stations, and been crowned with the highest honors his State could give. They knew the history of his early life, and they felt pride in his character. He was literally a man of the people, and they looked forward to his future advancement with all the pride of kindred feelings. A storm had suddenly burst upon his path but they knew it would soon sweep by, bearing him *a higher and fairer eminence* than before. He seen

to be casting from him the palm of victory ; to be stepping down from his glory to obscurity, and his friends (and they were *the people of Tennessee*) parted from him with sorrow and in sadness.

And it *was* a strange sight to see one so young, around whose brow the myrtle wreath of fame was twining, cast aside the robes of office and give up a bright future for a home in the wilderness. It was no flight of a criminal ; it was not even a necessary retirement from turbulence and excitement, for even before he left, the fury of his enemies had abated and his real strength was greater than ever. But it was a voluntary exile from scenes which only harrowed his feelings while he stayed, and the Providence which had shaped out his future life was leading him in a mysterious way through the forests to found a new empire. Let those who laugh at a Divine Providence, which watches over its chosen instruments, sneer as they read this ; they are welcome to their creed.

Landing at the mouth of the White River, he ascended the Arkansas to Little Rock, and then on, alternately by land and water, to the Falls of the Arkansas, four hundred miles to the northwest. The old chief's wigwam was built near the mouth of the Illinois, on the east side of the Arkansas, and the Cherokees were settled on both sides of the river above Fort Smith.

It was night when the steamboat, which carried Houston, arrived at the Falls, two miles distant from the dwelling of the Cherokee chief. As the boat passed the mouth of the river, intelligence was communicated to the old man that his adopted son *Colonéh* (the Rover—the name given him on adoption) was on board. In a short time the chief came down to meet his son, bringing with him all his family,

This venerable old chief, Oolooteka, had not seen less than sixty-five years, and yet he measured full six feet in height, and indicated no symptom of the feebleness of age. "He had" said Houston, "the most courtly carriage in the world, and never prince sat on a throne with more peerless grace than he presided at the council fire of his people. His wigwam was large and comfortable, and he lived in patriarchal simplicity and abundance. He had ten or twelve servants, a large plantation, and not less than five hundred head of cattle. The wigwam of this aged chieftain was always open to visitors, and his bountiful board was always surrounded by welcome guests. He never slaughtered less than one beef a week, throughout the year, for his table—a table on royalty, in a country, too, where no titles are paid.

Such was the home Houston found waiting for him in the forests. The old chief threw his arms around him and embraced him with great affection. "My son," said he, "eleven winters have passed since we met. My heart has wandered often where you were; and I have heard you were a great chief among your people. Since we parted at the Falls, as you went up the river, I have heard that a dark cloud had fallen on the white path you were walking, and you turned your thoughts to my wigwam. I am glad of it—it was done by the Great Spirit. There are many wise men among your people, and they have many councilors in your nation. We are in trouble, and the Great Spirit has sent you to us to give us council, and take trouble away from us. I know you will be our friend, for our hearts are near to you, and you will tell our sorrows to the great father, General Jackson. My wigwam is yours—my home is yours—my people are yours—rest with us."

Such was the touching greeting the old chieftain gave

him; and Houston has often been heard to say, that when he laid himself down to sleep that night, after the gloom and the sorrows of the past few weeks, he felt like a weary wanderer, returned at last to his father's house.

He now passed nearly three years among the Cherokees. His history during this period is filled with stirring and beautiful incidents, many of which have come to our knowledge, well worthy of being related, since they would afford the finest pictures of the lights and shadows of forest life. But they would only illustrate more fully those characteristics of stern courage and heroism, for which, throughout his life, he was so distinguished, and of which the world will require no better proofs than he gave. We shall, therefore, pass by the romance of his forest life, at this period, and speak only of his untiring and magnanimous efforts and sacrifices for several years, in behalf of the oppressed and outraged Indians.

The red man on this continent has had few better friends than Houston. From his youth he loved the children of the forest, and among their wigwams, and around their council fires, he studied the mysteries of their nature. He assured me that during an intercourse with them of many years, he never was betrayed or deceived by a red man. Long familiarity with them had made him acquainted with their wrongs and he knew why they looked upon the white man as their foe. He had robbed them of their forests and game—he had laid waste their wigwams, and introduced discord at their council fires—he had, with the glittering bribe of gold and rifles, enticed them away from their ancient haunts, and even driven them at the point of the bayonet from the graves of their fathers—and,

worse than all, he had brought among them his accursed *fire-water*, which had melted down the lofty chivalry and unbending strength of their primitive nature, and by that infernal agency degraded and enfeebled a power which, without it, they could never have been subdued. This was the forerunner and the hand-maid of his conquests—this was the magic wand he had raised over their stern chieftains, and they had melted away. Was it any wonder that the stricken few who were left of those bold, untamable tribes, that once possessed the fair lands of this broad continent, should know any other feelings towards their usurpers than revenge !

Houston knew all their wrongs, and sympathized in all their sufferings. He was now determined to devote himself to their interests, and be the guardian of their rights. He knew that General Jackson, who was then president, felt toward him the affection and confidence of an old and tried friend, and he was resolved to scrutinize the actions of the Indian agents, and sub-agents, with the greatest severity, and report the result of his observations to the president.

He had always been invited to mingle in the councils of the Cherokees during his residence among them, but while he often met them as a friend, he never entered their councils, or joined in their deliberations. The chief counseled with him often about his people, nor was he long in becoming acquainted with the oppressions and glaring injustice which had been inflicted on them by the agents to whom their affairs had been intrusted in their migration to that country. In exchange for the territory they had occupied lower down on the Arkansas, they were, by treaty, to receive *twenty-eight dollars per capita*, which amounted, in the

aggregate, to a large sum. Instead of paying this money, as should have been done, certificates were issued by the agents, under the pretence they had no money, and as paper is always considered worthless by the Indians, merchants, who had connections with the agents, purchased up these certificates in a fraudulent manner for a mere song, representing that it was very uncertain whether the government ever could send them money. A Mackinaw blanket, a flask of powder, and even a bottle of whisky, was often all these defrauded exiles ever got for the plighted faith of our government.

In this manner, whole tribes were preyed upon by abandoned speculators, and so completely despoiled of the munificent appropriations of Congress, that it is more than doubtful if a fifth part of the money, secured to them by solemn treaty, ever got into their hands; and even the fraction which went to them only proved a curse.*

* In speaking on this subject, General Houston once said to me:

"During the period of my residence among the Indians, in the Arkansas region, I had every facility for gaining a complete knowledge of the flagrant outrages practiced upon the poor red men by the agents of the government. I saw, every year, vast sums squandered and consumed without the Indians deriving the least benefit, and the government, in very many instances, utterly ignorant of the wrongs that were perpetrated. Had one-third of the money advanced by the government been usefully, honorably and wisely applied, all those tribes might have been now in possession of the arts, and the enjoyment of civilization. I care not what dreamers, and politicians, and travelers, and writers say to the contrary, I know the Indian character, and I confidently avow, that if one-third of the many millions of dollars our government has appropriated within the last twenty-five years, for the benefit of the Indian population, had been honestly and judiciously applied, there would not have

During the entire period he resided in that region, he was unceasing in his efforts to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits among the Indians; and though, for more than a year, he had a trading establishment between the Grand River and the Verdigris, he never introduced or trafficked in those destructive drinks. This, too, was at a period when he was far from being

a practically temperate man himself. But, whatever might be his own occasional indulgences during his visits been at this time, a single tribe within the limits of our States and Territories, but what would have been in the complete enjoyment of all the arts and all the comforts of civilized life. But there is not a tribe but has been outraged and defrauded; and nearly all the wars we have prosecuted against the Indians, have grown out of the bold frauds and the cruel injustice played off upon them by our Indian agents and their accomplices. But the purposes for which these vast annuities and enormous contingent advances were made have only led to the destruction of the constitutions of thousands, and the increase of immorality among the Indians. We cannot measure the desolating effects of intoxicating liquors among the Indians by any analogy drawn from civilized life. With the red man the consequences are a thousand times more frightful. Strong drink when once introduced among the Indians, unnerves the purposes of the good, and gives energy to the passions of the vicious; it saps the constitution with fearful rapidity, and inflames all the ferocity of the savage nature. The remoteness of their situation excludes them from all the benefits that might arise from a thorough knowledge of their condition by the president, who only hears one side of the story, and that, too, told by his own creatures, whose motives in seeking for such stations are often only to be able to gratify their cupidity and avarice. The president should be careful to whom Indian agencies are given. If there are trusts under our government where honest and just men are needed, they are needed in such places; where speculation and fraud can be more easily perpetrated than anywhere else. For in the far-off forests, beyond the Mississippi, where we have exiled those unfortunate tribes, they can perpetrate their crimes and their outrages, and no eye but the Almighty's sees th

to Fort Gibson and other white settlements, he had too much humanity and love for the red men, ever to contribute to their crimes or their misfortunes by introducing or trafficking in those damnable poisons.

Cognizant of the frauds practiced on these various tribes by the agents of the government, he could not endure such intolerable acts of outrage upon the rights and the sympathies of those whom he could not but esteem a generous and a good people; and he determined their conduct should be known at the seat of government, not doubting they would be instantly removed. He visited Washington early in 1832, and made such representations as caused an investigation into their conduct, and not less than five agents and sub-agents were promptly removed.

These disgraced men were, some of them, *highly respectable*, and they had powerful friends in Congress. Their dismissal from office was, therefore, the signal of a general attack upon Houston from every quarter, where mortified pride or disappointment was aroused. Before leaving Arkansas, the swindlers, whose conduct he had exposed, had crowded the journals of that region with the basest and most infamous libels against his character. He had been the friend of the despoiled red man; and when he saw a band of land pirates leagued together to rob the poor Indian, his humanity was stirred, and he fearlessly tore off the mask which covered these perpetrators of such high-handed injustice. But it was a crime for which they never forgave him—and all that money, lavishly used, and friends in high stations, who shared the spoils of the robbers, and a venal Press, all moved by untiring malignity, could accomplish to cover Houston with *infamy—was done,*

At that time, hostility against General Jackson had reached its culminating point. There was a majority against him in Congress, and this majority were bent upon his ruin as a public man. All the agencies that are resorted to, to crush a great man who is rising into fame, had been tried. Calumny had exhausted its venom, and hatred had belched forth all its malignity. But the heroic old man had gone through it all unscathed, and he now sat calm and high above the shafts of his foes.

But Houston was the sworn friend of the old general, and being a young man he could be more easily crushed. A desperate effort was made, to rally against him all the foes of Gen. Jackson, and the effort was successful. One charge which he made against the agents, and proved incontrovertibly, seemed to increase their former malignity a hundredfold. They had been contractors for furnishing Indian rations; and through their injustice or delinquency, some of the Indians had *died of starvation*, and to multitudes only a scanty and insufficient supply of food had been issued. These rations were issued at but one point in the two Nations (Creeks and Cherokees), which compelled the emigrants, as they had not had the benefit of a crop, to locate in the most unhealthy parts of the country, for there only their rations could be obtained. This prevented their establishment and creation of homes in the new country, to which they had emigrated.

When the mask was torn off from this den of iniquity, by the bold, humane hand of Houston, he was attacked and pursued with ferocious malignity.

But it was not enough to have stirred up the press of the Nation against a lofty-minded and upright man: *Now*, all Congress was to be moved against him. It

was necessary in this last desperate crusade, to hit upon a file-leader, who had distinguished himself for his malignant personal hatred of Gen. Jackson, and, at the same time, he must have no scruples against being the supple tool of wiser, but not better men, who pulled the wires behind the scenes. Characters of this description were not wanting in the Congress that waged the **THIRD PUNIC WAR** against the old man of the Hermitage; but the most supple, brazen-faced, shameless of all, was a certain politician, who had been elected as a friend of Jackson. He was chosen as the best instrument they could find to use for their purposes. In his place in the House of Representatives, he assailed Houston, and charged him with an attempt to obtain a fraudulent contract for Indian rations, and he boldly intimated that the secretary of war, and even Gen. Jackson himself, were implicated in the attempt to defraud.

A crisis had now come. Houston had suffered all sorts of abuse before, and borne it in silence; but when he saw the fame, and even the integrity of Gen. Jackson, ruthlessly assailed *on his account*, by a member of Congress, he was determined to chastise him for his forward insolence to the president. He knew Houston's determination, and was careful not to cross his path. At last, one evening, when he knew, by positive information, that Houston was *not armed*, he crossed over to the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue (where Houston was walking), for the purpose of perpetrating a foul deed in the dark, we have a right to suppose, if it was proved on the trial that he was armed, and attempt the life of Houston, who had no weapon but a hickory cane.

soon as Houston recognized his antagonist, through

the moonlight, he asked him if his name was —— of Ohio. The answer had no sooner escaped his lips, than Houston, who knew he had no time to lose, leveled him to the ground, and shivered his hickory cane upon his head. In the meantime, he had snapped a pistol at Houston, but it missed fire, or he had been a dead man, for it was held to his breast. Houston spared his life; and the politician crawled off to his bed, which he kept some days.

The chastised member now caused four processes to be commenced against Houston, by which he expected to crush and disgrace him for ever. He was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms, and brought before the House of Representatives, which resolved itself into a judicial tribunal, to try him on the charge of violation of the rights of one of the members, whom Houston had held responsible for words uttered in debate. The court sat nearly thirty days, and no means were spared to condemn the accused man. It was argued, and with great ability, by his friends, that the House had no jurisdiction in the case; that by the Constitution, Congress had been made a Legislative Assembly, but clothed with no judicial powers over American citizens. In this opinion, too, it is but just to add, some of Gen. Jackson's political opponents concurred. The matter dragged on nearly a month; and as the conduct, the character, and the winning personal appearance of Houston, were continually gaining him friends, and the public were becoming indignant that Congress should abandon the business of the country to prosecute and lacerate an unfortunate and self-exiled man, who had bled in its service, even his foes themselves became tired of the prosecution. On the trial, Houston spoke in his own *defense, at great length, and with consummate eloquence*

and ability. It was a touching spectacle, to see a man who had been four years a member of that body, the governor of a great State, the bosom friend of Gen. Jackson, one who bore on his body the deep wounds received in fighting under the flag waving from the top of the Capitol, arraigned by *party politicians* before their bar, for having, in protecting himself, while unarmed, from the stealthy attack of an armed coward, chastised a renegade demagogue, who had dared to charge the President of the United States with a bold fraud, because he thought he could, in his place in Congress, do it with impunity. Politicians of a certain class will at last learn, that in their attempts to *crush* those bold and magnanimous men who stand by the masses of the people, and have, from the very beginning of the government, led the popular majorities—they are only hastening the advancement of such men to power.

What turned the popular feeling in favor of Houston at the time, and made him dear to the people, just in proportion as he was persecuted, was the undeniable fact that he was brought to the rack and tortured there, *because of his enthusiastic love for his old general, who was then president.*

This protracted and august trial ended in a party vote of instructions to the Speaker to reprimand the prisoner at the bar of the House. But the reprimand was delivered in so courteous and delicate a manner, it carried with it more of the tone of an approval than a reprimand. It was everywhere regarded as a signal triumph for Houston, since few men ever had so mighty a power marshaled against them.

The second process was to move for a committee to be *appointed to investigate the truth of the charge that mem-*

ber had made against Houston, of fraud in procuring a contract for furnishing Indian rations. A committee was raised and *the demagogue was appointed chairman*, which threw into his hands power to crush his enemy, if the fraud could be proved. Houston, conscious of his innocence, had procured this measure to be adopted himself. And what was the result of the second attempt to ruin this man, who had come from his distant exile only on the humane mission—which an angel might have undertaken—of procuring justice for the outraged Indians? After a tedious and thorough investigation—after marshaling every circumstance they could to his prejudice, the committee was *compelled* to report that *not the slightest evidence had appeared to sustain the charge*.

Houston was still triumphant, and his foes made *another* effort. They introduced a resolution to exclude him for ever from the lobby of the House, where, as an ex-member of Congress, and the Governor of a State, he had a right to go. But this also failed!

Every process that could either injure or disgrace him had now been tried in Congress, and so far from crushing him, he had been steadily rising. The fourth and last act in this disgraceful drama then opened. At the instance of this same demagogue, who, by being flogged by Houston, had now won, what was doubtless to him a very gratifying notoriety, he was indicted and held to bail in a criminal process of \$20,000. He could have evaded the trial by leaving the District, but he met his enemy once more, and after twenty days he was fined \$500 and costs. But no enforcement of the sentence of the court was ever attempted. It is worthy remark, that the last act but one of Gen. Jackson's *administration*, was to remit the fine.

Seldom, if ever, in the history of this country, has so malignant a persecution been waged against a public man. Seldom, in the history of the world, has a man been able to withstand so mighty a conspiracy. But Houston came off triumphantly. During this entire period of attack and abuse, he had displayed no cowardice nor shunned the most searching scrutiny. He had bared his breast to his foes, and invited their weapons. And now, when they had given over the contest, and retired from it loaded with mortification and contempt, his hunted and persecuted man deliberately abandoned once more the haunts of civilization, and went voluntarily where his foes never could have driven him—back to his exile.

He returned by the way of Tennessee, and wherever he went he was received with every demonstration of regard. Years had passed since other painful occurrences had taken place—and with them had passed, too, the storm they had raised. Reason had resumed its way over the public mind, and a strong desire was manifested that he should again take up his abode in Tennessee. The recent persecutions he had just passed through, had only won for him a deeper sympathy than ever, and all the pride of the State was aroused to protect and honor the man it had lost. But he could not be dissuaded from his purpose of returning once more to the forest. A sight of the spot where he had seen his bright hopes that had greeted his early manhood, rushed in a single hour, only awakened associations he wished to forget; and he once more turned his face towards the distant wigwam of the old Indian chief, where, after a year of persecution from Christian men, he found repose by the hearth-stone of a savage king—
biting satire upon civilized life.

•

It is not difficult to imagine the effect that such unrelenting persecution must have produced upon a sensitive, proud and a magnanimous man. He had escaped civilized life, and gone where its pestiferous and calumny-loaded breath could not reach him.

He had no more ambition to gratify. Posts of honor and emolument proffered by Gen. Jackson, he rejected—for he would never suffer the foes of the old warrior and statesman to heap opprobrium upon his name for showing favor to a proscribed man.

TEXAS—THE NEW FIELD.

His intention was now to become a herdsman, and spend the rest of his life in the tranquility of the prairie solitudes. A fondness for rural pursuits was now the only passion he had to gratify. Leaving his wigwam, which was situated on the margin of a prairie between the Verdigris and the Grand River, a short distance from its junction with the Arkansas, he set out on the 1st of December, 1832, with a few companions, through the wilderness to Fort Towson. At Nacogdoches he reported himself to the authorities, and a few days after went on to San Felipe de Austin, the seat of government of Austin's colony. After reporting to the authorities, he prosecuted his journey to San Antonio de Bexar.

Here he held an interview with a delegation of the Comanche Indians on a visit to that place. In all his intercourse with the authorities and citizens, his conduct was marked by great respect for law and the institutions of the country. After some days he returned with two companions to San Felipe de Austin. At Nacogdoches he was now warmly solicited to establish *his permanent residence*, and allow his name to be used

didate for election to a convention which was to
n the following April.*

was slow to yield to their request, for his purpose
een settled to abandon public life and enjoy the
and solitude of a forest home. But a single
at the resources of this new country, and the
ter and condition of its population, satisfied him
great destiny awaited them, and in imagination
eady saw a new commonwealth rising into power.
as still in the morning of life—here was a new
for achievement, where all the bold elements of
aracter could find full play. Once embarked on
ream of a revolution, the world would learn, at
the character of the man it had hunted from
y, and history and time would pronounce his
y. Sober reflection convinced him that his public
as hardly yet begun, and he permitted them to
is name for the suffrages of the people, who
d at once to recognize his great qualities as a civil
ilitary leader.

ile the election was going on, he returned to
itoches, in Louisiana, and made a report to the
nment of the United States. Its origin is sup-
to have been in the fact of his having been re-
ed by Gen. Jackson to ascertain the disposition
Camanches to make peace with our Government,
prevail upon a delegation of that numerous and
se nation to visit Fort Gibson on the Arkansas,
fterwards proceed to Washington. Gen. Jackson

1832, in view of the probable necessity of revolutionizing
the people of the country openly and generally expressed
elves in favor of inviting either Houston or Carroll to
among them, and head any revolutionary movement that
be determined on.

thought that the emigration of the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Creeks would be promoted by a treaty of peace with the Camanches, whose power and hostile disposition they dreaded, in establishing themselves in their new home. As this was a confidential mission, little is known of its history. But it is certain that in Houston's interviews with the Camanches at Bexar, the objects were accomplished which had been contemplated by the mission.

On his return to Nacogdoches, he learned that during his absence he had been elected by a unanimous vote. He took up his residence among his new constituents, who had extended towards him so generous a greeting.

This convention, which was composed of more than fifty members, assembled at San Felipe de Austin, the first of April, 1833. It was the first deliberate assembly made up of men descended from the Anglo-Saxon race, which had ever assembled within the limits of the ancient dominions of Cortez, and the first step in that stupendous movement, which has swept across the Cordillera Mountains to the green shores of the Pacific, where thousands of young riflemen from New York and New England were so soon to go to plant fortresses of protection, and institutions of learning, like those which are now overshadowing the crumbling despotisms of two hemispheres.

The convention met in a rude, narrow apartment—as the first colonists of the Grecian States are said to have organized those famous republics of antiquity, under rude tents in the forests, robed in the skins of wild beasts. But there were men there whose deliberations involved the fate of many millions.

As the delegates had their own expenses to pay,

they proceeded forthwith to the business which had called them together, and in thirteen days they completed one of the best models extant for a State constitution. It was signed by the members, and a memorial adopted by the convention. Stephen F. Austin, William H. Wharton, President of the Convention, and James B. Miller, were appointed commissioners to bear the constitution and memorial to the supreme government of Mexico, and obtain the recognition of Texas as one of the States of the confederacy. The memorial set forth various reasons why Texas should become one of the States of Mexico; amongst others, that it would enable her to negotiate terms with the hostile Indian tribes, and secure their rights to land previously promised by the general government. Encroachments had been made on the Indian territory, subsequent to the rupture between the colonists and the Mexican soldiers, stationed at Nacogdoches, Velasco, and Anahuac. This rupture had taken place in the summer of 1832, in consequence of a difference between Bustamente and Santa Anna. The former had attempted to subvert the constitution of 1824, and the military throughout Texas had pronounced in his favor. Santa Anna declared himself the friend and supporter of the constitution, and the colonists siding with him in the civil revolution, which had begun in Mexico and spread to Texas, had expelled the military, whose usurpations, up to that time, had been submitted to without murmuring. Santa Anna was now in power, and the colonists doubted not that Austin and his colleagues would be received with favor, and their constitution ratified by the federal authorities.

Austin alone finally went to the city of Mexico. He *was received with some formality, but little encourage-*

ment was given to his mission. *In the meantime Sant Anna had resolved on establishing a military despotism which was the only reason that could have been urged against accepting the constitution.*

In the formation of that instrument, the greatest care had been taken to render it entirely acceptable to the central government. In the organization of the State of Mexico, under the federal constitution of 1824, the provinces of Texas and Coahuila formed one State, but the right had been reserved to Texas, of constituting herself a distinct State when her population would justify the measure. The federal government and Coahuila had for some time pursued towards Texas a policy which rendered it necessary for her to become a separate State as soon as possible. They had granted away her territory in large tracts, under the pretence of raising funds to enable Mexico to defend her frontier against the Indians, but she had never appropriated one dollar to that object. For, whenever the central administration stationed any troops in Texas, it was in the towns nearest to the sea-board, where no hostile attack from the savages could be apprehended. Here with a military force to overawe the citizens, a support of the government, which would never otherwise have been conceded, could be extorted. The frontiers were left without protection, and the colonists were obliged to protect themselves as best they could, against the hostile incursions of fifteen or twenty tribes of Indians.

We have already said that great care was taken to render the new constitution acceptable to the federal government. Mexico, for example, had no banks. In the convention a measure had been brought forward and an article proposed to be inserted, authorizing the Legislature of the State of Texas to create a bank or

banks. This measure was introduced by Branch T. Archer, and supported by the principal men in the convention. Houston was the only speaker who opposed the policy. In principle he was opposed to any system of banking, except one whose powers could be brought within very narrow limits; and he did not believe a more fatal precedent could be established in the infancy of the new State. The exigencies of cupidity and of business would prove stronger than the enactments of law, and he was persuaded that no sound system of banking could be hoped for in so new a community.

But he was opposed to the measure also on the ground of policy. It would be a valid reason, if inserted, for Mexico to reject the constitution, since it would be an innovation upon the legislation of the general government, and he was deeply anxious to preserve harmony, and wished Texas to defer to the prejudices and institutions of Mexico, rather than excite her jealousy by any of these new movements, which would at least be likely to excite suspicion, if not positive alarm. Houston spoke on this subject with great eloquence and convincing power. He caused the article in dispute to be stricken out, and one inserted prohibiting the establishment of all banks and banking corporations, for a period of ninety-nine years, which passed the convention by a large majority.

This was the first illustration Houston gave of that wise and profound policy, which guided all his counsels during the long struggle Texas was obliged to pass before she could be admitted to the full prerogatives of an American commonwealth. We shall have occasion to remark the difference between his policy and that of other public men who figured on the same scene. All

new States are infested, more or less, by a class of noisy, second-rate men, who are always in favor of rash and extreme measures. But Texas was absolutely overrun by such men. There seemed to be few of that class who give character to the institutions of new States, which spring suddenly into power—men who are brave enough for any trial, wise enough for any emergency, and cool enough for any crisis. But fortunately, Texas had some such men, and she had a leader she depended on in the camp, and a counselor she relied on in the Senate. It is exceedingly doubtful what would have been her fate, but for him. And yet we shall perceive, as we trace down Houston's history, involving, as it necessarily does, the history of Texas, that all his difficulties and all the dangers of the State, and the sufferings and sacrifices of her people, grew out of the rash and headstrong movements of a few men whose judgments and counsels were generally precipitate, and ended, when followed, in embarrassing the State, or plunging it into danger.

Those who were present in the convention, have always attributed to Houston the molding influence which controlled the action of the assembly, and gave tone to the political feelings and events that followed. They are also just as confident in the belief, that if restless and ambitious spirits, who will "rule or rend," had been willing to follow Houston's wise counsels, the independence of Texas would have been achieved without much sacrifice of blood or treasure. We shall see how he at last triumphed, and how much sacrifice, care, and endurance, it cost him and his country.

But to return to Austin, whom we left in Mexico, and in trouble. Finding his application fail, he concluded to return to Texas. On his way home, he —

pursued by order of the government, taken back to the capital, and thrown into a dungeon, where he dragged out many months of gloom and suffering. He was an amiable, enlightened, excellent man, and a pure patriot. He was beloved and respected by the colonists, and his fame and virtues will be long cherished by the Texans. During his imprisonment, stories of his sufferings reached Texas, and everywhere they produced a deep sensation. The indignation of the colonists burst forth like the rage of a single man. There was, at that time, only one press in Texas [at Brazoria], but it gave utterance to the wrongs of the people; and although few in numbers (for the entire population of Texas did not exceed 20,000 souls), yet, instead of exercising discretion, they spoke freely of the wrongs they endured, and the rights guaranteed to them under the constitution of 1824. Houston discouraged such unrestrained ebullitions of feeling, since they would be likely to plunge Texas into a bloody struggle with Mexico, *before she was prepared for it*—while he was as anxious as any man for the day of her political redemption.

Austin had been cast into prison, with no definite accusation alleged against him, and without even the form of a trial. At length he was liberated by Santa Anna, and permitted to return home. He had great confidence in Austin, for he had shown himself a friend of order on all occasions in Texas, and loyal to the principles recognized at the time. He had first migrated to that country with three hundred families, as colonists—and thus introduced the materials of that vast political structure, which was subsequently wrought into form and beauty. When he returned to Texas, he found the public mind inflamed, and indignation had been expressed in municipal meetings. But when public feeling was subside-

ing, and few, if any, orderly men were thinking of extreme measures, Santa Anna showed clearly that nothing short of absolute power would satisfy him.

The colonists were alarmed, and precautionary measures were taken. They were ruled by Mexican law and governed by officers who followed blindly Mexican edicts. Rumors were constantly reaching Texas that the colonists were laboring under the disapprobation of the Mexican government. The commerce of Texas had been placed under restrictions of the most oppressive character, and the worst men had been set over the administration of the customs. Taxation had become oppressive. The people had been baffled in all their attempts to secure justice, and large sums of money had been extorted from them in obtaining titles to the lands they had improved, and which had been guaranteed to them by the Mexican government. An edict of Santa Anna had demanded of the people the surrender of their private arms. This struck them like electric shock. It not only exposed their wives and children to the fury of hostile Indians, but to all the horrors of starvation—for many families depended upon wild game for daily subsistence.

At Gonzales, there was a piece of artillery for the defense of the place, which was called into almost weekly requisition by the incursions of the Indians. It was the capital of Dewitt's Colony, situated on the east bank of the Guadalupe, about seventy miles east of Bexar. In obedience to Santa Anna's edict, Ugarte, a colonel in the Mexican army, in command of several hundred dragoons, marched to Gonzales, from there to carry off the four-pounder. The colonists flew together for the rescue of the little field-piece. A skirmishing took place, without any serious c

quences at the moment.

won—the first shot having members of the consultation were and the swords drawn there as to the propriety, or rather more to their scabbards till provisional government, which fetters, which had bound the assembling of the members liberty, had been snapped asunder. In this exigency, among the nations.

Austin arrived at the scene of the storm for the subject to elected general of the forces. The insurgents were drawn rescued their four-pounder, but resolved to unanimous in the enemy to Bexar, and drive the myrmidons of the assembly and can tyrant from their soil. A general alarm was given, and to the banks of the Sabine. Eastern Texas had hitherto been disposed to remain tranquil, supposing all might not be so bad as rumor proclaimed it;—but the torch of war had been lighted, and Texas rose like a single man.

Committees of vigilance and safety, had been constituted in the municipalities of San Augustine and Nacogdoches, and a partial organization of the militia under their direction, had taken place. In the meantime, Houston had been chosen general of Texas, east of the Trinity. An invitation had been given by the people of the county of Brazoria, and responded to by other municipalities, to elect delegates to meet in a General Consultation, to devise means of safety in the event of danger; for they had now become pretty well satisfied that they had little to hope for from the despot of Mexico.

Austin had proceeded on to Bexar with his forces, and invested it. The colonists marched to him from all sections of the province, till eight hundred armed men had joined his standard. These events occurred in October, 1835. The Consultation was to meet early in that month at Washington and at the specified time,

principal officers and members of the consultation were invited. A question arose as to the propriety, or rather necessity, of forming a provisional government, which could be done only by the re-assembling of the members of the Consultation at San Felipe. In this exigency, the council of war determined to refer the subject to the army. The following day the troops were drawn up, and their vote taken. They were unanimous in the opinion that the Consultation ought to re-assemble and form a provisional government, and devise ways and means for maintaining the army then in the field; and adopt such methods as would give Texas credit abroad.

After Gen. Austin had marched the army some ten or twelve miles below, to the Mission of Espada, the members of the Consultation repaired to San Felipe, where they re-organized, and once more opened their deliberations. They made a provisional declaration, exhorting all Mexicans to unite in maintaining the constitution of 1824; and pledged their lives, property, and sacred honor, in support of its principles. They established an organic law for the provisional government of the province, and organized a temporary administration for it. Houston was one of the Committee to frame the declaration.

A disposition existed on the part of the members of the committee to make a declaration of absolute independence, and such a resolution was adopted. Considering this movement premature and ill-judged, he got a member of the majority to move a reconsideration of the vote. By one of the ablest efforts of his life, he carried his point: and on the trial, there was found to be a considerable majority in favor of the *provisional* declaration.

These deliberations were held in a little framed build.

ing of one floor—without ceiling or plaster—whose apartment was the narrow room where they assented. Houston, as was his custom in those days, was dressed in buckskin breeches, and a Mexican blanket. But the appearance of the room, and the costume of the members, had little to do with their deliberations. In reference to this freak of Houston, of dressing for years *à la* *age*, Gen. Jackson is reported to have said, he “that God there was one man, at least, in Texas, who was made by the Almighty, and not by a tailor.” Houston took up his abode in the forests, he assumed the simple and picturesque costume of the proud hunter among whom he dwelt; that portion of the vengeance which had poured gall into his lacerated bosom finally hunted him into the forests, now invaded the solitude of his new home. One of his crimes was that he had become an Indian—even in his dress. Certainly these men “the tailors had made”—and he must have been an outlaw, whose dress was more like a Revolutionary Senator’s than the dandy’s of Broadway.

Some of Napoleon’s officers, were once laughing on the morning of one of his great battles, at the gay appearance of Murat as he rode by, decked in ribbons and plumes.

“You may smile, *messieurs*,” said Napoleon, “but you are a dandy marshal, but take care that when the column is shot down to-day you keep your eye upon him where you see Murat’s gaudy plumes, there will be the hottest of the fight. Let a hero have *one* folly, *g* man.” Diogenes lived in a tub, but from all accounts the world felt a good deal more disturbed about it than the old philosopher himself.

Yes, Houston, the adopted son of an Indian, wore the dress of his tribe; but he carried a brave sword under his blanket. He refused to be a canny

any office; what he could do, however, he was ready to do. A governor and lieutenant-governor were elected. A council was also created—one member from each municipality—and the requisite number of officers appointed for the administration of such a government. The council was to continue in session till they should be superseded by officers elected by the people. Measures were also taken for raising a regular army, and organizing the militia.

ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF TEXAS.

Another event took place which decided the fate of Texas. The man in buckskin and the Mexican blanket, was, with only one dissenting voice among more than fifty members, elected **COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF TEXAS.**

There was no alternative for Houston but to accept the office. There was no one else gifted with those great qualities which nature lavishes on men born to command. He accepted the appointment, and proceeded to appoint his staff, and draw up the necessary bills for the organization of the army, and the appointment of the officers of the line—embracing a competent organization of the forces to be raised.

Texas had not a dollar at this time; and previous to Houston's election, commissioners had been appointed to visit the United States to forward her interests, and procure a loan to sustain her under the pressure of her bold undertaking. Austin, Wharton, and Archer, were appointed commissioners, and they were already on their way. Houston's hopes of money were not sanguine. He regarded Texas as thrown upon her own resources, and such aids as could be afforded by indi-

viduals whom the spirit of patriotism might inspire with generosity. At that moment there were few men in the United States who had any adequate conception of the importance of those early movements, or dreamed of the results that were to follow. Even now, as these grand events of the last twenty years pass in review before us, we seem, in the soberness of solitary reflection, to be tracing the progress of one of the States of antiquity. But there are few men who understand great social or political changes till they have become matters of history. We shall, in the sequel, glance at some of the causes which operated to cloud and prejudice the minds of the people of this country on the entire subject of Texas.

Gen. Houston had already issued a proclamation, inviting five thousand volunteers to unite in the cause of Texas. The army still remained in the field under Burleson, who had succeeded to the command, after Gen. Austin had left for the United States. He was an early settler of Texas, and a good man; but destitute of those great qualities which fit men for military control. Before Gen. Austin left the army, Fannin and Bowie, with about one hundred men, encountered five hundred Mexicans at the Mission Concepcion. The action was sustained gallantly by the Americans, and the Mexicans retreated, leaving some dead on the field, and carrying with them many wounded. The victors then marched to the neighborhood of Bexar, and posted themselves above the town. Col. Benjamin R. Milam, who had then no command in the army, proposed that volunteers should turn out who were willing to enter the town of Bexar and storm the place. About two hundred flocked to his banner; and led by the gallant *Milam*, whose chivalry entitled him to the confidence

such brave men, entered the town at night; and taking possession of certain buildings, made their way with crowbars through the walls, from house to house. After performing acts of singular bravery for several days, the heroic Milam fell, his head pierced by a rifle-ball; and, shortly after their leader's death, the troops got entire possession of the town, and the Alamo (the enemy's fortress) capitulated.

A singular spectacle was presented on the morning of the capitulation. Not less than eleven hundred Mexican soldiers passed before a little band of less than two hundred Texans, and laid down their arms. They were released on their parole of honor, and marched to Mexico by Gen. Cos. This same general violated his faith, and fought at San Jacinto. The colonists were now generally discharged, and marched to their homes, with the exception of the gallant company which had reduced the Alamo.

TEXAS VICTORIOUS IN HER FIRST CAMPAIGN.

Texas had thus triumphantly opened the first campaign of a war which had been basely forced upon her by a Mexican dictator, and if the wise counsels of Houston had prevailed, her complete independence would have been earlier achieved. But a conspiracy was secretly formed by a few ambitious and unprincipled aspirants for power, whose object was to work the downfall of Houston and secure their own elevation. Their intrigues succeeded in getting temporary control of the Council, which had adopted the insane policy of an expedition to capture Matamoras with the vain hope of commanding the revenues of the place.

Houston had now to encounter a new and formidable difficulty, and it called forth his highest wisdom and

firmness. He did not wish to be the cause of insubordination, for he was aware that it would require all the harmony and union possible to save the country. Yet knowing that all the troops from the United States had gone to Texas with the expectation of serving under himself, used every persuasive he thought convincing, against the expedition to Matamoras. It showed that if an army could reach Matamoras without opposition, they could not hold it a single week, with force of only seven hundred men. But they could never reach the sight of its walls. They had an area several hundred miles to pass, with no means of transportation—they had not three days of breadstuffs, and the men were unprovided in every respect for campaign.

The general remonstrated with the officers in friendly manner; representing the great difficulties they would have to encounter—the futility of the project and the disasters attendant on a failure. So careful was he to avoid exciting sedition among the troops who bowed very reluctantly to the command of another general—that he set out from Refugio in the night, with a few of his staff, for San Felipe.

On the road he received news that the Council had deposed the governor, and superseded his own authority—also, letters of Col. Fannin, which had been published, showing his reliance on the Council, and disregarding all other authorities. This opened Houston's eyes to the true situation of the country, and he saw that unless something was done, without delay, to repel evil, and to prepare the nation for the trying storm *she must pass*, in wading through a revolution *would be lost*. The hopes, which had greeted the *dawning* of Anglo-Saxon liberty in the fair prov-

New Estramadura, seemed likely to be extinguished, and it is not strange that a man who had been prevailed on to exchange the tranquility of a forest life—where he could find repose from persecution—to mingle in the struggles of a nation emerging into a free existence, should, when he found himself still hunted down by malignant rivals, and his hopes clouded, feel his great heart grow sad.

But men born to lead and save nations, cannot be crushed—in the midst of their adversities they may seem, for a moment, to bow before the blast, yet they never despair. For not more sure was Columbus to surmount all opposition, and plant his feet upon the green shores of the New World, than are such men in the end, to overcome all their foes and triumph over even the malignity of fortune. All the way to San Felipe, he was troubled by the most painful suspense—whether to withdraw once more from the treacheries and persecutions of the world, and bury himself deep in the solitudes of nature, and pass a life of communion with the Great Spirit and his beautiful creations—or whether he should boldly mark out a track for himself, and in leading a new people to independence, trample down all opposition. During most of the day he rode along in silence, and none of his companions disturbed his reveries. Towards evening he addressed them in a rapid but clear survey of events that had passed—contemplated the present state of affairs, and dwelt with enthusiasm upon the future prospects of Texas. He seemed to read her future, as the prophets did the unwritten history of Judah. He had fixed his purpose, and the world could not move him. After making an official report to the governor, he proceeded with his *aide-de-camp*, Major Hockley, to the Cherokee Nation

—in pursuance of instructions—to form treaties with them and other tribes. He met the Indians in council and having been returned as a delegate to the convention which was to meet in Washington on the first of March, he arrived there the day previous. The convention organized the following day, the 2d of March, 1836.

HOW HOUSTON MAKES TEXAS AN INDEPENDENT STATE.

The declaration of independence, for which a feeling had been so precipitately matured, was adopted unanimously, and hailed throughout Texas with enthusiasm and acclamation. So was it received, too, by the people of the United States, wherever they had gained a just conception of the issue involved in the struggle, of the vast magnitude of the consequences that would follow.

But, from the hour the news reached the United States, a feeling of hostility was inflamed against the infant republic, without a parallel in the history of the world. Losing sight of the grand moral result that were to flow from that event, and unmindful even of the hour of our own need, when we extended our hands to France for help, a loud burst of indignation went up from a thousand newspapers, platform pulpit, and everywhere the declaration was denounced as an act of high-handed robbery, perpetrated by a set of reckless outlaws. To have emigrated to that distant world, was enough to brand a man with infamy, and those who gave the little they could afford, to the cause, on the struggle, cast their mite into the Texan treasury in silence. All souvenirs of our fathers, and the memory of their dark struggles, seemed to be as completely obliterated from the memory of many of our countrymen.

as though they had been swept by the waters of oblivion. We forgot that many of the men who were fighting those battles were descended from the early settlers of Jamestown and Plymouth; that hearts were nerved there for the defence of liberty, whose fathers had poured out their blood at Yorktown, and Saratoga, and Bennington, and Bunker's Hill! And who were the men who joined in this ten years' crusade against the liberties of a sister republic? And how would the victors of San Jacinto have been laughed by them in scorn, away from our altars of freedom, if they had not themselves been crushed by the simultaneous rising of an indignant people at the elections which soon followed!

Some days before the declaration was adopted, letters had been received from Travis, in command of the Alamo, notifying the *people* of Texas—for there were then no chief authorities of the country—that he was invested by a numerous force, and calling for help. Houston, it will be remembered, anticipating this very result, had given orders to the commanding officer to abandon and blow up the Alamo; but his orders had been disobeyed by the officer, and treated with contempt by the general council, who had ordered the commander to defend the place to the last, promising to reinforce him. And now the brave men in the Alamo were to atone for the treachery and ambition of a few selfish men. The promised reinforcement was limited to *thirty men*, making Travis's whole effective force not more than one hundred and eighty-five, and without a month's provisions—detached from all Texan settlements more than seventy miles, and the intervening territory swept by the Mexican cavalry.

As the provisional government, by which Houston *had been elected* commander-in-chief, had ceased when

the Convention assembled, he resigned his major-generalship. But, there was no other man in Texas to whom the people could look in this emergency. The Convention went into the election of a commander-in-chief, and out of fifty-six votes, Houston, who was not present, received all but one vote. Texas had no organization of forces, and the few gallant men from Georgia and Alabama in the field, were detached beyond the southern settlements, under the command of a man who had treated the orders of the commander-in-chief with contempt. The treatment Houston had received from the council was known, and the people feared he would decline the office. A deep gloom hung over the public mind. Apprehension was written on every face, and the conviction became almost universal, that the cause of Texan independence was lost, unless Houston would accept the command of the army. Impressed by the general feeling, and stirred by the heroic spirit which had always guided him, he resolved to peril everything, and stake life itself upon the issue. He accepted the command.

On Sunday, the 6th of March, a letter was received from Col. Travis, addressed to the president of the convention, brought by the last express that ever left the Alamo. The news spread a paralyzing terror through the community. The members, and a crowd of spectators rushed to the hall of the convention, the president to his chair, the members to their seats, without summons or signal. The president rose and announced the receipt of a document of "the most important character ever received by any assembly of men." He then read a letter from Col. Travis, of the most *thrilling* character. It was written in all the fervor of *patriotic and devoted* courage; but it breathed the lan-

guage of despair. Robert Potter rose, and moved that "the convention do immediately adjourn, arm, and march to the relief of the Alamo." Houston, feeling that the next movement made in the convention would be likely to decide the fate of Texas, determined what should be done by the Convention, as well as by himself.

All eyes were turned on him, and as he rose, it seemed that, for a moment, every heart in the assembly stopped beating. He opposed the motion, and denounced it as madness, worse than treason, to the people. They had, to be sure, declared themselves independent, but they had yet no organization. There must be a government, and it must have organic form—without it, they would be nothing but outlaws, and could hope neither for the sympathy nor respect of mankind. He spoke nearly an hour, and his appeal, if he ever was eloquent, was eloquence itself. He admonished the convention of the peril of the country; he advised them to sit calmly, and firmly and coolly pursue their deliberations; to be wise and patriotic; to feel no alarm, and he pledged himself instantly to repair to Gonzales, where he had heard that a small corps of militia had rallied, and interpose them between the convention and the enemy; and while they chose to sit in convention, the Mexicans should never approach them unless they marched over his dead body. In the meantime, if mortal power could avail, he would relieve the brave men in the Alamo.

Houston stopped speaking, and walked out of the convention. In less than an hour he was mounted on his battle-horse, and with three or four brave companions was on his way to the Alamo. Men looked upon it as an idle and desperate attempt, or surely more *would have followed him*. The party rode hard that

day, and only stopped late at night to rest their horses. They were now in the open prairie. At break of day, Houston retired some distance from the party, and listened intensely, as if expecting a distant signal. Col. Travis had stated in his letters, that as long as the Alamo could hold out against the invaders, signal guns would be fired at sunrise. It is a well-authenticated fact that, for many successive days, these guns had been heard at a distance of over one hundred miles across the prairie—and being now within the reach of their sound, Houston was anxiously waiting for the expected signal. The day before, like many preceding it, a dull, rumbling murmur had come booming over the prairie like distant thunder. He listened—his ear to the ground—with an acuteness of sense, which no man can understand whose hearing has not been sharpened by the teachings of the dwellers of the forest, and who is awaiting a signal of life or death from brave men. He listened in vain. Not the faintest murmur came floating on the calm, morning air. He knew the Alamo had fallen, and he returned to tell his companions. The event confirmed his convictions, for the Alamo had fired its last gun the morning he left Washington; and at the very moment he was speaking in the convention, those brave men were meeting their terrible fate.

After returning to his companions, who were preparing to pursue their march, he wrote a letter to the convention recommending them to adopt a resolution *declaring Texas a part of Louisiana under the Treaty of 1803*. His suggestion was not adopted, but if he had been there to enforce it by his commanding eloquence, it would doubtless have been passed—for in those deliberative assemblies he was as absolute as ever Cromwell *was in the Rump Parliament*, with a thousand bayonets.

at his back. In this case, too, he would have had the means of conviction in the policy he proposed. Such a measure would have won for them the sympathies of legislatures, as well as peoples. They would not then have been regarded as a separate people. It would have matured the republic and its institutions; it would have shortened the period of her struggles. Neither the question of recognition nor annexation would have been raised—she would have been *adopted* at once. Houston looked at the whole matter with the eye of a statesman, and the heart of a soldier. He knew that Mexico would have withdrawn *at once* from the conflict, if Texas had at once been constituted a part of Louisiana.

If, then, it be asked, why Mexico at last not only made war upon Texas, after the Great Powers of the rest of the world had recognized her independence, but against the United States after annexation, we answer, that there is no man who knows enough about this subject to qualify him to hazard an opinion, that does not understand and believe, that Mexico was emboldened to provoke the war, only because of the long, powerful, persevering, and desperate hostility with which a thousand newspapers and a thousand public men in this country resisted the annexation. These presses and these public men held the very same language, and displayed the very same spirit towards Texas, that Santa Anna, and Bravo, and Bustamente, and Almonte, and Herrera, and Paredes, and their hireling presses exhibited. In fact, the hopes of these military despots all rested upon the efforts of the enemies of Texas *in the United States*, and not upon their popularity at home, or the power of their cannon, or the justice of *their cause*. In New York and Philadelphia, and Bos-

ton, they stationed their most trustworthy and confidential agents; here they expended their money, and here their battles were fought. Who of those bold, impudent tyrants would have dared to tread upon a single fold of the mantle that wrapped the youthful form of Texan liberty, if its very name had not been made a by-word among the children of the heroes of '76? It is known that Paredes never apprehended any danger of being brought to battle; he never expected he would be called on to make good his braggart threats. And later, when this mad hostility against Texas had been frowned down by the American people, its grand movers were glad enough to embrace the first chance offered to redeem their American character. They threw off the Mexican disguise, voted the ten millions and the fifty thousand volunteers with loud huzzas, threw up their caps to the hero of Palo Alto and La Resaca de la Palma, and made him President of the United States.

The Alamo had fired its last gun, and its brave defenders had died martyr deaths. But Houston proceeded to Gonzales, although not a man joined him on the road. On setting out from the convention, he dispatched an express to Fannin, directing him to form a junction with him on the Cibolo, a small river between Gonzales and San Antonio, intending with the united forces to march to the relief of the Alamo. About the 10th of March (1836), he reached Gonzales, where he found 374 men. They were without organization, and destitute of supplies—they were neither armed nor clad for the campaign. He at once had them assembled and organized, the men electing their own officers. Scouts who had been dispatched to the neighborhood of San Antonio, returned about the time of Houston's arrival, *under the impression that the Alamo had fallen. This*

created some sensation among the troops, and immediately afterwards two Mexicans, whose families had resided among the American colonists, came in from the region of San Antonio and confirmed the general apprehension. Houston, who was satisfied that their statement was correct, had it written down. It represented that the Alamo had been taken on the morning of the 6th of March, and every human being in it slaughtered, except a woman, her child, and a negro; that after their slaughter, the dead had been dragged out and piled together with wood, in one vast hecatomb, and burned to ashes!

When the news of this act of cold-blooded barbarity flew through the colonies, it stirred up a spirit that would never sleep again. But the day of vengeance was rapidly coming—the hour of San Jacinto was not far off. Houston immediately sent another express to Fannin (March 11th), apprising him of the fall of the Alamo, and ordering him to evacuate Goliad, blow up the fortress, and fall back without delay upon Victoria and the Guadalupe. This would unite all the forces then in the field, which Houston regarded as the only means of saving Texas. Fannin's force, the general estimated at over 500, and once joined to his own, the army would number at least 900 effective men, since Fannin had a fine supply of arms just received from the United States.

This order reached Fannin some eight days before he attempted a retreat; indeed, he did not attempt it at all, till he had been surrounded by the Mexicans several days. In reply to the orders of the commander-in-chief, Fannin sent an express, saying he had held a council of war, and had concluded to defend the place, *and had named it Fort Defiance.* He also said, he was

prepared to abide the consequences of disobeying his orders. The sequel showed but too well how prophetic was the glance Houston cast over the future.

On the twelfth (I believe) of March, about eight o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Dickinson arrived with her child at Gen. Houston's camp, accompanied by two negro guides, sent by Santa Anna to attend her, and also to bring a proclamation of pardon to the insurgent colonists, if they would lay down their arms. The proclamation was, of course, treated as such papers had been by our fathers, when they were sent to their camps of suffering by the generals of a British king. Mrs. Dickinson was the wife of one of the brave officers whose bones had crumbled on the sacrificial pyre of the Alamo. Houston was walking alone, a few hundred yards from the camp, at the moment this stricken and bereaved messenger arrived. He returned soon after, and found that her fearful narrative of the butchering and burning, with some of the most stirring details of that dark tragedy, had already struck the soldiers with a chill of horror; and when she told them that 5,000 men were advancing by forced marches, and their artillery would soon be heard at Gonzales, the wildest consternation spread through the camp. Their alarm soon reached a pitch of desperation. Some were stunned with silence—others were wild with lamentations—and even officers had set fire to their tents.

When Houston came up, he ordered silence, and the fires to be extinguished. He then addressed the soldiery in the most fervid manner, and they all gathered around him, except a few who had at the first impulse fled for their horses. He detached a guard instantly to intercept fugitives, and more than twenty were brought *back to the camp*. But a few good runners made their

escape to the settlements, and carried panic in every direction.

The general announced to his comrades that he should that night fall back to a more secure position, as they were in a bend of the river, where the enemy, by crossing, could cut off all possible retreat. Accordingly, about eleven o'clock that night, he ordered every light in Gonzales to be put out, and leaving a rear-guard with orders to use the utmost vigilance, and give information of the first approach of the enemy, he ordered the camp to be struck, and the little band took up their line of march in good order. On reaching Gonzales, feeling assured that the disasters which finally followed were inevitable, he had ordered all the women and children to be transported to the interior settlements; for throughout the entire Texan struggle, he was resolved that the helpless should never be left to the tender mercies of the Mexicans. Before the crisis should come he hoped the transports would return, but in this he was disappointed, and that night the entire army was followed by only one baggage wagon, which was drawn by four oxen.

He continued his march that night to Peach Creek, ten miles from Gonzales, and halted to refresh the troops. He was met there by a reinforcement of a hundred men, which increased his army to upwards of four hundred and fifty. The fugitives from Gonzales had met this company and given them the news from the Alamo, and so anxious had they become, that nearly one quarter of them had left their officers to hurry on to the camp. About daybreak, an hour after the arrival of the army at the Creek, an explosion was heard in the direction of Gonzales. It produced an *electrical effect* upon the army, and many exclaimed it

was the enemy's cannon. Another and a third explosion were heard in quick succession. Houston afterwards said, that they were the most agreeable sounds he had ever heard. On the march that night, he was informed that several barrels of intoxicating liquors, left in a store at Gonzales, had been poisoned by arsenic, and he denounced it as a monstrous act, and not to be justified even by the barbarities of their savage foe. Understanding at once the cause of the explosions, Houston quieted their apprehensions by announcing the reason. It has been stated that Houston had ordered the town of Gonzales to be reduced to ashes; but credible men who were there, declared that the charge was not only false, but that he was angry when he heard the fact. The gallant Capt. Karnes, who had been left in command of the rear-guard, believing its destruction would be an annoyance to the enemy, and deprive them of the merchandise and other supplies, had set the town on fire.

After a halt of three hours, the army continued their march to the Brazos. At the La Baca he received the letter from Col. Fannin, which has already been referred to, and he is said to have turned to his aide-de-camp, Major Hockley, and pointing to the little band which seemed but a speck on the vast prairie, said: "Hockley, there is the last hope of Texas. We shall never see Fannin nor his men—with these soldiers we must achieve our independence, or perish in the attempt." It was a sad and gloomy march. Over the fatal tragedy of the Alamo seemed to come the dirge of 500 more devoted men.

Towards evening, they perceived at a distance, a *small moving mass* in advance, which soon proved to *be a company* of some thirty volunteers, from the

Brazos, under Capt. Splann. Even this diffused some cheerfulness, and added to the luster of the setting sun an additional ray.

At night they encamped on the La Baca, where Houston created a volunteer aide-de-camp of Major William T. Austin, and dispatched him to the settlements of the Brazos, to meet him with supplies of cannon, etc., on the Colorado, where he intended to make a stand against the enemy. A person present gave me a graphic account of a scene that occurred that night in a little shanty. Hockley was sitting on a block, writing out the orders for Austin, as they were dictated by Gen. Houston, who was feeding a little fire with oak splinters, to furnish the only light their extremities allowed.

On the assurance of Austin that supplies could be obtained, Houston had directed him to bring not less than seven pieces of mounted cannon, with mules sufficient for draught, and at least twelve good horses for his spies, with ammunition sufficient for the artillery. The march was continued to the Navidad—where intelligence reached him that a blind woman and her seven children had been passed by, and were not apprised that the enemy was approaching. The general immediately detached a company of fifty men, under two confidential officers, and delayed his march till the woman and her little orphans were brought safely to the camp.

While I was penning this account in Houston's room thirty-seven years ago, I held in my hand a dispatch written by the general himself, "from the camp on the Navidad," to the chairman of the military committee, dated March 15, from which I make a few extracts:

"My morning report, on my arrival at the camp, showed 314 men, without two day's provisions; many without arms, and

others without ammunition. We could have met the enemy and avenged some of our wrongs; but, as we were, without supplies for men in the camp, either of provisions, ammunition, or artillery, and remote from succor, it would have been madness to have hazarded a contest.

* * The first principles of the drill had not been taught the men. * * If the camp had once been broken up there would have been no hope for the future. * * I am fearful Goliad is besieged by the enemy. All orders to Colonel Fannin, directing the place to be blown up, and the cannon to be sunk in the river, and to fall back on Victoria, would reach him before the enemy could advance. * * I directed, on the 16th of January last, that the artillery should be moved and the Alamo blown up; but it was prevented by the expedition upon Matamoras, the cause of all our misfortunes."

These extracts show, beyond a question, that the horrid slaughter at the Alamo was foreseen by Houston, and caused by *violating his orders*. Also, that the still more bloody tragedy of Goliad was in the commander's eye before it happened, and caused in like manner by disobeying his orders. The lives of hundreds of the bravest men paid the penalty: and Texas did not recover from the fatal consequences for many years.

From the Navidad he marched on to the Colorado, where he halted till all the women and children, and non-combatants, with their cattle and horses, had safely crossed over. Leaving a guard on his rear, he went over the Colorado with the main army. On this day, 17th of March, he thus writes the Military Committee: "To-day at half-past four P. M., we reached this point (Burnham's). * * It pains me at heart that such consternation should be spread by a few deserters from the camp, but we are here, and if only three hundred men remain on this side the Brazos, I will die with them or conquer our enemies. * * Send agents to the United States. Appeal to them in the holy names of liberty

and humanity. * * Let the men from the east of the Trinity rush to us. Let all the disposable force of Texas fly to arms."

On the following day he moved down the eastern bank of the Colorado, about twelve miles, and encamped opposite Beason's, to await the arrival of Austin with his supplies. During this period he had to keep pickets for more than thirty miles up and down the river to prevent surprises. Shortly after his arrival, it was ascertained that General Sezma had advanced to the opposite side of the river, and taken a position a few miles above the Texan camp, which caused Houston's rear guard to fall back over the stream. They had, without authority from their general, set fire to Burnham's premises, as the enemy had encamped near by.

Everything seemed to conspire to render the prospect discouraging, and to depress the feelings of the commander. Not only had Austin's artillery been delayed, but no news had been received from him. On the 23d of March Houston wrote to Mr. Rusk, the secretary of war, as follows:

"You know I am not easily depressed, but, before my God, since we parted, I have found the darkest hours of my life. For forty-eight hours I have neither eaten an ounce of anything, nor have I slept. All who saw the deserters, breathed the poison and fled. It was a poor compliment to me to suppose I would not advise the convention of any necessity that might have arisen for the removal."

In the midst of all this gloom and suspense, the news came, which burst like a bolt of thunder over the little army—*Colonel Fannin's regiment has all been massacred!* A Mexican, by the name of Peter Kerr, had brought the intelligence, and although he had not a shadow of

doubt the man's story was true, yet such was the alarm it had created, the general was obliged to throw discredit upon the messenger, to prevent his camp from being deserted. The fall of the Alamo had well-nigh dispersed the little army, and when they heard that 500 brave comrades, fully armed and equipped, had all been cut off, their consternation was redoubled. The last barrier between them and a slaughtering army seemed swept away, and it was not strange that this last sad news had unnerved their courage.

Houston had a difficult part to play that night, but he played it well. In such exigencies all the difficulties have to be overcome *at once*. He instantly called for the sergeant of the guard, and denouncing Kerr as an incendiary of the Mexicans, sent to his camp to produce distraction, declared in a furious passion he would have the spy shot the next morning at nine o'clock. An order was immediately given to have the man arrested and placed under a strong guard. He then addressed the soldiery, and adduced many reasons why the news could not be true. His apparent disbelief calmed the excitement, which had reached a fearful pitch. Houston would not see the prisoner, till the camp had retired to rest. He then went to the guard-fire and heard his story. He knew that his worst apprehensions had become history. He gave private orders to have his prisoner treated kindly, and the next morning he forgot to have him executed! The excitement had passed away with the dreams of the soldiers—but the prisoner could not be released at once, since *everything* which savored of the Mexicans was odious to the army, and Houston would have been charged with turning loose a spy, and perhaps collusion with the enemy,

But we must crowd the history of the next thirty

days into as many lines, while the story of that masterly retreat before the overwhelming force of the Mexicans led by Santa Anna, if fully related, would give it rank among the most wonderful marches on record.*

It was now nearly over and I give the last incidents I can find space for in the words of Secretary Rusk (who had for some days been in the camp of Gen. Houston) as they fell from his lips. He said:

“It was the 16th of April when our little force reached McArley’s after a fatiguing march of eighteen miles, through a prairie. There were fourteen baggage-wagons, and two pieces of artillery in the train. Excessive rains had made the prairie boggy, and in many places the wagons had to be unloaded, and the dismounted field-pieces carried, or rolled, through the mire. This brought into requisition our entire physical strength:—Houston had, early in the march, foreseen what lay before his men, and on the first emergency, he stripped off his coat, dismounted, and set the example of unloading and transporting baggage and guns, and so continued throughout the day, commanding and aiding the soldiers with his personal strength. We halted at sun-set, and laid down to sleep in the open field, without covering, for there was not a tent in the camp. About dark a cold rain set in, and continued for twenty-four hours. The second day (17th), we pursued our exhausting march through the rain, twelve miles to Burnett’s settlement, which we found deserted. Another night followed—the soldiers slept on the wet

* In my *Sam Houston and his Republic*, published in 1846, long since out of print—I gave the fullest and most authentic account of that march which has since appeared. In preparing this book I have closely followed that record—I had no other reliable guide.

ground, with their arms in their hands, ready to answer in a single moment the three taps of the drum, which was the only instrument of martial music in the camp, and which was never touched but by the general himself. The third day's march (18th), through the prairie, of eighteen miles, brought us to Post Oak Bayou, where we encamped for the night. Our toilsome march through the prairie was now over, and we were only six or eight miles from Harrisburg. But Santa Anna had been there before us, and reduced the town to ashes on his march to New Washington.

"We had come up within two miles of the stream; and almost in sight of the ruin, and prepared to cross the Buffalo Bayou, which lay between us and the scene of desolation. The gallant Karnes, and Deaf Smith, swam over the stream with several companions, and in a short time brought back over the Bayou two expresses that bore most important intelligence. On the person of the courier, who was a Mexican officer, were found dispatches from Filisola to Santa Anna, so recently written that the reader remarked: 'the ink, sir, is hardly dry.' The Texan commander now had the most positive assurance that Santa Anna was in command of the advance of the enemy. The second express contained the mail from the capital, filled with letters of congratulation, recognizing Santa Anna as *Emperor of Mexico*, etc.

"Mr. Rusk, the secretary of war, and the general retired for a private conference. Very few words passed between them: the facts were before them, and they could come to but one decision. 'We need not talk,' said the general, 'you think we ought to fight, and I think so, too.' The battle was decided on, and *the fate of Texas was to be settled as soon as the enemy*

could be found. Shortly after this conference, the general was informed by Col. Hockley, that he had overheard an officer in command of a regiment, saying to the men about him, over whom he supposed himself to possess the greatest influence:

“ ‘Boys, Houston don’t intend to fight—follow me and you shall have enough of it.’ Houston at once remarked to Hockley. ‘I’ll cure this mischief directly.’ He ordered the two colonels to be sent for.

“ ‘Gentlemen have you rations of beef in the camp, for three days?’

“ ‘Yes sir.’

“ ‘You will then see that each man is supplied with three days’ cooked rations, and hold the camp in readiness to march. We will see if we can find Santa Anna: good morning, gentlemen.’ Turning off with Hockley, Houston remarked, ‘There is no excuse for sedition now, if they wish to fight.’ At the same time orders were given to prepare for crossing the Bayou—that the army might commence their march upon the enemy the next morning.’

“ Daylight came—but no preparations had been made for the march. The orders of the commanding officer had been disregarded, and not a soldier was prepared with his rations. Not a moment was to be lost. Instead of taking his rest, as was his custom early in the morning, the general issued his orders himself to the men, and the camp was soon busy with the notes of preparation. But it was nine o’clock before he could get his column under arms. When the army arrived at the Bayou, two miles from the encampment, they found the boat nearly filled with water. Houston *at once dismounted, called for an axe, and went to hewing oars out of rails.*

"The passage was a difficult and perilous undertaking, and yet Houston was determined to make it that morning. The Bayou was about fifty yards wide, and more than twenty feet deep. As the Pioneers, a small company, were going aboard, an accident occurred which damaged the boat. Houston leaped aboard at once; and his faithful horse, that he had left pawing on the bank, plunged in after his master, and swam to the opposite shore. A rope was soon constructed out of cabriestas (a rope of horse hair) and raw tugs, and fastened to both sides of the stream, which enabled the boat to make more rapid trips, and kept it from floating down the stream. The passage was now being made with great rapidity, but it was an hour of intense anxiety to the commander and the secretary of war. The general crossed and stood on one side, while Mr. Rusk remained on the other, both watching the perilous movement of their little army, in whose brave hearts the hopes of Texas were now all gathered. A single accident! No one knew but the next moment the enemy's column might come in sight, and if they came up while that deep stream divided the army of Texas, the result could be foretold before it happened.

"Half the army had passed, and it was the moment of the deepest peril. The boat was giving way; four strong men were bailing out the water. The body of cavalry was now to be risked. They were goaded to plunge into the deep stream, and they at once disappeared. But they rose again and strained for the steep bank. They reached it, and when they struck the solid ground, they sprang from the water and shook their tired limbs. The passage was made. Mr. Rusk went over on the last boat."

When I was afterwards reading the secretary's words

to one of the officers of that army, he exclaimed—"you ought to have seen those two men grasp hands when Rusk landed!"

Secretary Rusk continued:—"Thank God—we were all safely over." *

The lines were now formed, and Houston rode up and addressed the soldiers. Those who heard him, say that he made the most impassioned and eloquent appeal they ever listened to. The words seemed to flow along the lines like streams of fire, and when he gave them for their watchword, **REMEMBER THE ALAMO**, it struck like a bolt of lightning. The watchword had no sooner fallen from his lips, than it was caught up by every man

* While the lines were forming, Gen. Houston drew from his pocket a scrap of paper, and with a pencil wrote the following letter:

CAMP AT HARRISBURG, APRIL 19th, 1836.

To Colonel Rusk, in the Field :

This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked for reinforcements in vain. The convention's adjourning to Harrisburg struck panic throughout the country. Texas could have started at least four thousand men. We will only be about seven hundred to march, besides the camp guard. *But we go to conquest.* It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet and fight the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We will use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of an all-wise God, and I rely confidently upon His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The right for which we fight will be secured, and Texas shall be free.

SAM HOUSTON, *Commander-in-Chief.*

(Certified copy from the Department of War, of the Republic of Texas.)

in the army, and one simultaneous shout broke up into the sky—*Remember the Alamo—Remember the Alamo*, was repeated, and the green islands of trees in the prairie sent back the echo. The secretary of war also spoke. The men seemed inspired with the spirit of chivalry, and were impatient for the order of “March” to be given.”

PREPARING FOR SAN JACINTO.

The order came, and the column got under way. As it moved on over the prairie, the golden sun shone out full and clear from mid-heaven, as it never shines even in that beautiful climate, except after a long, cold rain. It seemed to be the signal of God's approval, and they felt that the heavens themselves smiled on the struggle. No martial strains fell upon the ear—no bugle rang out its full, clear blast—no gorgeous banners waved over them. Their march was not measured even by “the thrilling fife, the pealing drum.” There was little of the pomp or circumstance of glorious war; but there was the firm purpose, the strained muscle, the compressed lip, and the heavy tramp of seven hundred men, determined to be free.

“In a narrow woodland,” Mr. Rusk went on, “not far from the stream, the army halted till sun-down, to avoid being seen in the open prairie. The column was now once more in motion, and a forced march made to a point not more than four or five miles distant from the ground which was to witness the main struggle. They took shelter under the covert of a grove off from the line of march, and the weary men laid down their rifles to sleep for an hour.

“At daylight Gen. Houston rose from the ground where he had been resting his head on a coil of rope used in dragging the artillery, and roused the camp by

his well-known three taps of the drum—for a reveille or tattoo had never been beaten from the day he took the command. Their artillery was never fired till it was fired in the face of the enemy.

“Pickets were advanced in every direction. The scouts sent on ahead soon returned with information which satisfied the commander the enemy was not far distant. A small party had been fallen in with, and chase given to them—but they were well mounted, and effected their escape. On the return of the scouting party, the army halted to take refreshment, beeves were dressed, and the roasting-fires kindled.

“But little progress had been made when, about seven o'clock that same morning, news came that the enemy was marching up from New Washington to cross the San Jacinto, which, if effected, would have enabled Santa Anna to carry desolation to the Sabine. Houston immediately ordered the line to be taken up for the crossing of the San Jacinto at Lynchburg. The issue of the entire struggle hinged on cutting off Santa Anna's retreat. The army saw it at once. The soldiers, with alacrity, abandoned their meat half-cooked, flew to their arms as one man, and as soon as the horses could be harnessed to the artillery, the march began. The column did not halt till the ferry at the junction of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto was reached, where, to the great joy of the Texans, they learned that Santa Anna had not yet come up. Houston took possession of a new boat which Santa Anna had forced some Americans to construct, and had it rowed up opposite the first grove on the Bayou. In the meantime, having arrived first, he could choose his own position, and he posted himself in a beautiful copse of trees which grew on a bend in the stream—and lay in a semicircular form

on the margin of the prairie. The trees and the undergrowth enabled him to conceal our forces on the bank of the river, and plant his artillery on the brow of the copse.

“The Texan army was now ready to go into battle at a moment's warning. But as the enemy had not yet come up, they again lighted their fires to complete their culinary operations, which had been so suddenly interrupted a few hours previously. But they had scarcely laid aside their arms and kindled their fires, before Houston's scouts came flying into the camp, with news that the Mexicans were in sight—and shortly after Santa Anna's bugles were heard over the prairie, sounding the advance of the Mexican army.

“Whatever may have been said to the contrary, it is certain that Santa Anna knew the position of the Texan general, and so far from his being *surprised* by a discharge from the Texan artillery, he intended to surprise the enemy himself. Accordingly he opened his brass twelve-pounder on our Texan position, intending to sustain the artillery by his infantry and cavalry. But a well directed fire of grape-shot and canister from our two six-pounders drove back the infantry column, which took shelter in a piece of timber within rifle shot of the left wing of the Texan army. In the meantime, the Mexican field-piece was kept playing, but with no other result than that Col. Neill, the gallant officer of the artillery, received a grape-shot in his thigh, which disabled him from service. These events took place about ten o'clock in the morning. Col. Sherman, of the second regiment, requested of the commander permission, with a detachment, to drive the infantry from their covert. Houston, who had already decided (for reasons known then only to himself, but apparent

enough the next day) his plan and time for action, complied with Col. Sherman's request, although he gave him positive orders not to advance beyond the piece of timber, or endanger the safety of his men. He was directed to take only two companies of his regiment. He preferred charging on horseback. Houston gratified him. He was repulsed, and the circumstance produced no good effect on the men.

"As appears from his dispatch (already given), Gen. Houston was resolved to choose his own time for fighting, and compensate for his want of numbers by military skill and superior advantage in position. In other words, he was resolved to watch his opportunity, and 'fight the enemy to such advantage as would insure victory, though the odds were greatly against him.' Some slight skirmishing followed, which ended in Santa Anna's retiring with his army to a swell in the prairie, with timber and water in his rear. His position was near the bank of the bay of San Jacinto, about three quarters of a mile from the Texan camp, where he commenced a fortification.

"Houston was well satisfied with the business of the day; and he declared to one of his confidential officers that evening, that, although he did not doubt he would that day have won a victory had he pursued the enemy, yet it would have been attended with a heavy loss of men—'While to-morrow,' said he, 'I will conquer, slaughter, or put to flight the entire Mexican army—and it shall not cost me a dozen of my brave men.' Those who clamored then about Houston's losing so fine an opportunity of fighting on the day before the battle of San Jacinto, were, without doubt, brave men—but if they could have had their way at any one time after Houston took the command at Gonzales, it would most

likely have cost another Alamo or Goliad tragedy, and the day of San Jacinto would have never come.

"The Texan army now retired to their camp, and refreshed themselves for the first time in two days. The enemy in the meantime extended the right flank of their infantry, so as to occupy the extreme point of a skirt of timber on the bank of the San Jacinto, and secured their left by a fortification about five feet high, constructed of packs and baggage, leaving an opening in the centre of their breastwork, in which their artillery was placed—the calvary upon the left wing.' (Extract from Gen. H's official report.) Such was the position of the Mexican army, and they maintained it till the charge was made the next day."

THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

Thus far, in the language of Secretary Rusk, who was among the noblest, bravest and most unselfish of men. Houston laid himself down under an old oak, with the coil of the artillery rope for his pillow. From the day he took command of the army, he had never been known to have one hour's rest. His *only* time of repose had been after four o'clock in the morning, when he beat three taps on the drum, which he had done every morning till that day. At four o'clock, the line was always formed, and every man kept under arms till daylight. He then lay down, and got what rest he could till the men had taken their breakfast, and were ready to march.

He had long experienced all the miseries of uncertainty. He had expected troops and supplies and waited for them in vain. The fall of the Alamo, and the massacre of Fannin's command, had dispirited his men, and caused desertions. The government itself

had fled from the scene of danger, and consternation had spread through Texas; he was in a new country, without the means of subsistence or transport; his men were but half clad and half armed; he was in the neighborhood of a powerful army, whose picket-guards outnumbered all the men in his camp, and he could decide neither the day nor the scene of battle. He had slept on the wet ground, without covering; his only dress was the garb of a hunter, and his food only kept him alive.

It is not strange, therefore, when the harrowings of suspense were over, and, in the presence of the enemy, he had posted his faithful guards and fixed his iron purpose, that he could lie down and sleep profoundly throughout the entire night. But he was probably the only man in that camp over whose mind flitted no anxious vision.

The night which preceded the bloody slaughter of San Jacinto rolled away, and brightly broke forth the morning of the last day of Texan servitude. Before the first gray lines shot up the east, three strange taps of a drum were heard in the camp, and 700 soldiers sprang to their feet as one man. The camp was busy with the soldier-hum of preparation for battle; but in the midst of it all, Houston slept on calmly. The soldiers had eaten the last meal they were to eat till they had won their independence. They were under arms, ready for the struggle.

At last the sun came up over the prairie without a single cloud. It shone full and clear in the face of the Texan Commander and it waked him to battle. He sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, "the sun of Austerlitz has risen again." His face was calm, and for the first time in many weeks, every shade of trouble had

moved from his brow. He ordered his commissary-general, Col. John Forbes, to provide two good axes, and then sent for Deaf Smith. He took this faithful and intrepid man aside, and ordered him to conceal the axes in a safe place near by, where he could lay his hands on them at a moment's warning, and not to pass the lines of the sentinels that day without his special orders, nor to be out of his call.

Morning wore away, and about nine o'clock, a large body of men was seen moving over a swell of the prairie in the direction of Santa Anna's camp. They were believed to be a powerful force which had come to join the Mexicans, and the spectacle produced no little excitement in the Texan lines. Houston saw it at a glance, and quelled the apprehension by coolly remarking, that "they were the same men they had seen the day before—they had marched round the swell in the prairie and returned in sight of the Texan camp to alarm their foe, with the appearance of an immense reinforcement—for it was very evident Santa Anna did not wish to fight. But it was all a *ruse de guerre* that could be easily seen through—a mere Mexican trick."

All this did very well, and yet Houston, of course, had quite a different notion on the subject. He sent Deaf Smith and a comrade, with confidential orders, as spies on their rearward march. They soon returned, and reported publicly that "the general was right—it was all a humbug." A few minutes after, Deaf Smith whispered quite another story in the private ear of the commander. The enemy seen was a reinforcement of 540 men, under Gen. Cos, who had heard Santa Anna's cannon the day before on the Brazos, and come on by forced marches to join his standard. But the secret was kept till it did no harm to reveal it.

At this juncture, a council of war, consisting of six field officers, was called, at their suggestion. The general in chief, seated on the grass beneath a post oak tree, submitted the proposition whether they should attack the enemy in his position, or wait for him to attack them in theirs? The two juniors in rank were in favor of attack, but the four seniors objected, alleging that such a movement as charging a disciplined army in position by a raw soldiery, advancing in an open prairie, without the cover of artillery, and with only two hundred bayonets, was an unheard-of thing. The council was dismissed. The troops were sounded as to an attack, and were found to be favorable, and the general at once determined, on his own responsibility, to give battle.

A proposition was made to the general to construct a floating bridge over Buffalo Bayou, "which might be used in the event of danger." Houston ordered his adjutant and inspector-generals and an aide to ascertain if the necessary materials could be obtained. They reported that by tearing down a house in the neighborhood, they could. "We will postpone it awhile at all events," was Houston's reply.

In the meantime, he had ordered Deaf Smith to report to him, with a companion, well mounted. He retired with them to the spot where the axes had been deposited in the morning. Taking one in either hand, and examining them carefully, he handed them to the two trusty fellows, saying, "Now, my friends, take these axes, mount, and make the best of your way to Vince's bridge; cut it down, and burn it up, and come back like eagles, or you will be too late for the day." This was the bridge over which both armies had crossed in their march to the battleground of San Jacinto, and it cut off all chance of escape for the vanquished.

"This," said Deaf Smith, in his droll way, "looks a good deal like fight, general."

The reader will not fail to notice the difference between Houston's calculations of the results of that day, and those of some of his officers. *They* bethought themselves of building a *new* bridge—he of cutting down and burning up the *only* bridge in the neighborhood. The fact was, Houston was determined his army should come off victorious that day, or leave their bodies on the field.

The day was now wearing away; it was three o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the enemy kept concealed behind his breastworks, and manifested no disposition to come to an engagement. Events had taken just such a current as Houston expected and desired, and he began to prepare for battle.

In describing his plan of attack, we borrow the language of his official report after the battle was over. "The 1st Regiment, commanded by Col. Burleson, was assigned the center. The 2d Regiment, under the command of Col. Sherman, formed the left wing. The artillery, under the special command of Col. George W. Hockley, inspector-general, was placed on the right of the 1st Regiment, and four companies of infantry, under the command of Lieut. Col. Henry Millard, sustained the artillery upon the right. Our cavalry, sixty-one in number, commanded by Col. Mirabeau B. Lamar, placed on our extreme right, completed our line. Our cavalry was first dispatched to the front of the enemy's left, for the purpose of attracting their notice, whilst an extensive island of timber afforded us an opportunity of concentrating our forces and displaying from that point, agreeably to the previous design of the troops. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole ad-

vancing rapidly in a line, and through an open prairie, without any protection whatever for our men. The artillery advanced and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork."

Those who expect a minute account of this engagement, from the writer, or any one else, must be disappointed; for no such description can ever be written. It was a *slaughter*, more than a *battle*. We can only give the reader an idea of the position of both armies when the engagement began—fill up the interval of the next few minutes with blood, and smoke, and cries, and slaughter, and then tell the almost incredible result. The two armies were now drawn up in complete order. There were 700 Texans on the field, and Santa Anna's troops numbered *over eighteen hundred*. Houston had informed Mr. Rusk of the plan of the battle, and he approved of it as perfect. The secretary, it is true, had never been a soldier—he understood little of military evolutions or the discipline of an army; but Houston knew he carried a lion-heart in his bosom, and he assigned him the command of the left wing.

Everything was now ready, and every man at his post waiting for the charge. The two six-pounders had commenced a well-directed fire of grape and canister, and they shattered bones and baggage where they struck. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the **CHARGE**, and sounded out the war cry, **REMEMBER THE ALAMO**. These magic words struck the ear of every soldier at the same instant, and "the Alamo!" "the Alamo!" went up from the army in one wild scream, which sent terror through the Mexican host. At that moment a rider came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an axe over his head, and dashed along the Texan lines, crying out, as he had been in-

structed to do, "*I have cut down Vince's bridge—now fight for your lives and remember the ALAMO.*"—and then the solid phalanx, which had been held back for a moment at the announcement, dashed forward on the breastworks like an avalanche of fire. Houston spurred his horse on at the head of the center column right into the face of the foe.

The Mexican army was drawn up in perfect order, ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the general's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston spurred him on. Had the first discharge of the Mexicans been well directed, it would have thinned the Texan ranks. But they pressed on, reserving their fire till each man could choose some particular soldier for his target: and before the Mexicans could reload, a murderous discharge of rifle-balls was poured into their very bosoms. The Texan soldiers rushed on. They were without bayonets, but they converted their rifles into war-clubs and leveled them on the heads of Santa Anna's men. Along the breastworks there was little more firing of muskets or rifles—it was a desperate struggle hand to hand. The Texans, when they had broken off their rifles at the breech, by smashing in the skulls of their enemies, flung them down, and drew their pistols. They fired them once, and having no time to reload, hurled them against the heads of their foes; and then drawing forth their bowie-knives, literally cut their way through dense masses of living flesh.

It would be a gross mistake to suppose that the Mex.

icans played the coward that day—for they were slain by hundreds in the ranks where they stood when the battle began—but the fierce vengeance of the Texans could not be resisted. They fought as none but men can fight when they are striking for their homes, their families and their dead kindred. The Mexican officers and men stood firm for a time, but the Texans stamped on them as fast as they fell, and trampled the prostrate and the dying down with the dead, and clambering over the groaning, bleeding mass, plunged their knives into the bosoms of those in the rear. When they saw that the dreadful onset of their foe could not be resisted, they either attempted to fly, and were stabbed in the back, or fell on their knees to plead for mercy, crying, “*me no Alamo!*” “*me no Alamo!*” “*me no Alamo!*” These unfortunate slaves of the Mexican tyrant usurper had witnessed that brutal massacre of brave men, and now they could think of no other claim for mercy, but the plea that they were not there: for they knew the day of vengeance for the Alamo had at last come.

But before the center breastwork had been carried, the right and left wings of the enemy had been put to rout, or slaughter. The Mexicans, however, not only stood their ground at first, but made several bold charges upon the Texan lines.

A division of their infantry, of more than five hundred men, made a gallant and well-directed charge upon the battalion of Texan Infantry. Seeing them hard-pressed, by a force of three to one, the commander-in-chief dashed between them and the enemy's column, exclaiming:

“Come on, my brave fellows, your general leads you.”

The battalion halted and wheeled into perfect order,

like a veteran corps, and Houston gave the order to fire. If the guns of the Texans had all been moved by machinery they could not have been fired nearer the same instant. There was a single explosion—the battalion rushed through the smoke, and those who had not been prostrated by the bullets were struck down by the cleaving blows of uplifted rifles; and the leveled column was trampled into the mire together. Of the five hundred, only thirty-two lived, even to surrender as prisoners of war.

Meantime, although Houston's wound was bleeding profusely, and his dying horse could scarce stagger his way over the slain, yet the commander-in-chief saw every movement of his army, and followed the tide of battle as it rolled over the field. Wherever his eye fell he saw the Mexicans staggering back under the resistless shock of his heroic soldiers. Regiments and battalions, cavalry and infantry, horses and men, were hurled together; and every officer and every man seemed to be bent upon a work of slaughter for himself.

The Mexican army had now been driven from their position, and were flying before their pursuers. Houston saw that the battle was won, and he rode over the field and gave his orders to stop the carnage if the enemy would surrender. But he had given *the Alamo* for their war-cry, and the magic word could not be recalled. The ghosts of brave men, massacred at Goliad and the Alamo, flitted through the smoke of battle, and the uplifted hand could not be stayed.

"While the battle was in progress," remarked Gen. Rusk, "the celebrated Deaf Smith, although on horseback, was fighting with the infantry. When they had nearly reached the enemy, Smith galloped on ahead,

and dashed directly up to the Mexican line. Just as he reached it, his horse stumbled and fell, throwing him on his head among the enemy. Having dropped his sword in the fall, he drew one of his belt-pistols, presented it at the head of a Mexican, who was attempting to bayonet him, and it missed fire. Smith then hurled the pistol itself at the head of the Mexican, and, as he staggered back, he seized his gun, and began his work of destruction. A young man, by the name of Robbins, dropped his gun in the confusion of the battle, and happening to run directly in contact with a Mexican soldier who had also lost his musket, the Mexican seized Robbins, and both being stout men, rolled to the ground. But Robbins drew out his bowie-knife, and ended the contest by cutting the Mexican's throat. On starting out from our camp to enter upon the attack, I saw an old man, by the name of Curtis, carrying *two* guns. I asked him what reason he had for carrying more than one gun. He answered: 'D—n the Mexicans; they killed my son and son-in-law in the Alamo, and I intend to kill two of them for it, or be killed myself.' I saw the old man again during the fight, and he told me 'he had killed his two men; and if he could find Santa Anna himself he would cut out a *razor-strap* from his back.'"

Such was the day of vengeance. It was not strange that no *invading* army, however brave, could long withstand so dreadful an onset. "When the Mexicans were first driven from the point of woods where we encountered them," continued Gen. Rusk, "their officers tried to rally them, but the men cried 'It's no use, it's no use, there are a *thousand* Americans in the woods.' When Santa Anna saw Almonte's division running past him, he called a drummer, and ordered him to beat his

drum. The drummer held up his hands and told him he was shot. He called then to a trumpeter near him to sound his horn. The trumpeter replied that he, also, was shot. Just at that instant a ball from one of our cannon struck a man who was standing near Santa Anna, taking off one side of his head. Santa Anna then exclaimed, 'D—n these Americans; I believe they will shoot us all.' He immediately mounted his horse, and commenced his flight."

The flight had now become universal. The Texans had left on the ground, where the battle began, more dead and dying Mexicans than their own entire number, and far away over the prairie they were chasing the flying, and following up the slaughter. Multitudes were overtaken and killed as they were making their escape through the deep grass. The Mexican cavalry were well mounted, and after the event they struck deep their spurs into their fleet horses, and turned their heads towards Vince's Bridge. They were hotly pursued by the victors, and when the latter came up, the most appalling spectacle, perhaps, of the entire day was witnessed. When the fugitive horsemen saw that the bridge was gone, some of them, in their desperation, spurred their horses down the steep bank; others dismounted and plunged in the stream; some were entangled in their trappings and were dragged down with their struggling steeds; others sunk at once to the bottom; while those whose horses reached the opposite bank fell backwards into the river. In the meantime, while they were struggling with the flood, their pursuers, who had come up, were pouring down upon them a deadly fire, which cut off all escape. Horses and men, by hundreds, rolled down together; the waters were red with their blood, and filled with their

dying gurgles. The deep, turbid stream, was literally choked with the dead!

A similar spectacle was witnessed on the Southern verge of the Island of Trees, near the Mexican encampment, in the rear of the battle-ground. There was little chance of escape in this quarter, for a deep morass was to be passed; and yet multitudes, in their desperation, had rushed to this spot as a forlorn hope. They had plunged into the mire and water with horses and mules, and, in attempting to pass, had been completely submerged; every one who seemed likely to escape soon received a ball from the murderous aim of a practised rifleman, and the morass was literally bridged over with carcasses of dead mules, horses and men.

The conquerors rode slowly off from the field of fame, and the resting-place of the dead, and returned to the oak, at whose foot the hero of San Jacinto had slept till the "Sun of Austerlitz" had woke him that morning. All resistance to the arms of Texas ceased. The pursuers returned to the camp, where a command was left to guard the spoils taken from the enemy. As the commander-in-chief was riding across the field, the victorious soldiers came up in crowds, and slapping him rudely on the wounded leg, exclaimed:

"Do you like our work to-day, general?"

"Yes, boys, you have covered yourselves with glory, and I decree to you the spoils of victory; I will reward valor. I only claim to share the *honors* of our triumph with you. I shall not take my share of the spoils." He did not.

While he was giving his orders, after he reached the Texan encampment, and before he dismounted, Gen. Rusk came in and presented his prisoner Almonte. It was the first time these two men had ever met. This

seemed to give a finishing stroke to the victory; and Houston, who was completely exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, fell from his horse. Colonel Hockley caught him in his arms, and laid him at the foot of the oak.

Thus ended the bloody day of San Jacinto—a battle that has scarcely a parallel in the annals of war. Its *immediate fruits* were not small—for the spoils were of great value to men who had nothing in the morning but the arms they carried, scanty, coarse clothing, and the determination to be free. About 900 stand of English muskets (besides a vast number that were lost in the morass and bayou), 300 sabres, and 200 pistols, 300 valuable mules, a hundred fine horses, a good lot of provisions, clothing, tents, and paraphernalia for officers and men, and twelve thousand dollars in silver, constituted the *principal* spoils.

But the booty was esteemed meaner than nothing, in comparison with the great moral and political consequences that attended the victory. On that well-fought field Texan independence was won. A brave, but an outraged people, in imitation of their fathers of the last age, had entrusted their cause to the adjudication of battle, and God took care of the issue. For our own part, we can find in the whole range of history no spectacle more sublime. It was not a struggle for the aggrandizement of some military chieftain—nor was it a strife for empire—the soldiers, who marched under the “Lone Star” into that engagement, were free, brave, self-relying men. Some of them, indeed, had come from a neighboring republic, as Lafayette crossed the sea, to join in the struggles of freedom, but most of the Texan army were men who cultivated the soil they fought on, and had paid for it with their money *or their labor*. Hundreds of them had abandoned their

fugitive wives to achieve everlasting freedom for their children. They were fighting for all that makes life worth having, or gives value to its possession.

And when the victors laid themselves down to rest that night, and heaven folded its blue curtains kindly around them, and they thought that their troubles and anxieties were over—that they could now return to the embrace of their happy families with the hope of a long and peaceful life of earnest and manly endeavor, and a quiet old age, when they should hold their grandchildren on their knee, and tell them the story of the bloody day of San Jacinto—it is not strange that they felt more than compensated for all their privations and all their sufferings.

But the sublimity of the spectacle is lost, unless the eye has scope for a wider field of vision. There *are* events whose consequences can be measured by no estimate into whose calculation *centuries* do not come. If the historian of the Plymouth colony could have lived a century longer, he might have perceived clearly what is now reduced only to a question of *time*, that from the day the “Mayflower” swung round to her mooring on the rock of Plymouth, the scepter of the New World passed for ever into the imperial hand of the Anglo-Saxon race. But for a long period this grand result seemed impossible, and he who should have proclaimed that it would one day take place, would have been called a dreamer. Spain and Portugal, France and England, had divided the northern and southern hemisphere of the new-found world. But the French empire in America received a fatal shock when England wrested from it the Canadas in 1763; and she afterwards lost by diplomacy what could not be wrested from her in battle. *One dominion then disappeared.*

•

At last, when it became apparent that even Englishmen in America could not develop their strength under British sway, the drama of '76 began, and all that was valuable in the new continent that belonged to England, became the heritage of her American children. *This was the second great act.*

In the meantime the powerful savage tribes, whose wigwams served as beacon fires to the earliest voyagers along the Atlantic coast, melted away before the steady advance of European population, and the *Indian dominion passed away.*

At last, the American people—*this new form of humanity*, which concentrated in itself nearly all those qualities, which, in past times, had given empire to separate nations, began to cross the frontiers of that ancient power which, for three hundred years, had made the fair valley of the Montezumas the seat of their dominion. But this began in *no encroachment—no invasion upon the rights or soil of a neighboring State.**

* During the very year of the battle of San Jacinto, Thomas H. Benton, one of the broadest, most learned and sagacious of American statesmen, uttered the following extraordinary words in the United States Senate:

"Heartless is the calumny invented and propagated, not from this floor, but elsewhere, on the cause of the Texan revolt. It is said to be a war for the extension of slavery. It had as well been said that our own revolution was a war for the extension of slavery. So far from it, that no revolt, not even our own, ever had a more just and a more sacred origin. The settlers in Texas went to live under the form of government which they had left behind in the United States—a government which extends so many guarantees for life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness, and which their American and English ancestors had vindicated for so many hundred years. A succession of violent changes in government, and the rapid overthrow of rulers, annoyed and distressed them; but they remained

Mexico, although she had caught enough of the all-pervading spirit of the Anglo-Saxon to rise and shake off the foul mantle of Spanish despotism, had not vital energy enough left within herself to work out her own

tranquil under every violence which did not immediately bear on themselves. In 1822 the republic of 1821 was superseded by the imperial diadem of Iturbide. In 1823 he was deposed and banished, returned, and was shot, and Victoria made President. Mentuno and Bravo disputed the presidency with Victoria; and found, in banishment, the mildest issue known among Mexicans to unsuccessful civil war. Pedraza was elected in 1828; Guerrero overthrew him the next year. Then Bustamante overthrew Guerrero; and, quickly, Santa Anna overthrew Bustamante, and, with him, all the forms of the constitution, and the whole frame of the federative government. By his own will, and by force, Santa Anna dissolved the existing Congress, convened another, formed the two Houses into one, called it a convention—and made it the instrument for deposing, without trial, the constitutional Vice President, Gomez Fatias, putting Barragan into his place, annihilating the State government, and establishing a consolidated government, of which he was monarch, under the retained republican title of President. Still, the Texans did not take up arms: they did not acquiesce, but they did not revolt. They retained their State government in operation, and looked to the other States, older and more powerful than Texas, to vindicate the general cause, and to re-establish the Federal constitution of 1824. In September, 1835, this was still her position. In that month, a Mexican armed vessel appeared off the coast of Texas, and declared her ports blockaded. At the same time, Gen. Cos appeared in the West, with an army of fifteen hundred men, with orders to arrest the State authorities, to disarm the inhabitants, leaving one gun to every five hundred souls; and to reduce the State to unconditional submission. Gonzales was the selected point for the commencement of the execution of these orders; and the first thing was the arms, those trusty rifles which the settlers had brought with them from the United States, which were their defense against savages, their resource for game, and the guard which converted their houses into castles stronger than those 'which the king cannot enter.' A detachment of Gen.

political regeneration. She had been too long bowed into the dust by the foreign tyrant—she had been too long steeped in the besotted bigotry of superstition—she had never thought or acted for herself—she had no clear perception of human rights—no intelligent idea of liberty. She did not know that a nation never can grow rich by abandoning the cultivation of the soil, and digging gold and silver from the mine—she could not understand why it was that six vigorous republics had grown up into power on the cold barren hills of

Cos's army appeared at the village of Gonzales, on the 28th of September, and demanded the arms of the inhabitant; it was the same demand, made for the same purpose, which the British detachment, under Major Pitcairn, had made at Lexington, on the 16th of April, 1775. It was the same demand! And the same answer was given—resistance—battle—victory! The American blood was at Gonzales what it had been at Lexington; and between using their arms, and surrendering their arms, that blood can never hesitate. Then followed the rapid succession of brilliant events, which in two months left Texas without an armed enemy in her borders, and the strong forts of Goliad and the Alamo, with their garrisons and cannon, the almost bloodless prizes of a few hundred Texan rifles. This was the origin of the revolt; and a calumny more heartless can never be imagined than that which would convert this rich and holy defense of life, liberty, and property, into an aggression for the extension of slavery. Just in its origin, valiant and humane in its conduct, the Texan revolt has illustrated the Anglo-Saxon character, and given it new titles to the respect and admiration of the world. It shows that liberty, justice, valor—moral, physical, and intellectual power—characterize that race wherever it goes. Let our America rejoice, let old England rejoice, that the Brarzos and Colorado, new and strange names—streams far beyond the western bank of the Father of Floods—have felt the impress, and witnessed the exploits of a people sprung from their loins, and carrying their language, laws, and customs; their *magna charta* and its glorious privileges, into new regions and far distant climes."

New England, while *she* had become feeble and impoverished in the midst of the very garden of the world. And yet she believed, if she could once introduce that northern population into her limits, she could borrow from them the secret of their magic power. Her statesmen were told that New Englanders, when they found they could not get their bread from their rocky, frozen soil, made commerce of stones and grew rich by exporting their granite, and lime, and cobble-stones, during the summer, and sent off ship-loads of their surplus water as soon as it froze in winter, albeit they had to find their market for it on the other side of the globe. These, said the Mexican statesmen, are the men we must get to colonize our vast garden province of Texas—for we have for three centuries tried in vain to do it ourselves.

So that fertile territory was thrown open to the people of the United States, and they were plied by all those motives of gain and pledges of protection which, in the mind of the pioneer settler, prove too strong for the allurements of home. A band of choice spirits, hardy, working men, who had been trained in the district schools of New York and New England, and cultivated their cold, ungrateful soil, were led out to find their new homes in the fair province of New Estramadura, where all nature was blushing under the purple light of the tropics. At their head went STEPHEN F. AUSTIN; one of those few men upon whose incorruptible, dauntless truth, a young nation finds it her salvation to repose. In his rare and great character, all that was lofty in the cavalier and uncompromising in the puritan was mingled.

He entered into his obligations with the Mexican Government, and conducted all his negotiations and re-

deemed all his pledges, in good faith. For a time, Mexico stood by her engagements, and the infant colony struck her roots deep into the soil. At last Mexico discovered that the very qualities from which she promised herself so much advantage—the industry, the enterprise, the inventions of the new colonists,—were all owing to the intelligent love of liberty which she so little understood, and yet so much dreaded. She saw that men who had energy enough to be good settlers, where Spaniards had failed, had too much independence ever to be governed as Spaniards. But she found out her mistake only when it was too late to correct it. Like the ancient Britons, she had invited a superior race into her country, unconscious that her scepter would one day be transferred to their hands.

This was the point upon which the destiny of the old Spanish empire hinged. Mexico might now have borrowed from her new subjects the elements of an entire political regeneration. These colonists were not ambitious men—they went there *only to cultivate the soil*.—but they had carried, of necessity, their civilization and love of liberty with them, and they could not brook the tyranny of Mexican dictators. They went prepared to stand by the Federal Constitution of 1824, and up to the 2d of March, 1836, when the declaration of independence was signed, all the protests and discontent, all the demands and petitions of the Texans, were *limited to a concession of the rights secured to all the States of Mexico by that constitution!*

But Mexico was now under the sway of selfish, ambitious military chieftains, who, in the struggle for supremacy, had trampled the constitution of 1824 into the dust. And let it never be forgotten, that when the political agitations of Texas began, and the will of the pe-

tire people had been declared, *all they asked for, and all they desired then, was to see the constitution of 1824 preserved inviolate.* But men who are driven to the wall, and compelled to fight for life, sometimes fight for victory. Mr. Austin was then commissioner to Mexico, and he went to the capital with his memorial. His very appearance in that city with the prayer of his colony, that the Mexicans would abide by their own constitution, under whose solemn pledges he had led his people to their new home—was too bitter a sarcasm upon the corrupt tyrants who had trampled down that high compact, and he was plunged into a foul dungeon, where for many months he never saw a beam of sunshine, nor even the hand that fed him.

How was all this tampering with Anglo-Saxon men to end? Who, that knows what plighted faith means, or has any notion of the obligations growing out of a political compact, will pretend to say that Texas was bound to submit to the decrees of a dictator who had committed high treason against his government—treason for which he would have been brought to the block by the people of Mexico, had he not had 20,000 bayonets at his back. The federal compact had now been broken, and by the highest law of nations, every State of the Union not only had the right, but was bound in duty to take care of itself. An *immediate* declaration of independence would have been justified by the world. But Texas still remonstrated, and still prayed. *All she wanted, was a return to the constitution of 1824.* But that constitution lay bleeding under the hoofs of Santa-Anna's battle-horse, and his myrmidon soldiers had possession of the capital. War was proclaimed against Texas by Mexico, *because she would not acknowledge a dictator*—and an invading army was sent

across the Rio Grande, to "*lay waste the infant colony, and slaughter all its inhabitants.*"

This was the position of Texas—and if those men were not justified in defending their wives and children from slaughter, and their dwellings from fire, there never was a people who had a right to smite the arm of a tyrant. The heroes of '76 rebelled against a constitutional government, with its parliament and king, because they were required to pay a stamp tax. *The Texans never rebelled at all.* They would not bow to a dictator who had stamped the free constitution of his country under his feet; and now a war of extermination was proclaimed. Seven hundred brave men were slaughtered and burned to ashes, after they had, under a solemn pledge that their lives should be spared, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The red flame of exterminating war was now rolling over the very bosom of the young republic, whose only crime was her loyalty to the federal constitution of Mexico.

At last the slaughter-day of San Jacinto came, and the Texans who went into battle knew that every one of them would have been put to death in cold blood if the enemy had conquered. Such had been the case at Goliad and the Alamo, and such was the watchword of the advancing dictator. But high over the smoke and screams of the field of San Jacinto, we seem to see, and do see, the hand of the God of freedom and of vengeance. His purposes were unknown to man, but they could not be overthrown. The wing of his Almighty Providence had sheltered the bark of the Pilgrims, and his strong arm had been thrown around the rude homes of Plymouth. Over the deliberations of the provincial Congress, He again presided, and in the declaration of

independence, His will was done. And now, having decreed that the broad prairies and shining rivers of that vast land, which had groaned under the tramp of despotic power, and been blasted by the withering blight of superstition for ages, should be regenerated by a nobler and better race, He had begun to reveal his great purposes.

The *last* act of this drama, which had begun on the shore of New England, was to be opened on the field of San Jacinto. And although the sun gleamed on the armor of eighteen hundred Mexicans that morning, and when the commander's bugle sounded the charge, he was, to all human appearances, sure of a victory; yet the result proved that the battle is not always to the strong—that "God rules among the nations of the earth, and giveth his kingdoms to whomsoever he will." A decree had gone forth against that army, and against the long-abused reign of Spanish power in Mexico—"thy domiuiou is taken from thee."

And the future historian will, one day, open his scroll by announcing that when the sun went down over the groans and the slaughter of San Jacinto, the dominion of Mexico passed away. Such had been the first four acts of the drama of the New World.

- "The Fifth, then closed the Drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring was the last."

THE VICTOR AND THE CAPTIVE.

The battle of independence had been fought. Seven hundred soldiers had met nearly three times their number, and come off victorious. Six hundred and thirty men were left dead on the field; among them were one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, and twelve lieutenants. Multitudes had

perished in the morass and the bayous. Of the surviving, upwards of two hundred and eighty were wounded, and there were nearly eight hundred prisoners. Only seven men are known to have escaped from the field. And yet, incredible as it may seem, this bloody engagement had cost the Texans the lives of only seven men, and less than thirty had been wounded. It *was* incredible, and when the commander-in-chief awoke the next morning, and heard the facts, he asked, "Is this so, or is it only my dream?"

At ten o'clock in the morning, Gen. Houston sent a detachment of men to bury the enemy's dead who had fallen in battle; but decomposition had taken place so rapidly, the troops returned and reported they could not execute his order! This extraordinary circumstance excited the greatest surprise, and the Mexican prisoners accounted for it by resolving it, like the defeat of the previous day, into "a malignant blast of destiny."

The Texans were ranging the prairie throughout the day, and bringing in prisoners. The grass was everywhere four or five feet high, and those who had not been taken the day before, were now crawling away on their hands and knees, hoping thus to effect their escape. Santa Anna had not yet been taken, but the victors were scouring every part of the field in search of the dictator. "You will find the hero of Tampico," said Houston, "if you find him at all, making his retreat *on all fours*, and he will be dressed as bad, at least as, a common soldier. Examine closely every man you find."

Lieutenant Sylvester, a volunteer from Cincinnati, was riding over the prairie, on a fine horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw a man making his way towards Vince's bridge. The moment he found

himself pursued, the fugitive fell down in the grass. Sylvester dashed on in that direction, and his horse came very near trampling him down. The man sprang to his feet, and apparently, without the slightest surprise, looked his captor full in the face. He was disguised in a miserable rustic dress. He wore a skin-cap, a round jacket, and pantaloons of blue domestic cotton, with a pair of coarse soldier's shoes. But his face and his manners bespoke, too plainly, that he belonged to a different class than his garb betokened; and underneath his coarse disguise, Sylvester saw that he wore a shirt of the finest linen cambric. "You are an officer, I perceive, sir," said the horseman, raising his cap politely. "No; soldier;" was his reply; and he drew out a letter in Spanish, addressed to Almonte. When he saw there was no hope of escape, he inquired for Gen. Houston. By this time, Sylvester had been joined by several of his comrades, and mounting his prisoner behind him, they rode off together, on the same horse, to the camp, several miles distant. As he passed the Mexican prisoners, they exclaimed with the greatest surprise as they lifted their caps, "*El Presidente!*"

The news spread through the camp that Gen. Santa Anna was a prisoner, and the dictator was taken to Houston. The general was lying on the ground, and having slept little during the night, in consequence of his wound, had now fallen into a doze. Santa Anna came up behind him, and took his hand. Houston roused himself, and turning over, gazing up in the face of the Mexican, who extended his left arm, and laying his right hand on his heart, said, "*I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be your prisoner of war.*" Houston waved his hand to a box,—for it was the only seat in

the camp—and asked his prisoner to be seated. He then sent for Almonte, who spoke English perfectly, and requested him to act as interpreter.

Santa Anna took his seat, and glancing his keen eye occasionally around the camp, with a timid expression, pressed the sides of his breasts with both hands, and gave two or three half-suppressed groans, like a man who was suffering deep pain. An interesting incident took place about this time, which Gen. Rusk thus related: "At the time Santa Anna was brought into our camp I was walking with young Zavala, the son of the noble and venerable Zavala, who distinguished himself as the friend of Texan independence. We approached him together. Santa Anna recognized young Zavala at once, and advanced to meet him with great apparent cordiality, uttering many expressions of kindness, such as are customary among the Mexicans on such occasions, several of which I remember. Among other things, he exclaimed "Oh! my *friend*, my *friend*, the son of my *early* friend;" with which, and other exclamations in the same strain, he embraced young Zavala, with high indications of *apparent* feeling, and I think, *dropping a tear*. Young Zavala returned his greeting with that deference which would have been due to his former rank and power; but at the same time, emitting from his countenance an expression I have scarcely seen equaled on any occasion. His look seemed to wither Santa Anna, and staring him full in the face, he replied immediately, with great modesty, 'It *has* been so, sir.' Santa Anna evinced plainly that he was much mortified."

Almonte approached his captive general with evident respect and grief, and the following conversation took place between the two commanders; Houston, in the

meantime, lying on the ground, resting on his elbow. Great pains has been taken to get as nearly as possible the exact words used by the speakers, and those who were present at the interview, have assured us, that all here related they *do* remember, and they recollect nothing else of importance.

Santa Anna (after embracing Almonte, and recovering perfectly from his embarrassment) rose, and advancing with the air of one born to command, said to Gen. Houston—"That man may consider himself born to no common destiny, who has conquered the Napoleon of the West; and it now remains for him to be generous to the vanquished."

Houston.—"You should have remembered that at the Alamo."

S. A.—"You must be aware that I was justified in my course by the usages of war. I had summoned a surrender, and they had refused. The place was then taken by storm, and the usages of war justified the slaughter of the vanquished."

H.—"That was the case once, but it is now obsolete. Such usages among civilized nations have yielded to the influences of humanity."

S. A.—"However this may be, I was acting under the orders of my Government."

H.—"Why, you are the government of Mexico."

S. A.—"I have orders in my possession commanding me so to act."

H.—"A dictator, sir, has no superior."

S. A.—"I have orders, Gen. Houston, from my Government, commanding me to exterminate every man found in arms in the province of Texas, and treat all such as pirates; for they have no Government, and are

fighting under no recognized flag. This will account for the positive orders of my Government."

H.—"So far as the first point is concerned, the Texans flatter themselves they have a Government already, and they will probably be able to make a flag. But if you feel excused for your conduct at the Alamo, you have not the same excuse for the massacre of Col. Fannin's command. They had capitulated on terms proffered by your General. And yet, after the capitulation, they were all perfidiously massacred, without the privilege of even dying with arms in their hands."

Those who were present say that when Houston came to speak of the Goliad tragedy, it seemed impossible for him to restrain his indignation. His eye flashed like a wild beast's, and in his gigantic effort to curb in his wrath, cold sweat ran off from his brow in streams.

S.A.—"I declare to you, General (laying his hand on his heart), that I was not apprised of the fact that they had capitulated. Gen. Urrea informed me that he had conquered them in a battle, and under this impression I ordered their execution."

H.—"I *know*, General, that the men had capitulated."

S. A.—"Then I was ignorant of it. And after your asseveration I should not have shadow of doubt, if it were not that *Gen. Urrea had no authority whatever to receive their capitulation*. And if the day ever comes that I can get Urrea into my hands, I will execute him for his duplicity in not giving me information of the facts."

Here the conversation was suspended for a while, and Santa Anna requested a small peice of opium. It was ordered by Houston, who asked him if he would desire his marquee and luggage, and the attendance of his aides and servants. Santa Anna thanked him very

politely, and said "It would make him very happy, since they were proffered by his captor."

While the order was being given, Almonte manifested a disposition to continue the conversation with Houston. After remarking to the Texan General that fortune had indeed favored him, he asked why he had not attacked the Mexicans the first day the armies met. "You had reason to suppose we should be reinforced. And yet if you had risked a battle that day you would have had another story to tell, perhaps, for our men were *then* ready to fight, and so anxious for the battle to come on, that we could hardly keep them in their ranks. Why did you wait till the next morning, General?"

"Well," replied Houston, "I see I was right. I *knew* you expected I should bring on the battle that day, and were consequently prepared for it. Now if I *must* be questioned by an inferior officer in the presence of his General, I will say *that was just the reason why I did not fight*; and besides, I thought there was no use in having two bites at one cherry." After some remark of Almonte, which irritated Houston, and which, in the opinion of all who heard it, ill-befitted the occasion, he said—"You have come a great way to give us a great deal of trouble—and you have made the sacrifice of the lives of a great many brave men necessary." "Oh," flippantly replied Almonte, "what of six or eight hundred men! And, from all accounts, only half a dozen of your *brave* men have fallen."

Houston replied: "We estimate the lives of our men, I perceive, somewhat higher than you do," and he gave him a look which seemed to say, "taunt me again, and you don't live an hour." Almonte very politely changed his tone. "You talk about reinforcements, sir," said

Houston, raising himself up; "it matters not how many reinforcements you have, sir, you *never* can conquer freemen." And taking from his pocket an ear of dry corn which he had carried for four days, only a part of it being consumed, he held it up and said, "Sir, do you *ever* expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their General can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

The exhibition of the ear of corn stirred up all the enthusiasm of the Texan soldiers, and they gathered round their General, and asked him to allow them to divide the corn. "We'll plant it," said they, "and call it the Houston corn." "Oh, yes, my brave fellows," said the General, smiling, "take it along if you care anything about it, and divide it among you—give each one a kernel as far as it will go, and take it home to your own fields, where I hope you may long cultivate the arts of peace as nobly as you have shown yourselves masters of the art of war. You have achieved your independence—now see if you cannot make as good farmers as you have proved yourselves gallant soldiers. You may not call it Houston corn; but call it *San Jacinto* corn—for then it will remind you of your own bravery." It is also said that in one of his despatches that day to the people of the Sabine, the General said to those who had fled from their homes, "return and plant corn." The soldiers distributed their corn, and it now waves over a thousand green fields in Texas.

Santa Anna had become interested in the conversation, and Almonte related to him what had been said. The Mexican General seemed to be transported with rage, and he cursed Almonte for losing the battle. He was mortified beyond measure to think that his large army

perfectly armed and munitioned, with officers whose camp was filled with every luxury, should have been conquered by an undisciplined band of raw troops, incompletely armed, and whose officers were destitute of most, even, of the necessities of life. It is worthy of remark, also, that Santa Anna afterwards said "*that this was the first moment he had ever understood the American character; and that what he had witnessed convinced him that Americans never could be conquered.*"

Santa Anna's marquee was set near the spot where Houston was lying. His trunks were not examined, nor any portion of his baggage molested. The Texan General knew that there was hardly a man in his army who did not wish to see Santa Anna expiate his crimes with his blood, and very few believed it would be possible even for Houston to protect him from assassination. But he knew the eyes of the civilized world would be turned upon the Texan camp, and that however guilty Santa Anna may have been, the name of Texas would be given over to execration if any violence was offered to the Captive. He therefore took the necessary precautions to see that not only no violence, but no indignity, should be offered to his prisoner. The course he took in this matter entitles him to the regard of mankind. The feeling that prevailed in the army could not be mistaken, and various circumstances have come to our knowledge which serve to illustrate not only Houston's extreme vigilance, but his superior shrewdness in detecting insubordination, and his address in putting it down. One example we will allude to.

An officer had resolved to shoot Santa Anna, and had prepared himself for the work. His design, however, he had kept to himself, and Houston could have had no intimation of it from any quarter. But as the officer

was passing Houston on the day of the night he had fixed for the execution of his purpose, the General, who saw something wrong in his manner, beckoned him to approach. He conversed with him, privately and confidentially, on the subject of his fears; and after depicting the horrible consequences that would follow Santa Anna's assassination, told the officer that he had made him his confidant in the matter, because he knew he would be more likely than any other man in the camp, to detect any murderous scheme projected, and he relied on his vigilance. The officer gave him his pledge he would act on his suggestion, and, moreover, declared that Santa Anna should never be assassinated while *he* was in the camp. He was as good as his word: and yet he afterwards declared he had, at the very time, the arms on his person with which he had sworn to kill Santa Anna. Such was one of the thousand expedients Houston was obliged to resort to, to maintain discipline over those wayward, reckless men. No one knew how he did it, and yet it passed into a proverb that *Houston was the only man in the world that could have kept the army in subjection, or achieved the independence of Texas, or preserved it after it was won.* Houston, therefore, exercised the keenest vigilance over the safety of his prisoner, and treated him as a guest and a gentleman, rather than as a captive.

Night came. The guard was so disposed as to include Santa Anna's marquee, and he slept on his camp-bed with every comfort he could have had if he had been the victor; while, near by him, Houston lay upon the earth—his wonted bed in camp—with no respite from the intense agony of his wound. The ball had entered about one inch above the ankle joint, shattering the bone, and severing the muscles and arteries. It pros-

trated him for months, during which time he was worn down by fever and pain to the shadow of a man.

After the battle two ravens were seen hovering over the field in the smoke which lingered on the battle scene. Some of the men proposed to shoot them, as they were near the earth. Houston said, "No—don't shoot them—it is a good omen. Their heads are pointing westward. 'Tis the course of empire. I own I am a little superstitious about the raven." *

* The following beautiful lines were written by the late gifted and beloved Dr. Horatio Stone, Surgeon, Sculptor, and Poet, after reading the proof sheets of the *Battle*, while the work was going through the press.

THE EAGLES OVER THE FIELD OF SAN JACINTO.

THE flight of ravens through the dusky air,
The superstitious Roman deem'd
Propitious omen of triumphant arms,
And march'd to conquest—this his sole intent.
Empire alone, his proud ambition fill'd;
For this he fought, and fame of daring deeds.
Empire was his, and fame of Heroism—
But warring to enslave—to ashes fell
The gilded, coreless fruit, unblest of Heaven.
Dark as the raven's wing, the breath of Fate
Swept o'er his conquests, and his empire fell.
Albeit, his valor, with the empire, gained
And saved the mind's achievements—
Arts and sciences of nations conquer'd,
And last of all, amidst his trophies, shone
The two great lights of earth's Redemption:
The flame of Sinai, and Bethlehem's star;—
And yet he knew them not from darkness.

The Gothic Hero from his icy home
Came down and snatch'd them from the Seven Hills.
Thenceforth the vital germ of Freedom sprang.
The Saxon bore it to the Briton's home,
And he transplanted it, in this New World.

The next morning Santa Anna asked leave to see Gen. Houston, which was granted. He presented himself elegantly dressed in citizen's garb, and tendered a most respectful and cordial greeting to his "host,"

Lo! what a glorious, soul-inspiring show
The tramp of Freedom through the Western World!
Look through the lens of Time, that gathers in
His mighty movements through the century—
How like a wonder, swells his vast procession;
From one small vessel's crew, to millions!
How rays his torch across the Continent;—
At every gleam an Empire springs to life—
At every gleam, a Despot's throne doth quake—
At every gleam through dark barbarians' wilds,
A State springs up, and golden harvests wave.

Stay not his course!—
See! on the western ocean's peaceful shore
His torch bright glowing, and his flag unfurled.
A dark spot intervenes—but all around,
The rays of civilization penetrate
Inevitably, to illumine all!

—————Fair Freedom's torch
Is blazing on the broad Pacific's shore,
That way from San Jacinto's battle-field
Flew—not the ominous Ravens of old Rome,
The talisman alone of victory and empire;—
The flight of Eagles told the Hero more—
Of Freedom's triumph o'er the Western World!

Look through the lens *again*, the future see;—
See Freedom's flag of interwoven dyes,
And torch of golden light, in every wave
Reflected.—Against the shores of Asia
See them dash illum'd all with hope-beams!
Against *all* shores they dash, diffusing light
Like young Auroras, o'er the world new-born.

Stay not their course!—Thou can'st not, if thou would'st!

and inquired kindly for his health and the state of his wound. The difference in the dresses of the two men was striking. Houston had on a plain, old black coat, snuff-colored pantaloons, a black velvet vest, a fur cap, a worn-out pair of boots, and a scimitar of tried metal, with a plated scabbard—a gift from his friend Capt. Joseph Bonnell, of Fort Jessup. He had worn it, hung by buckskin thongs. This constituted his wardrobe, and his armory. Santa Anna would have been taken for the victor, and Houston for the captive.

The Texan commander received his prisoner with courtesy, and he immediately proposed negotiations for his liberty. Houston, *who, from the beginning to the end of Santa Anna's capture, never was alone with him a single moment*, immediately sent for the Secretary of War, and together they conversed some time with the prisoner. Santa Anna submitted a proposition. But Gen. Houston informed the Mexican "President" that he could take no action on his proposals, as Texas was ruled by a Constitutional Government, whose members had been sent for immediately after the battle. Santa Anna naturally asked where the Government was—a question which he found could not be so easily answered.

This "Government" had, as we have already stated, fled from the scene of danger, and scattered to the four winds of Heaven. Fortunately, it was known where the head of the Government was, or rather where he *had* been, for he had escaped to Galveston, and prepared to take passage on a little vessel called the Flash, before even the first flash of the enemy's guns. Houston thinking he might wait there till the news of the battle came—since even so *prudent* a man would perceive he could have plenty of time to get his craft

under way before the victors could reach him—had dispatched his first express to that quarter.

Neither Houston nor the Secretary of War, in his presence, ever entertained any proposition of Santa Anna's, to enter into negotiations with him; but referred him to the Cabinet. At the end of the first conversation with Santa Anna, Houston peremptorily ordered him to draw up a command to Gen. Filisola, second in command to him, to evacuate Texas, and fall back to Monterey, on the west side of the Rio Grande, and it was a peremptory command of Houston, without annexing any condition to it. Nor did Houston ever make any promise, nor was any made by any other person, so far as Houston was cognizant of it.

Santa Anna, who had a great aversion against any negotiations with civilians, manifested a perfect will-
ingness to act with military men. But Houston and Rusk were immovable in their determination. A detachment of 250 Texans was then ordered to march with a dispatch from Santa Anna, and Gen. Filisola was instructed to depart immediately, with all the Mexican troops, as far at least as Monterey,—this order had been exacted by Gen. Houston without an intimation that even Santa Anna's life should be spared. Filisola was on the east side of the Brazos when he received news of the disaster of San Jacinto from an officer who had escaped from the battle-field on a fleet Andalusian horse, and succeeded in reaching his camp.

It was night as he reached Filisola's headquarters, when the camp broke up in confusion, and prepared for fight. They fired a large cotton gin, to have the benefit of the flames to light up their passage over the river. The Texan detachment pressed on by forced *marches* in pursuit of the rear-guard of the Mexican

army. They found horses, mules, and baggage-wagons, with sick soldiers, scattered along the path of the flying Division, which indicated the utter consternation with which the retreat had been made. They had been obliged to march through a low, wet prairie, in reaching the Colorado. But they were overtaken by the pursuers, and Filisola received the messengers who bore the flag with every mark of respect, and pledged himself to execute Gen. Santa Anna's orders without any delay. He asked leave only to take some cattle along his march: but he stretched his license far enough to rob every living thing he fell in with on his way. Filisola's Division marched, and the Texan Detachment returned to San Jacinto.

Houston had given orders that a portion of the spoils should be divided equally among officers and men, and appointed three superior officers to execute his order.

A great number of incidents occurred during this period, which would serve to illustrate Houston's character. But we are obliged to omit their relation. A soldier, for example, had fled from the battle, declaring that all his comrades were killed at the first fire. When Gen. Houston heard of the circumstance, he declared he would have him shot. His Captain importuned the Commander to let him go. "Why, yes, Captain," said the General, "I will let him off, but on condition that he will promise to marry into a valiant race and cross the breed. Under no other circumstances will I let him go."

The news of the victory spread by expresses all over the country, * and not many days elapsed before the

* When it reached Washington, Thos. H. Benton in his place in the Senate spoke of Houston:

"Of the individuals who have purchased lasting renown by

little steamboat Yellow Stone arrived from Galveston, bringing the (fugitive) "Government;" and they boldly marched right into the very presence of Santa Anna himself, who had been surrendered to them the moment of their arrival. But when they came from their hiding places, they looked, of course, more like victors than fugitives. Houston, at once, surrendered everything into their hands but the money; this had been already divided among his gallant comrades.

Those who understand much of human nature, will not be surprised to hear that, from that day forward,

this young war, it would be impossible, in this place, to speak in detail, and invidious to discriminate. But there is one among them, whose position forms an exception; and whose early association with myself, justifies and claims the tribute of a particular notice. I speak of him whose romantic victory has given to the Jacinto that immortality in grave and serious history, which the diskos of Apollo had given to it in the fabulous pages of the heathen Mythology. Gen. Houston was born in the State of Virginia, County of Rockbridge: he was appointed an ensign in the army of the United States during the late war with Great Britain, and served in the Creek campaign under the banners of Jackson. I was the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment to which he belonged, and the first field officer to whom he reported. I then marked in him the same soldierly and gentlemanly qualities which have since distinguished his eventful career: frank, generous, brave; ready to do, or to suffer, whatever the obligations of civil or military duty imposed; and always prompt to answer the call of honor, patriotism, and friendship. Sincerely do I rejoice in his victory. It is a victory without alloy, and without parallel, except at New Orleans. It is a victory which the civilization of the age, and the honor of the human race, required him to gain: for the nineteenth century is not an age in which a repetition of the Goliad matins could be endured. Nobly has he answered the requisition; fresh and luxuriant are the laurels which adorn his brow.

"It is not within the scope of my present purpose, to speak

these "fugitive statesmen" became the irrevocable foes of the brave man who had redeemed the nation which they had deserted in the hour of her darkest trial. They had fled, and Houston had fought; they knew the odium that would rest upon their names, and as Houston had been covered with the fame of a hero, they never could forgive him. An old philosopher once said, we never do forgive any body whom we have injured. They did not express any aversion to or condemnation of, Houston's acts—this would not have been entirely safe—but their future conduct showed most clearly that, from that day, they were bent upon his destruction.

of military events, and to celebrate the exploits of that vanguard of the Anglo-Saxons who are now on the confines of the ancient empire of Montezuma; but that combat of San Jacinto! it must for ever remain in the catalogue of military miracles. Seven hundred and fifty citizens, miscellaneously armed with rifles, muskets, belt pistols, and knives, under a leader who had never seen service, except as a subaltern, march to attack near double their numbers—march in open day across a clear prairie, to attack upwards of twelve hundred veterans, the *élite* of an invading army of seven thousand, posted in a wood, their flanks secured, front intrenched; and commanded by a general trained in civil wars; victorious in numberless battles; and chief of an empire of which no man becomes chief except as a conqueror. In twenty minutes the position is forced. The combat becomes a carnage. The flowery prairie is stained with blood; the hyacinth is no longer blue, but scarlet. Six hundred Mexicans are dead; six hundred more are prisoners, half wounded, the President-General himself is a prisoner; the camp and baggage all taken; and the loss of the victors six killed and twenty wounded. Such are the results, and which no European can believe, but those who saw Jackson at New Orleans. Houston is the pupil of Jackson; and he is the first self-made general, since the time of Mark Antony, and the King Antigonus, who has taken the general of the army and the head of the government captive in battle. Different from Antony, he has spared the life of his captive, though forfeited by every law, human and divine."

They began by treating him with manifest coolness. A proposition was even made by Robert Potter, Secretary of the Navy, to dismiss him from service, alleging no *cause*, but many *reasons*. Mr. Rusk, the Secretary of War, who, when the Cabinet fled to the seashore, had hurried to the camp, and toiled with its heroic soldiery, partaking of their privations and mingling in their perils—Mr. Rusk, the patriot-soldier, met the proposition in a spirited and indignant manner, and defeated their malicious machinations. The \$12,000 had been distributed among the officers and men—Houston would receive no share—and this was a crime heavy enough to condemn him; for the "Government" thought they needed it for their own purposes—and it is quite likely they did. But the "Government" did not dare to bring it forward as an accusation against the General, for they knew it would have roused the indignation of every man in the army.

The Secretary of War wrote a letter to Houston, asking his views about the release of Santa Anna. He returned the following answer:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Camp San Jacinto, 3d May, 1836.

I have not the pleasure to know on what basis the Executive Government contemplate the arrangement with Gen. Santa Anna, but I would respectfully suggest, that so far as I have been enabled to give my attention to the subject, the following points should have some weight:

The recognition of the independence of Texas should be a *sine quâ non*. The limits of Texas should extend to the Rio Grande, and from the mouth, pursuing the stream to its most northwestern source, and from thence northeast to the line of the United States. Indemnity for all losses sustained by Texas during the war. Commissioners to be appointed for ascertaining the fact—one Mexican, one Texan, and one American. The guarantee to be obtained from the United States, for the fulfillment of the

stipulation on the part of the contending parties. Gen. Santa Anna to be retained as a hostage, with such other officers as the Government may think proper, until they are recognized or ratified by the Mexican Government. Immediate restoration of Texan or Mexican citizens, or those friendly to the cause of Texas, who may have been retained, with their property. Instantaneous withdrawal of all the Mexican troops from the limits of Texas. All property in Texas to be restored, and not molested by the troops or marauders in falling back. Cessation of all hostilities by sea and land. A guarantee for the safety and restoration of Mexican prisoners, so soon as the conditions shall be complied with. Agents to be sent to the United States to obtain the mediation of that government in the affairs of Mexico and Texas.

An attempt was made to heap upon Houston the odium both of Santa Anna's release and imprisonment after the treaty. But the attempt succeeded *only for a time, as falsehood always will*, and then these charges, with a thousand others, returned to plague their inventors. But in Texas they never were believed at all—there the facts were all known. It is a curious circumstance, that the report once so common in the United States, and even till now uncontradicted by Houston (for he never esteemed any lie worth contradicting), viz.: that he played the coward at San Jacinto, and never would have fought at all if he had not been forced into battle by his soldiers; that he fled from the field, or—as many had it—was never in the field at all,—should have originated and been industriously circulated by the very men who had been the first to fly from danger, and leave the country in its darkest hour to take care of itself! And yet such was the case. But from all these “mountain lies” the name of Houston has come out fair and clear.

Volunteers had now rushed in from all quarters, where the news of the victory had spread; and some

brave men, who had come on by forced marches to join Houston's standard when he needed their help, had the misfortune, also, to reach the camp too late. Great activity, discipline and vigor became necessary. Houston was rendered perfectly helpless by his wound; and it was believed that, even if he survived, he would not be again fit for service for many months. He signified his desire that Gen. Rusk should succeed him in the command, and, as no other man would have been acceptable, he was selected by the Cabinet as Brigadier-General. From the arrival of the "Government," which, to the surprise of Santa Anna, had at last been found, the Mexican President had not been permitted to pay his customary morning visit to his courteous and humane captor; and he had also been kept under the irritating and humiliating surveillance of the Cabinet. This unnecessary and indelicate severity (or, as Santa Anna himself termed it, "bad manners") was a source of great pain and mortification to the captive General.

Mr. Lamar was appointed Secretary of War, to fill the vacancy in the Cabinet. After the failure to disgrace Houston, there was a cruel effort made to depress and harrow his feelings. Every petty artifice was resorted to, to torture the feelings of the enfeebled, wounded hero. A fine stallion, that had been ridden in battle by Almonte, and captured by Karnes in the pursuit of the enemy, had been presented by that gallant officer to his General. Although the animal was not of the spoils taken on the field, Houston sent him to parade, and to be sold for the benefit of the army. By the united voice of the camp, he was led up to his master, with an earnest entreaty that he would retain him, and "they hoped, too," they said, "the General would be able to ride him very soon." He was a noble ani-

mal, and as black as a raven. After the army had confirmed the present of Karnes, the "Government" took the horse from the commander. This was, certainly, a chivalrous act towards a man who had saved the country, and was yet unable to move, even on crutches. We will state one more circumstance about these men, and then leave them to the odium which rests on their name, for having tortured the feelings of a brave and patriotic man.

When the army were taking up their line of march to the west, with the settlements all broken up, and Houston was without any of the comforts the wounded man so much needs; when his surgeon had no medicine in the camp to give him, or dress his wound with, and it became necessary for him to visit New Orleans as the nearest place he could go to for medical aid to save his life, and the steamboat *Yellow Stone* was ready to sail for Galveston, with the Cabinet, and Santa Anna and suite; these gentlemen had, by common consent, agreed to leave the wounded Commander-in-Chief to die—in sight of the field of San Jacinto! Houston could hardly believe this; and yet, when he saw he was going to be left in his helplessness, he applied to the Cabinet for a passage. *The application was sternly refused!* The captain of the boat, hearing of the circumstance, vowed it should never leave the shore without it bore Gen. Houston. He tendered him a passage, and he was carried aboard by Gen. Rusk and his brother David. He was also accompanied by a few of his staff; among others his surgeon-general, Dr. Ewing. When the Doctor came on board, the Cabinet told him he could not accompany Gen. Houston, and if he did, he would be discharged from the service, although they had not a shadow of authority to do it. The surgeon

told Houston of this. "I am sorry, my dear fellow," said he, "for I have nothing to promise you in the future, and you know I am poor; so you had better not incur the displeasure of the new Secretary of War." But the magnanimous man determined to follow his General, for he would not desert either a friend or a brave man in the hour of need. He went; but the Cabinet was as good as its word; he was dismissed at once from the army. He did not know then that Houston's star was so soon to come forth from its deep eclipse. When Santa Anna, who had wept when he was told that Gen. Houston was not coming on board, saw him brought on, he ran to him, and embraced him with unfeigned joy.

The boat reached Galveston Island, where, at the time, there was not a framed house, and remained there for the night. Some volunteers, who had arrived there from the United States, hearing the President, *ad interim*, as he went on shore, cast some reflections upon Houston, their officers immediately waited on the General, and offered to take him off, and do anything he might desire for his comfort or his honor. He was aware of the spirit the men felt, for they showed it too plainly to allow it to be mistaken, and he declined going just then. But he issued an order as he took leave of the men, and exhorted them to "render obedience to the authorities of the country, and not dishonor themselves by any disrespect to the Government, being assured that by honoring the ranks they would be qualified for the highest rights of citizenship." They discussed the subject of treating the Cabinet with great harshness; but they at last yielded to Houston's commands and entreaties, and smothered their indignation. A single word from the wounded man would have

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY. 130

crushed those restless and ambitious men, who had inflicted so much pain upon himself, and who afterwards brought so much misery and dishonor upon his country. But on this occasion, as on all others, he showed how well regard for law and order had fitted him to govern, and how easy it is for a truly great man to be magnanimous to his enemies.

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

We had nearly forgotten to mention the scene which was witnessed when Houston parted with the army. He was too feeble to speak to them, but he dictated the following touching address, which was read in camp as Army Orders:

Headquarters, San Jacinto, May 5th, 1836.

COMRADES: Circumstances connected with the battle of the 21st render our separation, for the present, unavoidable. I need not express to you the many painful sensations which that necessity inflicts upon me. I am solaced, however, by the hope that we shall soon be reunited in the great cause of Liberty. Brig.-Gen. Rusk is appointed to command the army for the present. I confide in his valor, his patriotism, his wisdom. His conduct in the battle of San Jacinto was sufficient to insure your confidence and regard.

The enemy, though retreating, are still within the limits of Texas; their situation being known to you, you cannot be taken by surprise. Discipline and subordination will render you invincible. Your valor and heroism have proved you unrivaled. Let not contempt for the enemy throw you off your guard. Vigilance is the first duty of a soldier, and glory the proudest reward of his toils.

You have patiently endured privations, hardships, and difficulties, unappalled; you have encountered odds of two to one of the enemy against you, and borne yourselves, in the onset and conflict of battle, in a manner unknown in the annals of modern warfare. While an enemy to your independence remains in Texas, the work is incomplete; but when liberty is firmly estab-

lished by your patience and your valor, it will be fame enough to say, "I was a member of the army of San Jacinto."

In taking leave of my brave comrades in arms, I cannot suppress the expression of that pride which I so justly feel in having had the honor to command them in person, nor will I withhold the tribute of my warmest admiration and gratitude for the promptness with which my orders were executed, and union maintained through the army. At parting, my heart embraces you with gratitude and affection.

SAM HOUSTON, *Commander-in-Chief.*

When this touching and eloquent address was read to the army, the tears of the brave men fell upon the rifles on which they were leaning. Such was his parting with his companions in arms.

A small war vessel, belonging to the Republic, was sailing from Galveston to New Orleans. Houston applied for a passage with his staff. It was refused, although the war vessel carried several persons not belonging to the crew or the service. A little American schooner (the *Flora*) was also lying there. The General sent for the captain, and contracted with him for passage for himself and staff, to be paid when he could, for he had not a dollar of money to advance. During the entire campaign, neither he nor any one of his followers had received a shilling from the "Government," and all the funds he had of his own, he had generously devoted to the relief of the fugitive women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been slaughtered at the Alamo, or massacred with Fannin. Santa Anna now asked permission of the Cabinet to take leave of Gen. Houston, but he was refused that privilege. Capt. Charles Hawkins, of the Texan Navy, stated these facts; and he also said, that Santa Anna wept on the occasion.

We pass over the long and tedious voyage of the little

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY. 141

schooner. She arrived at the Balize in the night, and the next day, May 28th, was towed up to New Orleans. Gen. Houston had now been nearly forty days without medicine or poultices; the bandages for his wound he had torn from the shirt he wore, till all but its bosom was gone—for he had given all he had away to the soldiers, as their necessities had before been greater than his own. He was now, as he supposed, in a dying state. He was so feeble he could not even be raised up without fainting. In passing the English Turn, about eighteen miles below New Orleans, it was known by expresses in waiting, that Houston was on board, and it was the first confirmation of the news of the battle. It was Sunday, and the levee was black with the dense crowd which, as the intelligence spread through the city, had rushed together to see the wounded soldier. His friend, Col. William Christy, with whom he had served as lieutenant in his youth, had prepared for him in his house every comfort his situation required, and he was now eager to grasp the hand of his old comrade, and extend to him the most cordial welcome. Dr. Kerr, too, who had operated on his wounds just thirty years before, hastened to the vessel, where he found him lying on the deck. He fell upon him, and embraced him like a father. He, with Dr. Cenas, gave him every attention, and they saved his life; for they said if he had arrived a few hours later, he could not have been saved, since his wound had begun to show the first symptoms of mortification.

The crowd on the boat was so great, it was in danger of sinking, and the throng so dense on the pier, it was a long time before he could be got ashore. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to lift him ashore, but it seemed he would die of torture before it could be done,

At last, feeling that his strength was going, he rose on his crutches, and, by a desperate effort, got over the gunwale himself. He was immediately laid upon a litter, where he fainted away. In the meantime, bands of music had come down to the pier, and were playing martial airs while the landing was being effected. The cot, which had been prepared, was brought up, and Houston, who seemed to be dying, was borne through the vast throng to the hospitable mansion of his friend, where this skeleton of disease and suffering at last found repose.

He remained about two weeks in New Orleans, and although he was far from being out of danger, yet his anxiety to return to Texas was so great, that he took passage to Nachitoches, on the Red River, this being the only practicable route to his home in Eastern Texas. The fatigue and exposure of the journey were too much for his feeble health, and he was obliged to stop several days to recover his strength. But the first moment he was able, he traveled on to San Augustine, where he remained till the news came that the Cabinet had made a treaty with Santa Anna, and were resolved on his liberation. At the same time it was stated that the enemy was preparing for another campaign. Demonstrations of respect had been made, and dinners offered to him at New Orleans, Nachitoches, and San Augustine; but he declined all such compliments. The report of the advance of the enemy had brought together a vast concourse of people at San Augustine. Houston was taken to the meeting, and, resting on his crutches, delivered an address, which produced such an effect, that one hundred and sixty men, in two days, took up their march for the frontier.

Soon after, the General received intelligence that

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY. 143

Colonels Millard and Wheelock had been dispatched from the army then at the Coeto, with a demand on the Cabinet that they should deliver up Santa Anna into their hands for execution, reproaching them for the neglect of their duty, and an order to arrest President Burnet, and bring him to the Texan camp. Houston immediately dispatched by express to the army the following Protest against their proceedings.

Ayish Bayou, 26th July, 1836.

TO THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE ARMY OF TEXAS.

SIR: I have just heard through a citizen of the army, that it is the intention to remove Gen. Santa Anna to the army, and place him upon his trial. I cannot credit this statement; it is obviously contrary to the true policy of Texas. The advantages which his capture presented to us will be destroyed. Disregard, if you will, our national character, and place what construction you please upon the rules of civilized warfare, we are compelled by every principle of humanity and morality, to abstain from every act of passion or inconsideration that is to be unproductive of positive good. Execute Santa Anna, and what will be the fate of the Texans who are held prisoners by the Mexicans—what will be the condition of the North Americans who are residing within the limits of Mexico? Death to them, and confiscation of their property is the least that can be expected. Doubtless, torture will be added to the catastrophe, when stimulated by ignorance, fanaticism, and the last expiring struggle of the priesthood for power and dominion. Texas, to be respected, must be considerate, politic, and just in her actions. Santa Anna, living, and secured beyond all danger of escape, in the Eastern section of Texas (as I first suggested), may be of incalculable advantage to Texas in her present crisis. In cool blood to offer up the living to the manes of the departed, only finds an example in the religion and warfare of savages. Regard for one's departed friends should stimulate us in the hour of battle, and would excuse us, in the moment of victory, for partial excesses, at which our calmer feelings of humanity would relent.

The affairs of Texas connected with Gen. Santa Anna, as President of the Republic of Mexico, have become a matter of

consideration to which the attention of the United States has been called, and for Texas, at this moment, to proceed to extreme measures, as to the merits or demerits of Gen. Santa Anna, would be treating that Government with high disrespect, and I would respectfully add, in my opinion, it would be incurring the most unfortunate responsibility for Texas.

I, therefore, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic, do solemnly protest against the trial, sentence, and execution of Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Republic of Mexico, until the relations in which we are to stand to the United States shall be ascertained.

SAM HOUSTON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

This protest had just the effect designed by the writer. The trial of Santa Anna was delayed, and Texas was saved from the disgrace and execration which so summary and barbarous a proceeding would have brought upon her name. Soon after this, Houston removed to Nacogdoches, where he remained under the influence of his wound till fall. But he was far from being idle, for the country was under a *quasi* state of martial law, and the exigency called for his constant vigilance and advice.

We must glance rapidly over the events which were elsewhere taking place. The Cabinet, perceiving that Houston's views, officially communicated to Gen. Rusk, were founded upon the highest principles of policy, humanity, and justice, adopted them, in the main, in the treaty they made with Santa Anna, on the 14th of May. The President and his Cabinet were still at Velasco on the 1st of June, and the Texan schooner *Invincible* was anchored off the bar, in sight of the town, with Santa Anna and his suite on board, and the sailing orders of the vessel had been issued for her to proceed to Vera Cruz. Santa Anna wrote the following FAREWELL TO THE TEXAN ARMY:

"MY FRIENDS: I have been a witness of your courage in the field of battle, and know you to be generous. Rely with confi-

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY. 145

dence on my sincerity, and you shall never have cause to regret the kindness shown me. In returning to my native land, I beg you to receive the sincere thanks of your grateful friend. Farewell.

"ANT. LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

"VELASCO, 1st June, 1836."

We know not what may be the opinions of others, but we are persuaded that Santa Anna never would have committed himself in *this* manner, when there was no necessity of doing it (for it was written *after* the vessel was under sailing orders), unless he really intended to redeem his pledge. For although he had entered into a solemn treaty, yet his own conscience and the whole world would have palliated any violation of that treaty (which was wrung from him by his captors; for what will not a prisoner promise to buy his liberty? they would have said), much sooner than they would have forgiven the violation of private pledges, voluntarily given by a *free* man. No such pledges were now necessary; he was perfectly free to give or withhold them. Any bad faith subsequently manifested would have been regarded as the blackest perfidy, and Texas would have gained more, perhaps (had her temporary *Government* kept its faith inviolate), by his treachery, than she would have lost, for her honor and her magnanimity, and the perfidy of Santa Anna, would have won for her the sympathy of the civilized world! But an event now took place which must be regarded as a public and lasting calamity to Texas.

Several hundred volunteers from the United States arrived at Velasco, just as the Invincible was sailing. Their commander had not participated in the Texan struggle, and, in fact, he had yet no authority to order a drum beat in Texas. But he declared that the Invincible should not be allowed to lift her anchor. He

was determined Santa Anna should be tried and executed! It is unnecessary to indulge in any exclamations of censure for this use of military power. Popular feeling was on his side, and Mr. Lamar had already protested (in a voluminous paper) against Santa Anna's release. The President *ad interim* also yielded to this violation of the public faith, and although the treaty had been signed, sealed, and delivered, and Santa Anna had it with him on board, and the vessel was under sailing orders, yet he countermanded her orders, and sent a requisition on board for the Mexican President. Santa Anna was aware what had been the popular feeling towards him from the day of his capture; and he undoubtedly believed that his life would be in danger in the hands of the President. Under such circumstances, he resolutely refused to go on shore. The order was repeated the next day, and it provoked a similar reply. On the afternoon of the third of June, armed men "visited the Invincible" (says Foote, 2 vol., p. 342), "for the purpose of bringing off the Dictator, *dead or alive*." Santa Anna remonstrated against the lawless outrage, and, like a brave man, declared he would die before he left. "All this time (p. 343) he lay on his back in his berth, and his respiration seemed to be exceedingly difficult." No wonder such a display of the boasted Anglo-Saxon faith should disturb the respiration even of a Mexican! All other means failing, a military commander ordered him to be *put in irons*. "When the irons were brought within his view, the prisoner jumped up, adjusted his collar, put on his hat, and stated his readiness to accompany us." (P. 343.) And how else could a defenseless prisoner act, with a score of bayonets or bowie-knives at his breast? For our own part, we know of no circumstance in Santa Anna's history, so

HOUSTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY. 147

worthy of admiration as his conduct on this occasion; nor do we know of any act of perfidy or cowardice equal to that evinced by his lawless aggressors.

Santa Anna was an ambitious, selfish, military chieftain, who had trampled on the constitution, and blotted out the liberties of his country. But to his honor be it said, that *he* was not the first to violate the treaty of the 14th of May. Like a brave man, too, he boldly protested against the perfidy of the Texan cabinet.

He said: "I had embarked on the Texan schooner-of-war, the *Invincible*, on the first of June, after addressing a short farewell to the Texans, wherein I thanked them for their generous behavior, and offered my eternal gratitude. And I protest (5thly), for the act of violence committed on my person, and abuse to which I have been exposed, in being compelled to go on shore, merely because 130 volunteers, under the command of ———, recently landed on the beach at Velasco, from New Orleans, had with tumults and threats demanded that my person should be placed at their disposal, which took place on the very day the government received from Gen. Filisola the answer that he had strictly fulfilled what had been stipulated in the treaty. . . . Under these circumstances, I appeal to the judgment of civilized nations, to the consciences of the citizens who compose the Cabinet, and, above all, to the Supreme Ruler of the destinies of nations, who has placed the existence and happiness of nations on the faith of treaties and punctual fulfillment of engagements."

If Santa Anna is pointed to Goliad and the Alamo, his reply is, that such an appeal to the civilized world and to the Supreme Ruler of nations from the perpetrator of those massacres, only makes his sarcasm on the faith of the Texan Cabinet the more bitter.

If it be said that the President *ad interim* was obliged to yield to the clamor of the populace, who were thirsting for Santa Anna's blood, I reply that he could not have been *compelled*, by any mortal power, to write with his own hand the requisition for Santa Anna—had he been a man of nerve enough to fit him to hold the reins of power in revolutionary times. When Houston was asked what he would have done in the same circumstances, he said, "I would have regarded the faith of the nation under *any* circumstances, and before the mob should have laid hands on Santa Anna, they should have first drunk my blood." It now became perfectly certain that all the hopes of advantage for Texas, which Houston had borrowed from the treaty and the release of Santa Anna, were to be disappointed. He knew that the *only* reliance they had or could have, was upon his gratitude and sense of honor, and now the course his enemies had taken had dissolved all his obligations.

After Mr. Lamar resigned his post as Secretary of War, the Cabinet appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the Army, over the heads of Generals Houston and Rusk. He immediately repaired to the army with his commission, and surrounded by his staff. The army was drawn up; after addressing them, he requested an expression of their sentiments. They were anxious for Houston again to assume the command, and in the meantime were perfectly satisfied with General Rusk. But Mr. Lamar wished some more decided demonstration, and they were ordered, by marching in different directions, to indicate their feelings towards the new commander. There were about 1800 troops in camp—less than one in eighteen voted for him, and the rest positively refused to serve under him! He thus acquired the title of General, and got rid of the *responsibilities* of the command.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

The government *ad interim* at last became disgusted with power. The people felt that when Houston was away, they had no one to repose on, and discontent became universal. Provision had been made by the convention for the crisis, and writs were issued for the election of a president by the people of Texas.

There were two candidates—Gen. Stephen F. Austin, and Ex-Governor Henry Smith. They were both excellent men, particularly Gen. Austin, whom we have had occasion so often to mention with respect. Houston had been importuned from the beginning to become a candidate; but he had refused; nor did he consent till twelve days before the election. He wished to retire from public life, for he believed there would be no necessity of firing another hostile gun in Texas, if the public councils were guided by firmness and wisdom. He had been unrelentingly persecuted, and his feelings outraged, just in proportion as he had devoted himself to the State. In retirement, he could be happy, and his country free. He was, therefore, disinclined to mingle in the turmoil of public life. But one motive, at last, overcame his objections. He believed the virulence of party to be such—that if either of the candidates should succeed, their cabinets would be made up exclusively of party men, which would endanger the stability of the administration. A government was to be created from chaos, without a dollar and without credit. The parties were pretty equally balanced, and there was great reason to fear that those out of power would so far embarrass the administration as to destroy its efficiency. He believed, that since he belonged to neither party, and possessed the confidence of the great

mass of the people, he might still render signal service to the State, and he allowed his name to be used.

At the announcement, the turbulence of party everywhere gave way to national enthusiasm. None but his enemies thought of opposing his election, and they were only a feeble clique of adventurers, who had rushed to Texas when her agitations began, hoping to win, in the turbulent scenes of Revolution, a notoriety they had in vain sought for in the calmer scenes of civic life. The provisional government of '35, and the administration of '36, had proved they were incapable of holding the reins of government over a frontier population. The people at last saw that they must place at the helm some man whose strong hand would steady the vessel through the boisterous surges. They knew there was but one man in Texas who could sway the multitude, and when the hero of San Jacinto consented to accept the presidency, they offered it to him by acclamation.

Houston had indeed displayed those rare qualities which make the great general. It now remained to be seen if he was endowed with those loftier and nobler qualities, which would fit him for the cabinet—for a far more difficult task now remained, in the organization of a government which should secure peace, power, and prosperity at home, and command the respect of civilized nations—than it had been to win even the brilliant victory of San Jacinto. Senators and representatives were elected at the same time, and on the 3d of October (1836), the delegates assembled at Columbia, and the first Congress of the Republic of Texas was organized.

On the morning of the 22d of the same month, the President *ad interim* tendered his resignation, and a

resolution was immediately introduced, "that the inauguration take place at four o'clock this day." A committee from both houses waited upon the President elect, and at four o'clock, he was introduced within the bar of the House of Representatives. The Speaker "administered to him the oath of office, and then proclaimed Sam Houston President of the Republic of Texas." Advancing to the table, he delivered an extemporaneous Inaugural Address. We consider it important for the reader to be furnished with it entire, for it unfolds the policy of Houston's administration, and it could never have been spoken but by a statesman. It will be consulted by future times as the most important State paper that will be found in the early archives of Texas. We give it as it came from the reporter of the Congress.

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN:

Deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility devolving on me, I cannot, in justice to myself, repress the emotion of my heart, or restrain the feelings which my sense of obligation to my fellow-citizens has inspired—their suffrage was gratuitously bestowed. Preferred to others, not unlikely superior in merit to myself, called to the most important station among mankind, by the voice of a free people, it is utterly impossible not to feel impressed with the deepest sensations of delicacy, in my present position before the world. It is not here alone, but our present attitude before all nations, has rendered my position, and that of my country, one of peculiar interest.

A spot of earth almost unknown to the geography of the age, destitute of all available resources, few in numbers, we remonstrated against oppression; and when invaded by a numerous host, we dared to proclaim our independence and to strike for freedom on the breast of the oppressor. As yet our course is onward. We are only in the outset of the campaign of liberty. Futurity has locked up the destiny which awaits our people. Who can contemplate with apathy a situation so imposing in the moral and physical world!

The relations among ourselves are peculiarly delicate and important; for no matter what zeal or fidelity I may possess in the discharge of my official duties, if I do not obtain co-operation and an honest support from the co-ordinate departments of the government, wreck and ruin must be the inevitable consequences of my administration. If then, in the discharge of my duty, my competency should fail in the attainment of the great objects in view, it would become your sacred duty to correct my errors and sustain me by your superior wisdom. This much I anticipate—this much I demand.

I am perfectly aware of the difficulties that surround me, and the convulsive throes through which our country must pass. I have never been emulous of the civic wreath—when merited, it crowns a happy destiny. A country, situated like ours, is environed with difficulties, its administration is fraught with perplexities. Had it been my destiny, I would infinitely have preferred the toils, privations, and perils of a soldier, to the duties of my present station. Nothing but zeal, stimulated by the holy spirit of patriotism, and guided by philosophy and reason, can give that impetus to our energies necessary to surmount the difficulties that obstruct our political progress. By the aid of your intelligence, I trust all impediments to our advancement will be removed; that all wounds in the body politic will be healed, and the constitution of the republic derive strength and vigor equal to any emergency. I shall confidently anticipate the consolidation of constitutional liberty. In the attainment of this object, we must regard our relative situation to other countries.

A subject of no small importance is the situation of an extensive frontier, bordered by Indians, and open to their depredations. Treaties of peace and amity and the maintenance of good faith with the Indians, seem to me the most rational means for winning their friendship. Let us abstain from aggression, establish commerce with the different tribes, supply their useful and necessary wants, maintain even-handed justice with them, and natural reason will teach them the utility of our friendship.

Admonished by the past, we cannot, in justice, disregard our national enemies. Vigilance will apprise us of their approach; a disciplined and valiant army will insure their discomfiture. Without discrimination and system, how unavailing would all the resources of an old and overflowing treasury prove to us. It would be as unprofitable to us in our present situation, as the

rich diamond locked in the bosom of the adamant. We cannot hope that the bosom of our beautiful prairies will soon be visited by the healing breezes of peace. We may again look for the day when their verdure will be converted into dyes of crimson. We must keep all our energies alive, our army organized, disciplined, and increased to our present emergencies. With these preparations we can meet and vanquish despotic thousands. This is the attitude we at present must regard as our own. We are battling for human liberty; reason and firmness must characterize our acts.

The course our enemies have pursued has been opposed to every principle of civilized warfare—bad faith, inhumanity and devastation marked their path of invasion. We were a little band, contending for liberty—they were thousands, well appointed, munitioned and provisioned, seeking to rivet chains upon us, or to extirpate us from the earth. Their cruelties have incurred the universal denunciation of Christendom. They will not pass from their nation during the present generation. The contrast of our conduct is manifest; we were hunted down as the felon wolf, our little band driven from fastness to fastness, exasperated to the last extreme; while the blood of our kindred and our friends, invoking the vengeance of an offended God, was smoking to high heaven, we met our enemy and vanquished them. They fell in battle, or suppliantly kneeled and were spared. We offered up our vengeance at the shrine of humanity, while Christianity rejoiced at the act and looked with pride at the sacrifice. The civilized world contemplated with proud emotions, conduct which reflected so much glory on the Anglo-Saxon race. The moral effect has done more towards our liberation, than the defeat of the army of veterans. Where our cause has been presented to our friends in the land of our origin, they have embraced it with their warmest sympathies. They have rendered us manly and efficient aids. They have rallied to our standard, they have fought side by side with our warriors. They have bled, and their dust is mingling with the ashes of our heroes. At this moment I discern numbers around me, who battled in the field of San Jacinto, and whose chivalry and valor have identified them with the glory of the country, its name, its soil, and its liberty. There sits a gentleman within my view, whose personal and political services to Texas have been invaluable. He was the first in the United States to respond to our cause. His purse was ever open to our necessities. His hand

was extended in our aid. His presence among us, and his return to the embraces of our friends, will inspire new efforts in behalf of our cause.

[The attention of the Speaker and that of Congress was directed to Wm. Christy, Esq., of New Orleans, who sat by invitation within the bar.]

A circumstance of the highest import will claim the attention of the court at Washington. In our recent election, the important subject of annexation to the United States of America was submitted to the consideration of the people. They have expressed their feelings and their wishes on that momentous subject. They have, with a unanimity unparalleled, declared that they will be reunited to the Great Republican family of the North. The appeal is made by a willing people. Will our friends disregard it? They have already bestowed upon us their warmest sympathies. Their manly and generous feelings have been enlisted on our behalf. We are cheered by the hope that they will receive us to participate in their civil, political, and religious rights, and hail us welcome into the great family of freemen. Our misfortunes have been their misfortunes—our sorrows, too, have been theirs, and their joy at our success has been irrepressible.

A thousand considerations press upon me; each claims my attention. But the shortness of the notice of this emergency (for the speaker had only four hours' notice of the inauguration, and all this time was spent in conversation) will not enable me to do justice to those subjects, and will necessarily induce their postponement for the present.

[Here the President, says the reporter, paused for a few seconds and disengaged his sword.]

It now, sir, becomes my duty to make a presentation of this sword—this emblem of my past office. [The President was unable to proceed further; but having firmly clenched it with both hands, as if with a farewell grasp, a tide of varied associations rushed upon him in the moment, his countenance bespoke the workings of the strongest emotions, his soul seemed to dwell momentarily on the glistening blade, and the greater part of the auditory gave outward proof of their congeniality of feeling. It was, in reality, a moment of deep and painful interest. After this pause, more eloquently impressive than the deepest pathos conveyed in language, the President proceeded.] I have worn it with some humble pretensions in defense of my country—and

should the danger of my country again call for my services, I expect to resume it, and respond to that call, if needful, with my blood and my life.

HOUSTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

The first step the President took in his administration, evinced his political forecast, and the broad national principles on which he intended to govern the country. He chose his two most important cabinet officers from his rivals for the presidency; Gen. Austin, the incorruptible patriot, became Secretary of State, and Ex-Provisional Governor Henry Smith, Secretary of the Treasury. This selection was not only magnanimous, but it was high policy. The rancor of party subsided—the oil calmed the turbid waters. It evinced the important fact, that Houston had no party but country, and no aim but the public good.

Everything was in chaos. The archives of the State were hurled loosely together in an old trunk—everything had to be done. Although the cabinet was composed of apparently so discordant materials, yet all their proceedings were characterized by harmony, till Mr. Austin's death, which took place in a few months. He was deeply regretted by his people, for he was an upright, enlightened and purely patriotic man. Congress was now completely organized, and public business was being done in an orderly and efficient manner.

When Houston arrived at Columbia, for the inauguration, he found that his former captive, Santa Anna, was still retained a prisoner about twelve miles from the seat of government, under a guard of twenty men. Santa Anna sent word to Houston, that he would be glad if he could see him. He did not send to implore

his release—for he seems to have given up nearly all hope of ever regaining liberty. But in Houston he had found a magnanimous foe, and he wished to see his conqueror.

The reader can readily imagine how Houston was affected by such a message from a prisoner, to whose release the government *ad interim* had pledged its most solemn faith, and then left him to drag out months of weary imprisonment. He still felt as he had in the beginning, and he determined to wipe out the stain of dishonor from the name of Texas.

“After a victory like San Jacinto,” said he, “we could richly afford to be *magnanimous*—now the only question is, can we not afford to be just?”

He knew, besides, that there were no means in the government to support captives. It had been in a state of *quasi* dissolution for months. Santa Anna and his friends had been living on a mere pittance, destitute of the comforts, and almost of the necessities of life. Houston took with him several gentlemen to visit the prisoner. Those who were present have represented their meeting as affecting. Santa Anna, after the custom of his nation, opened his arms and came forward to meet his visitor. Houston, whose great heart was large enough to hold even his enemies, received him in like manner, and as the worn captive rested his head on Houston’s broad breast (for he hardly came up to his shoulder), they say that the two generals wept together—the Mexican at the recollection of his reverses—the Virginian sympathizing with the man he had vanquished.

Through Almonte, who still acted as their interpreter, and in the presence of Patton and others, Santa Anna appealed to his conqueror to interpose his power

in his behalf, and adverted to the letter he had himself written to Gen. Jackson, and inclosed to Houston at Nacogdoches. Jackson had answered his letter in very kind terms, and passed a high eulogium upon his friend Gen. Houston, for his magnanimity towards his captive. Indeed, Gen. Jackson often declared that Houston deserved and would receive as much honor from all great and good men, for his treatment of Santa Anna after the victory, as for the victory itself. "Let those who clamor for blood," said the brave old hero, "clamor on. The world will take care of Houston's fame."

Houston was not yet inaugurated, but he assured the Mexican General that he would remember him. Col. Christy (who bore Texas on his heart, and was jealous of her honor), and other generous men also, had sent some comforts to Santa Anna a short time before, and Houston and some of his friends dined with him that day, and then they parted. Santa Anna wrote to Houston after his return from Columbia. The communication was laid before Congress, and his release solicited. The matter was referred to committees of both houses, and a report was made of a most inflammatory character. In a secret session, the Senate passed a resolution requiring his detention as a prisoner. Houston responded in a calm, dignified veto, showing the impolicy of a longer detention—the probability of his being assassinated (as one attempt had already been made before Houston's arrival), and if he were to die from violence or disease, Texas would never escape the odium of his death. The Senate reversed their decision, and referred the matter to the discretion of the President. He expressed the belief that if Santa Anna was restored to his country, he would keep Mexico in commotion for years, and Texas would be safe.

HOUSTON RELEASING SANTA ANNA.

Houston determined at once to release him on his own responsibility. He informed him that if he wished to visit Washington, as Gen. Jackson had requested, he should have an escort, chosen by himself. Santa Anna returned his thanks by the messenger, and requested that Cols. Hockley and Bee, and Major Patton, be allowed to attend him. About the 25th of November, the escort departed, and Houston went with them to take his final leave of the liberated captive. The parting took place—and the little party set out, on fine horses, for the Sabine. They lost their way in the prairie, and it so happened that they were compelled, in regaining it, to pass over the battle-ground of San Jacinto! When Santa Anna saw the bones of his soldiers whitening on the field, he was deeply affected, and the gentlemanly men who attended him, seeming not to observe his agitation, rode leisurely on and left the deserted general to indulge his feelings on the field of his slain.

Santa Anna was a great man. He had a Mexican education and Mexican principles; but an American intellect of high order. He was a great general. He had a fine face, a rather long, but well-shaped head, black hair and eyes, and a *perfect form*, about five feet and eight or nine inches high—his elocution was rich, and characterized by considerable fire, his eye quick, but firm, and his manners and address worthy of a prince.

In the beginning of his administration, Gen. Houston appointed Col. William H. Wharton, Minister to Washington, with instructions to commence negotiations *with Gen. Jackson* for the annexation of Texas to the

United States. Soon after, Memucan Hunt, Esq., was appointed to act in concert with him. During the summer of 1836, Gen. Jackson had dispatched a confidential agent to Texas. He explored its territory, scrutinized its government, mingled in its society, made himself familiar with its resources, and reported fully to the President. His report satisfied the President and his Cabinet, that Texas was entitled, by the law of nations, to a recognition of her independence; and although his own sympathies were with that people in their struggle, and from the hour they achieved their independence, he never had a doubt they would one day be annexed to the United States, yet he wisely withheld the expression of such an opinion, and did not even press upon Congress the recognition. In his message of the 5th of December, 1836, after assigning the most satisfactory reasons, he says, "Our character requires that we should neither anticipate events, nor attempt to control them." And alluding to the desire of Texas for annexation, he said: "Necessarily a work of time, and uncertain in itself, it is calculated to expose our conduct to misconstruction in the eyes of the world."

On the twenty-second of the same month, the President, in another message, after discussing the question, expressed his opinion that it would be *impolitic*, yet, to recognize Texas as an independent State, and then proposed to acquiesce in the decision of Congress. The question was not brought up again till the 12th of January, 1837, when Mr. Walker, Senator from Mississippi, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That the State of Texas having established and maintained an independent government, is capable of performing those duties, foreign and domestic, which appertain to inde-

pendent governments; and it appearing that there is no longer any reasonable prospect of the successful prosecution of the war, by Mexico, against said State, it is expedient and proper, and in conformity with the laws of nations, and the practice of this Government in like cases, that the independent political existence of that State be acknowledged by the Government of the United States.

The Senate was not prepared for immediate action on the question, and Mr. Walker knew it. He was aware that the strange and disgraceful war which the American press had so generally waged against the interests and advancement of Texan liberty, had colored the prejudices, and would control the votes of Senators, and he determined to bide his time. Mr. Walker moved that his resolution be made the order of the day for the 18th of January; but when the time came, it was crowded aside. Several ineffectual attempts were made to decide the question, and at last it was brought up on the 1st of March for final action. An able and brilliant debate followed; Messrs. Preston, Crittenden, Clay, and Calhoun, all sustained the Mississippi Senator with the persuasive power of their eloquence. Mr. Clay spoke of Texas with generous enthusiasm, and unhesitatingly declared that her constitution, as a whole, was superior to that of the United States. How different might have been the political fortunes of that truly great and patriotic man, and the fortunes of his party, if he had, to the end, pursued the same high and sagacious policy towards that beautiful country! But his course, as well as Mr. Van Buren's, only furnishes us with another impressive illustration how few great men, even, are able to withstand the clamor of party in turbulent times. The measure prevailed by a small majority.

For the success of the measure, Texas was indebted

to the efforts of Mr. Walker; and his course in the affair entitled him to the regards of the entire nation. The day came, too, when the mists that had obscured the gaze of the people and their statesmen, had cleared away, that the name of the Mississippi Senator was everywhere mentioned with honor and gratitude. Texas will build his monument, and give it a conspicuous place in the temple she will erect for those who proved themselves her friends in the day of trial. The grateful Republic commissioned the portrait of Mr. Preston, and the bust of Mr. Walker, for her capitol.

The last time Gen. Jackson ever put his pen officially to paper, was to sign the resolution recognizing Texas an independent State. Such was the earliest fruit of the mission of those intelligent and accomplished men whom Gen. Houston commissioned to Washington. We have read their correspondence with the two governments, and we have seldom perused abler state papers.

In March, 1837, the seat of Government was removed from Columbia, on the Brazos, to Houston, which stands on the highest point of navigation on the Bayou that empties into Galveston Bay. There was but one house in Houston. It was a cabin just erected, and in it the President of the new nation took up his abode. His floor was the ground, where the grass was growing. But population rushed in, and in a short time comfortable public buildings were erected.

HOUSTON'S POLICY CONCERNING ANNEXATION.

Houston's policy in regard to the future, was to obtain annexation if possible. If this could not be done, he was determined to conduct the Government on principles that would secure confidence abroad, and inspire

hope at home. The proposition for annexation had been rejected by our Government, and such was the state of feeling at the time in the United States, Houston had no expectation of the early success of that grand measure, in whose consummation the keen-sighted statesmen of both countries saw so many elements of mutual power and prosperity. He was therefore determined to lay the foundations of the Texan Republic deep and strong—to husband its resources—never to cripple the State with a public debt—to harmonize warring factions—to be the ruler of the nation, and not of a party or a *clique*.

The cultivation of friendly relations with the powerful and warlike savage tribes on the frontier, he regarded as one of the most important objects of his administration. This ferocious population not only outnumbered all the inhabitants of Texas, but they could not be conquered. The Camanches, the most numerous and savage tribe, live in the saddle. They can move with their women and children with great celerity whenever and wherever their necessities or their passions carry them; they can make their incursions without the possibility of pursuit from their enemies. They are hordes of barbarians, as ferocious as Cossacks, and as fleet as the Bedouins of the desert. And yet, such was Houston's knowledge of the Indian character, and so rigidly did he regard the letter and spirit of his treaties with those fearful tribes, he saved the Republic from their incursions, and made them venerate and love his name.

In a former part of this work we have given the views of Houston on the subject of our treatment of the Indians. Those views have been regarded by many as utterly chimerical; and yet if we had space we could

show, that during his two administrations in Texas, he carried them out successfully; and he often declared that, in no instance where he had an opportunity of giving the Indians evidence that he intended to treat them with good faith and with common justice, did he experience the slightest difficulty in winning their friendship, and preserving their perpetual alliance. In all these negotiations, the great secret of his power over those wily red men, consisted in two things, His associations with the Indians gave him a complete knowledge of their character—and he treated them on the great principles of humanity and justice.

And yet the Government of Texas was destitute of all ordinary means of support. It had not a dollar, nor could loans be obtained. An army was in the field, but it could not be maintained. When Congress met at Houston, Gen. Felix Huston, who commanded the army, hurried to the place. He had projected a grand campaign against Matamoras. Every man who felt jealous of the influence of the President joined in the scheme. The army now numbered over 2,400 men. The President foresaw the consequences of these movements. There was no money in the treasury, or means, or currency, except promissory notes, struck on common paper. It was clearly impossible to conduct a campaign. The President saw what the upshot of this matter would be if something were not done at once, and he resorted to a sagacious expedient. Col. Rodgers, now left in command of the army, had caused it to be understood that, if the volunteers did not get justice, he would march with them to the seat of Government, "chastise the President, kick Congress out of doors, and give laws to Texas."

At this crisis the President determined to cut the evil

up by the roots. Gen. Felix Huston had occasionally indulged his men in what he called a *Saturnalia*, where murders had occurred in consequence of the brutal intoxication of the men. One evening, from intelligence of what was doing in Congress (for he never visited the House, except at the opening or close of the session), Houston directed the Secretary of War to be ready to start the next morning, at two o'clock, for the camp. He handed him sealed orders, to be opened in the camp, and ordered him to go there with all possible dispatch. These orders required the Secretary to furlough the army by companies, until they were reduced to six hundred men. The first company was furloughed to march to Dimitt's Landing, on Matagorda Bay; the second to the mouth of the Brazos; the third to Galveston; and this process was continued till the reduction was made. His object was to give them an opportunity to get to the United States by water, and thus relieve the country from apprehensions. The furloughs given to the men were unlimited, but they were liable to be recalled at any time by proclamation; and if they did not report themselves in thirty days after the proclamation, they were to be considered deserters, and treated as such. Houston could not disband the army, for there was nothing to pay them off with; and he had been taught a lesson by the attempt of Gen. Washington to disband the Army of the North. And yet, so entirely had all subordination been broken down—daring scenes of violence were so constantly occurring at the camp—so many lawless and desperate men were banded together, to commit high-handed depredations—that the whole country began to suffer the most serious apprehensions. Houston manifested no alarm, but the course he took betokened his fears. He was determined that the

army should be disbanded, and he accomplished his purpose in his own way.

When the various companies reached their destinations, no longer held together by the bond which union had before given, they thought they had seen enough of military life. They had fared roughly; and their surplus chivalry had so completely oozed out of the holes in their coats, that they no longer had courage enough to be dangerous; and—fearing they would not get out of the country before the proclamation was issued—they made the best of their way to the United States. In thirty days they had all disappeared; and when the *finale* was known throughout the country, every man felt that Houston had saved the nation from the deepest peril. It was, in fact, a stroke of bold, but sagacious policy, which none but a man like him would have dared to attempt. Gen. Felix Huston was plotting at the capital; but before he knew what the President was doing, his army was disbanded.

About this time a land law was passed, under which all the troubles about *titles* have grown up. Its object was speculation, and many voted for it anticipating enormous gains. Houston vetoed it in one of his ablest state papers. But his veto was not supported, and the law went into operation. A few years showed its malign and fatal fruits. It opened the door to all sorts of frauds, and was a fruitful source of lasting litigation. This was but a single specimen of the recklessness of legislation in the Congress of Texas. (During Houston's two terms he issued not less than eighty vetoes.) Had there not been a firm and intelligent statesman at the head of the Government, no man can tell where such Congresses would have carried the nation.

Another law was passed, authorizing an excessive

issue of promissory notes. This also the President vetoed, and he declared that if the measure prevailed, the paper would soon depreciate ten to one. He arrested this fatal proceeding for a time. It passed under the administration of his successor, and his prophecy was abundantly fulfilled.

During the year 1837, the country was agitated by occasional alarms of Mexican and Indian invasions—but Houston was on the alert, and nothing of the kind took place. The utmost confidence in his administration prevailed among the people; and the beautiful spectacle was presented of an industrious and increasing population, which had just recovered from the shock and the devastation of a powerful invading army, and environed with Mexican and savage foes, quietly and successfully prosecuting the arts of peace. Houston proclaimed trade and intercourse between Mexico and Texas, and caused his proclamation to be printed and circulated in both languages. Trade grew up rapidly; the frontier counties were repopulated; and the tide of emigration was gradually flowing towards the Mexican borders. Caravans of horses and mules came into Texas, with large quantities of silver and merchandise; good feeling was fast growing up, and continued to increase. Men, on both sides of the line, were now anxious for peace. The Mexican people had nothing to gain in battle, and had the renewal of hostilities depended on the vote of the Mexican population, both countries would have been blessed with lasting peace.

We must now close our brief account of Houston's first administration. The proposition for annexation had been steadily pressed upon the attention of the Government at Washington. But the Texan ministers received little encouragement, and as Texas could prom-

CLOSE OF HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION. 167

ise herself no advantage from further negotiations, Houston withdrew the proposition. He believed that any further attempts to consummate that great measure, would prejudice Texas in the eyes of other nations; and in withdrawing the proposal, his conduct met the approval of the nation.

CLOSE OF HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

His presidential term closed the 12th of December, 1838. He went out of office, leaving a government perfectly organized; with officers of ability, integrity, and economy in every department of the State. The nation was not more than a million and a half in debt, with about \$600,000 of promissory notes in circulation. Texas had peace with the Indians and commerce with Mexico. The feuds between the two nations were dying away, and the promissory notes were at par. This circumstance is, perhaps, the clearest and most convincing proof of the great ability ~~and integrity~~ with which Houston had conducted the government. There was little ~~hope~~ in the country—how these notes were ever to be redeemed the people did not know—but they said, "As long as Old Sam is at the helm the ship is safe." They were voyaging through stormy seas, but they knew they were sailing with Cæsar.

No man was ever confronted with greater difficulties in the beginning of his administration—for the mild but firm sway of constitutional law had to be substituted in the place of anarchy and confusion, over a reckless people who had long been accustomed to the unrestrained liberty of the frontier, where no man looked for protection but in his own right arm. During these revolutionary times, too, even in the older set-

lements, the ordinary course of justice had been suspended, and it was no strange thing that such men should not at once yield to the high supremacy of constitutional law. The very same elements of character, which have long made the Anglo-Saxons the most law-abiding people on the globe, have always made them the most lawless frontier-men. Men who choose their homes in the distant forest or prairie, are slow to transfer their protection from their rifles, which never miss fire, to tardy juries, which seldom mete out justice. How long was it before that wonderful people, that first scared the wild beasts from the solemn forests of the Tiber, voted to abide by the awards of the Temple of Justice! And how many centuries did our ancestors roam over the Island of Britain, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, before they would listen to the stern utterances of judicial tribunals! But Houston could sway those reckless frontier settlers by the mild sceptre of civil law, as easily as he had swayed them by the stern despotism of the camp.

But while he was successfully accomplishing those benign changes, and rearing the noble structure of civil government, he was not only harassed by petty intrigues, but confronted with formidable combinations. The same clique of small but ambitious men, who had, from the beginning, busied themselves in inventing means to undermine the castle which they could not carry by storm, while Houston was bleeding on the field, or toiling anxiously in the Cabinet, finding all their intrigues fruitless, at last cemented themselves as well as they could, into one organized conspiracy, bent upon his destruction. Their history would be a story of all that is low in faction, and mean in selfishness. But we have neither time nor inclination to chronicle their

CLOSE OF HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION. 169

doings—nor would we snatch them from the oblivion to which they have hastened.

Houston's conduct met with the warmest approval throughout the country, and he would have been the almost unanimous choice of the people, had he been eligible to the office, the next term. But the 2d section of the third article of the Constitution declared—that, "The first President elected by the people shall hold his office for the term of two years, and shall be ineligible during the next succeeding term." An accident gave the Presidency to Mr. Lamar. Just before the election his rival died!—and no other candidate was brought forward.

It had been said that the President elect would be the idol of the State, and that Houston's power was gone. The hour of his resignation came, and the largest concourse of people ever seen in Texas gathered. An attempt had been made to prevent the retiring President from delivering his valedictory address—the arrangements of the inauguration committee utterly excluded him. But when the fact was known, a burst of indignation went up from the vast multitude—the committee and their arrangements were all set aside, and the name of the Hero of San Jacinto was on every tongue.

When he came forward in the porch of the Capitol, and the people gazed upon his lofty, ample, and heroic form, relieved against the portrait of Washington, suspended behind him, a wild shout of enthusiasm rent the sky. He spoke three hours, and we have been told by those who heard him, that the dense thousands before him swayed to and fro under the impetuous storm of his eloquence, like a forest swayed by a strong wind. He had unrolled the scroll of the history of Texas—he portrayed her future policy, and dwelt upon her

great destiny if that policy were pursued. He enjoined most solemnly good faith with all nations—economy in the government and in individuals—the cultivation of peace with the Indians—he warned the people against faction and the rancor of party spirit, and he implored them not to treasure up their hopes in annexation or treaties, but to rely upon their own public and private virtue—to be just and magnanimous with all men and with all nations.

And in conclusion, when he took his farewell of the people he loved, he extended his broad arms, and poured down upon them from his great heart the benediction of the patriot, and the soldier, as the tears streamed from his face. When he ceased, all was still but the deep murmur of subdued feeling, and that vast multitude of frontiersmen all in tears!

HOUSTON AS A LEGISLATOR.

Here properly closes the personal biography of SAM HOUSTON, and his life as a *Law Maker* begins. His work as a soldier ceases, and he enters with the Republic he made, on a broader field.

The new President began his administration by opposing everything that had been pursued and recommended by Houston. In his inaugural address he recommended the extermination of the Indians—pronounced a violent Philippic against annexation—advocated the establishment of a huge National Bank, and inculcated a *splendid* Government.

The first appropriation for frontier defense was one and a half million of Treasury notes, and another half million for the civil list—without a dollar to base the *issues upon*. A regular army of two regiments was to

be raised for exterminating the frontier tribes. A law was passed to remove the seat of government to some point northwest of the San Antonio Road. Commissioners were appointed by Congress from its own body, contrary to the Constitution, to perform this act. The entire object of the movement was speculation. With land scrip, which they had procured, and certificates of head-rights granted to settlers, they dispatched surveyors to locate land around the spot where Austin now stands—at the extremest settlement of the Republic even at this day. The expense of removal, with the erection of suitable buildings, caused an additional issue of promissory notes. The new Capital was so far from the settlements, that the plank had to be carried thirty miles.

The Republic soon lost confidence in the administration—the depression of the currency naturally followed. And yet, in this state of embarrassment of the finances, and while Texas was at peace with Mexico, the President caused a proposition to be introduced into both Houses, to conduct an expedition to Santa Fé, through a wilderness and prairie more than five hundred miles. The proposition was made in both Houses at the same time, and by both rejected. But the President ordered the expedition during the recess of Congress in 1840, and upwards of three hundred armed men started on a warlike expedition to a distant country. Its disasters are too well known to need a relation. The President appointed a Governor for Santa Fé—a Custom House officer and a military commandant, and organized a Territorial Government. All his plans subsequently fell into the hands of the enemy, when the men were captured, and were a moving cause for the cruelty with which they were treated. The expedition flooded

the country with another enormous issue of paper "*promises* to pay money," unauthorized by the Constitution or Congress. The horses on that expedition cost, on an average, a thousand dollars each, the currency of the President had become so depreciated. Costly arms and munitions of war had been abstracted from the public arsenal by Presidential edict—the country was robbed of a large number of its most chivalrous men—the public wagons and means of transportation were laid hold of, and a piece of artillery, with Mirabeau B. Lamar inscribed on its breech, dragged through the prairies that immense distance, to become the trophy of the enemies of Texas, and afford an illustration of the stupidity of the President, and the degradation of the nation.

This expedition revived the hostilities between Texas and Mexico, which, but for it, would have slept, perhaps, for ever. Houston had left the two countries really at peace, and the sole cause we have ever been able to ascertain for the renewal of hostilities, was this silly and lamentable expedition. It is to be remarked, that for some time previous to this expedition, Mr. Lamar had sent Commissioners to Gen. Arista, and his object is supposed, by his friends, to have been to propose a union of the Northern Provinces with Texas, forming a great power, over whose Government he was to be placed. The sagacious Arista took advantage of the incompetency of his friend, and returned Commissioners. They were in Austin when the Santa Fé expedition took up its line of march, and witnessed the foolish display. What passed between "the high contracting parties," is not known with certainty, for the facts have never been officially disclosed. The world *knows the result*. Arista seems to have given in to the

plan, for one thing is certain, the expedition started from Austin with a guide, who had long resided in Mexico, and spoke the language perfectly; and the commanding officers charged him with their betrayal at San Miguel and Santa Fé. When the guide got them many days in the wilderness, and the miseries of their situation began to press heavily on them, he abandoned them in their calamity, and never was heard of again. The object of Arista doubtless was to have them conducted into the solitudes of the wilderness, and there left to perish—if this should fail, the authorities of Santa Fé, being duly informed, were to receive, betray and then capture them. The blame of these proceedings is to be cast upon the President.

Mr. Lamar had begun his administration by carrying out that section of his inaugural address, in which he had recommended the extermination of the Indians. The Cherokees were a peaceful, industrious, and profitable community. The arts had made considerable progress among them, and they lived nearly as comfortably as white men. During the hostilities with Mexico, they had been prevented by the influence of Houston and Rusk from going over to the enemy, and they had made great advances in civilization during Houston's Presidency. They looked upon the Texans as their friends, and Houston as their "Father." With a force of 700 men, a portion of whom had fought at San Jacinto, Lamar commenced his war of extermination against "Houston's *pet* Indians." His force was some five times superior, and of course he carried ruin to the poor red men's homes!.

This treatment of the Cherokees and other tribes spread scenes of rapine and murder from the Red River to the Rio Grande. Even the President's two regiments

of regulars in the field could not secure frontier protection.

In the disorders of Yucatan, when a separation from Mexico was spoken of, Mr. Lamar entered into a treaty of alliance with a minister sent to him for that purpose, and, without the concurrence of the Senate or the ratification of the treaty, ordered the Texan Navy to sail to the coast of Yucatan. That Province was then an integral part of Mexico, and had not proclaimed revolt or independence.

When Mr. Lamar left the administration, what was the state of the nation? He had committed outrages upon peaceful Indian tribes, and kindled the flames of savage war all along the borders of Texas. He had sent a hostile ~~marauding~~ expedition into the very heart of the Mexican Provinces, and sent the navy to aid a revolting territory in making war upon Mexico, and now she was rousing all her force for a new invasion of Texas. He had quadrupled the national debt, and squandered the public treasure, till Texan securities depreciated ten to one. The people had lost all respect for the Government, and confidence in its stability. The mail routes had been broken up, profligacy prevailed, and the social compact began to be regarded by the orderly and patriotic everywhere as virtually dissolved.

Such were some of the acts of this puerile administration. We should not have glanced at them, even in so brief a manner, had it not been necessary to give the reader an idea of the state of the country when Houston's second term began. Lamar, who had found the Government perfectly organized, succeeded in reducing the country to the very verge of ruin. All the difficulties that had lain in the way of the advancement of

Texas, Houston had successfully overcome. Disinterested and sagacious spectators of the progress of affairs beyond the Sabine, were often heard to say, that in no portion of the world had civil government ever been established and consolidated in so short a space of time. This was as much the work of Houston, as the victory of San Jacinto had been, although in both instances he was surrounded and aided by brave and true men, or he never could have done it. He had left the domestic and foreign relations, the finances and the administration of law, the agriculture and the commerce of Texas all in a sound, peaceful, flourishing state.

But Lamar's term had now nearly expired, and the eyes of all men, who surveyed with gloomy forebodings the ruin that seemed to threaten the country, were again turned more anxiously upon Houston. Even the lawless and the desperate began to fear the result of their crimes, and with a united voice, the man, who had already twice saved the country, was called a third time to the helm. Houston was one of the few men who believed that the nation and the Government could be saved, and he came forward to the rescue. No conventions were obliged to nominate him. There was an almost universal feeling that no other man could save Texas, and Texas made him her President for the second time, the very first hour the Constitution would allow her to do it.

During Lamar's administration, Houston had consented to represent his district in the Congress of 1839-40, and again in 1840-41; and it was well that he had, for he not only arrested the tide of evil—he *prevented a dissolution of the Government*. On a certain occasion, after a stormy debate, Congress was about to adjourn *sine die*. The members publicly proclaimed that all

hope of carrying on the Government was gone, and they were determined to end the farce by going home. Houston rose in the midst of the tempest, as the members were leaving their seats, and addressed the Speaker. There never was a time when *that* man could not get a hearing.

The crowd began to return—members gradually resumed their seats and dropped their hats—they pressed up around him—the House became still, and not ten minutes went by before nothing was heard throughout the hall but the rich, deep voice that had echoed over the field of San Jacinto. No idea of the speech can be given but by telling the result. He closed by reading a resolution, “that the House adjourn till to-morrow morning at the usual hour,” and not a member voted against it! They flocked around him, and so universal was the feeling, that but for him the Government would have gone to pieces, that even his old enemies seized him by the hand, and thanked him “for saving the country.”

HOUSTON'S SECOND TERM.

He was inaugurated the second time, on the 13th of December, 1841. His message was hardly delivered before the news came of the capture of the Santa Fé expedition. This was the first greeting he had, in office, of the fatal results of the policy of his predecessor. He, however, began immediately to bethink himself of the redemption of the unfortunate men who had been deluded away into the wilderness—for the lives of Texan soldiers seemed to be as dear to him as they could have been if they had been his own children.

The Government was now in an infinitely worse state

than it had been when he took the reins five years before. Then it was a chaos—now it was a *ruin*. The body politic had fallen into premature and inflammatory decay. It was not a disease only, but a *relapse*. The Treasury was not only empty, but millions in debt; and not another dollar could be borrowed in Christendom. The promissory notes and liabilities of the Government depreciated *ten to one*, and they were *postponed*, but not *repudiated*. The money had been squandered, but the debt must be paid. But Texas could at that time have no more paid it than Parliament could pay the debt of England. But something had to be done. Houston proposed a new currency called the Exchequer System—its entire issues were not to exceed \$200,000. He had asked as a guarantee for their redemption, the customs of the country, and certain tracts of land, amounting to about three million acres. While in Congress, he had procured an act to be passed, declaring these lands not subject to location. But now the private interests of members were to be interfered with, and although Congress hypothecated the customs, they would not pledge the lands.

The President was fully aware of the opposition that was combining against him. The same hostile clique which had attempted to ruin him whenever he was in power, and who had come so near ruining the country when they had power themselves, were now determined to control the appointments under the new administration. But all attempts to constrain his policy proved as ineffectual as they had hitherto done. He chose for his Cabinet officers men in whom he had unlimited confidence, and they were among the most enlightened and *firm statesmen of Texas*. Mr. Jones, afterwards President, became Secretary of State; Col. Hockley, a warm

patriot and a devoted friend of Houston in all his struggles, Secretary of War and Marine; Wm. H. Dangerfield, Secretary of the Treasury, and G. W. Terrell, Attorney-General. During these turbulent times, when prominent men declared openly that they would ruin Houston's administration, even if they had to do it by a revolution, multitudes of broken-down speculators and politicians from the United States were continually flocking into Texas; and as they found little chance of winning distinction in the new field they had chosen, they joined the ranks of the opposition, and devoted themselves zealously to the ruin of the State.

But Houston had marked out his policy, and he went calmly and firmly on to its execution. His first measure was to dispatch a Minister to Washington, to open negotiations for the annexation of Texas. His first object was annexation—if this failed, his next was the recognition of the independence of Texas by Mexico; and if he failed in both, he was resolved to open negotiations with France and England, and enter into some treaty or alliance which would secure peace to Texas, extend her commerce, and advance her prosperity. His next movement was to recall the navy, which Mr. Lamar had dispatched to help on a revolt in Yucatan.

In the meantime, the country was absolutely stripped of all her defences. A wide coast and a broad sea were open to the depredations of the enemy; the Santa Fé expedition and the league with Yucatan had given Mexico every provocation for a renewal of hostilities; and the outrages committed upon the Indian tribes had broken the amity that had subsisted.

In this exposed situation of the country, when an irruption from the frontiers, or an invasion from Mexico, might be reasonably apprehended, Houston

recommended Congress to raise a company of sixty men to protect the archives—for there was then no military force in the field. Congress refused to grant the subsidies necessary, and adjourned the 5th of February. He soon after started for Houston, to bring his family to the seat of Government. While he was at Galveston, in the early part of March, the news came of the invasion by Vasquez. The intelligence spread the deepest alarm throughout the country. All along the western border, families were seen flying from their habitations towards the interior. The public mind was stirred by the wildest apprehensions. Everybody knew the provocation that had been given to the enemy—the follies and the disasters of Santa Fé seemed but a prelude to another Goliad or Alamo slaughter—the coast was without protection, and no army concentrated to march on the invader.

Suddenly all the intrigues and conspiracies against Houston ceased. The very men who had been foremost to threaten the overthrow of his administration in the storm of a revolution, were now the most active in stimulating their neighbors to prepare for approaching disasters. Committees of vigilance and safety were everywhere organized, and all those means resorted to which are called into requisition in revolutionary times. Houston's orders at this time show that he did not believe the enemy would remain long in the country. The event proved that the Mexicans had already made a precipitate retreat beyond the Rio Grande, after committing outrages upon the citizens of San Antonio.

In the meantime, the press throughout the South and West had displayed great sympathy for the cause of Texas, and relying upon the sensation caused in the *United States* by the news of the reported invasion and

the miscarriage of the Santa Fé expedition, Houston made an appeal to the American people. He sent agents to the United States to receive contributions, and procure volunteers. He issued a proclamation, in which he distinctly required that all troops which came should be perfectly armed and provisioned for a campaign of six months—since Texas had no means of doing it herself. Several hundred volunteers went to Texas, in direct violation of the proclamation—for they went without arms and without provisions. Contributions were merely nominal. Some generous individuals in Georgia raised something over \$500 at a public meeting—but all that was raised besides, throughout the United States, and reported to the Government of Texas, in arms, ammunition, provisions, equipments, and money, did not amount to five hundred dollars!

In June, Houston called an extra session of Congress, to consider the state of the country, and devise means for national defense. They debated and legislated without much formality or delay, for the impression was general, that if anything was to be done, it had better be done quickly. So, too, all wise men would have said, “if ’twere *well* done.” But their deliberations ended in passing a bill which invested Houston with dictatorial powers, and appropriated ten million acres of the public domain, to carry on a campaign. But this came no nearer making a provision for war, than a resolution appropriating ten million acres of blue sky, and conferring dictatorial power upon the north wind! For there was not a dollar of money in the Treasury to pay agents to go and dispose of the land, *and Houston was the last man to make use of dictatorial powers in resisting the encroachments of a Dictator. But Congress thought they had acquitted themselves*

like men—and their disposition, too, probably was good enough, but it had no more efficacy than the disposition of the man who willed in his last testament all his debts to be paid, for in neither case could the executor find anything had been left to pay the debts with. Apprehensions had been felt, while the bill was under debate, that Houston would veto it, and the time he could constitutionally keep it had nearly gone by. The excitement was intense; the capital was filled with angry and desperate men, and their noisy clamor spread over the country. All sorts of accusations were brought against the Executive, and he was plied with threats from every quarter. He was told that his life would pay the forfeit if he vetoed the bill. His friends, who apprehended his assassination, gathered around him, and besought him not to hazard a veto, for it would end in the ruin of himself and his country. At last the *ebullitions* of excitement began to subside, but they were followed by demonstrations of a deeper and more desperate feeling. For two weeks, few, even of his friends, approached the President's house, and when they did, they stole there under the shadow of night; assassins, in the mean time, were lurking around his dwelling. Even his Cabinet officers began to talk about resigning.

But in the midst of all this storm, which few men could have resisted, Houston was calm and cheerful. He stationed no guard around his house; he had no spies on the alert; he did not even inquire what was said in Congress or done in the streets. The blinds and the windows of his dwelling were wide open, and he was often *seen* walking across his parlor, conversing *cheerfully with his family*. His wife, whom he had married in 1840,—one of the most accomplished and

gifted of women,—reposed confidently upon his character, and she calmly and confidently sustained him by her placid and intellectual conversations. Long after the lights had been extinguished through the town, and sullen, desperate, armed men were gathered in secret meetings to plot and counterplot, the gay voice of his wife, mingling with the tones of the harp and the piano, which she had carried with her to the wilderness, was heard coming forth from the open windows of Houston's dwelling.

All this must seem strange to the reader, without doubt, but we shall very soon solve the mystery. It was a fearful crisis; but Houston was equal to it, and we know of no act of his life in which he gave such indubitable evidence that Nature had lavished upon him those rare gifts which make up the really great man. The reader, too, will agree with us.

When the time came, the veto was sent up to Congress. In it he showed that they had utterly and totally failed to accomplish the object for which he had called them together. They had proclaimed war against a powerful and organized foe, but they had made no provision for carrying it on. The President had not the means of buying a pound of powder. If they would provide the means for a campaign, he would head it himself, if necessary; but without money, no army could be made ready to take the field, and any attempt at hostilities would only bring down upon Texas universal contempt. He also dwelt upon the danger of the precedent they had established, in conferring upon the chief magistrate of the country unlimited powers. The prerogatives of a dictator he never would accept, while they were fighting against that same power in a neighboring State.

The veto was published—a universal calm at once succeeded, and the man who had been covered with maledictions became the idol of the people.

General Houston had already addressed the following LETTER to SANTA ANNA, his former captive. It should now be carefully read, in justice to both. Forty-two years have since gone by; but every year has given new significance to this luminous and important letter. It furnishes a complete confirmation of this history:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

City of Houston, March 21, 1842.

MOST EXCELLENT SIR: Your communications to Mr. Bee and Gen. Hamilton, dated at the Palace of the Government of Mexico, have been recently presented to my notice. At the first convenient leisure, I have not failed to appropriate my attention to the subjects embraced within the scope of your remarks.

They would have met a more ready attention had it not been for a marauding incursion made by a Mexican force on the defenceless town of San Antonio, on the inhabited frontier of Texas. Apprehending that the force had some other character more important than that of bandits and plunderers, commanded as it was by regular officers, it produced a momentary excitement, and claimed the attention of the Executive. But, as the bandits have withdrawn, characterizing their retreat by pillage and plunder, as has been usual with Mexicans, I am left at leisure to resume in tranquillity the duties of my station.

In reference to your correspondence with Mr. Bee and Gen. Hamilton, I have no remark to offer in relation to the communications which those gentlemen assumed the individual responsibility of making to you. The very nature of the correspondence manifests the fact that it was not done under the sanction of this Government, but rests solely upon their action as individuals. Had your response regarded them in the light in which they were presented to you, it would have superseded the necessity of any notice from me. But as you have thought proper to laud my conduct as an individual, and refer to transactions connected with this country, with which I had official identity, and which I also at this time possess, and as you have taken the liberty, to an unwarrantable extent, to animadvert upon circumstances

connected with Texas as a nation, I feel myself compelled by a sense of duty to refute a portion of the calumnies which you have presented to the world under the sanction of your official averment.

You appear to have seized upon the flimsy pretext of confidential communications unknown to the officers of this Government, and unknown to the world until divulged by you, for the purpose of manufacturing a capital of popularity at home, and which you have submitted to the world as a manifesto in behalf of what you are pleased to term the rights of a great nation, "by so many titles respectable."

Whatever opinions you may have entertained in relation to the difficulties existing between Mexico and Texas cannot materially vary the facts and principles involved, nor will they materially influence the decision of mankind upon the justice of our cause.

Decency and self-respect, at least, should have induced, on your part, the pursuit of a course different from that which you have adopted. The abuse and ribald epithets which you have applied to the citizens of this country, as well as those of the Mississippi Valley of the United States, are doubtless characteristic of the individual who gave them utterance. So far as the people of this country are concerned, I shall refer mankind to a history of facts and circumstances connected with the settlement of the country. I shall pass by with slight notice your remarks relative to the people of the United States. So far as our origin is connected with them, and the unity of sympathy exists, we are proud to hail them as our kindred—kindred in blood, kindred in laws, kindred in all the ennobling attributes of humanity. They will hear your taunts of defiance with the same contempt and derision that Texans regard your silly gasconade. If they have heretofore sympathized with us in our struggle for liberty and independence, it was from a knowledge of the fact that we had been deceived and oppressed by Mexico, and that the cause in which we were engaged was that of humanity struggling against usurpation and despotism.

The people of Texas were invited to migrate to this country for the purpose of enjoying equal rights and constitutional liberty. They were promised the shield of the Constitution of 1824, adopted by Mexico. Confiding in this pledge, they removed to the country to encounter all the privations of a wilderness, *under the alluring promises of free institutions.* Other reasons

operated also. Citizens of the United States had engaged in the revolution of Mexico in 1812. They fought gallantly in the achievement of Mexican independence, and many of them survive, and to this day occupy the soil which their privations and valor assisted in achieving. On their removal here, they brought with them no aspirations or projects but such as were loyal to the Constitution of Mexico. They repelled the Indian savages; they encountered every discomfort; they subdued the wilderness, and converted into cultivated fields the idle waste of this now prolific territory. Their courage and enterprise achieved that which the imbecility of your countrymen had either neglected, or left for centuries unaccomplished. Their situation, however, was not disregarded by Mexico, though she did not, as might have been expected, extend to them a protecting and fostering care, but viewed them as objects of cupidity, rapacity, and at least jealousy.

The Texans, enduring the annoyances and oppressions inflicted upon them, remained faithful to the Constitution of Mexico. In 1832, when an attempt was made to destroy that constitution, and when you, sir, threw yourself forward as its avowed champion, you were sustained with all the fidelity and valor that freemen could contribute. On the avowal of your principles, and in accordance with them, the people put down the serviles of despotism at Anahuac, Velasco, and Nacogdoches. They treated the captives of that struggle with humanity, and sent them to Mexico subject to your orders. They regarded you as the friend of liberty and free institutions; they hailed you as a benefactor of mankind; your name and your actions were lauded, and the manifestations you had given in behalf of the nation were themes of satisfaction and delight to the Texan patriots.

You can well imagine the transition of feeling which ensued on your accession to power. Your subversion of the constitution of 1824, your establishment of centralism, your conquest of Zacatecas, characterized by every act of violence, cruelty, and rapine, inflicted upon us the profoundest astonishment. We realized all the uncertainty of men awakening to reality from the unconsciousness of delirium. In succession came your order for the Texans to surrender their private arms. The mask was thrown aside, and the monster of despotism displayed in all the habiliments of loathsome detestation. Then was presented to Texans the alternative of tamely crouching to the tyrant's lash

or exalting themselves to the attributes of freemen. They chose the latter. To chastise them for their presumption induced your advance upon Texas, with your boasted veteran army mustering a force nearly equal to the whole population of this country at that time. You besieged and took the Alamo; but under what circumstances? Not those, surely, which should characterize a general of the nineteenth century. You assailed one hundred and fifty men, destitute of every supply requisite for the defence of that place. Its brave defenders, worn by vigilance and duty beyond the power of human nature to sustain, were at length overwhelmed by a force of nine thousand men, and the place taken. I ask you, sir, what scenes followed? Were they such as should characterize an able general, a magnanimous warrior, and the president of a great nation numbering eight millions of souls? No. Manliness and generosity would sicken at the recital of the scenes incident to your success, and humanity itself would blush to class you among the chivalric spirits of the age of vandalism. This you have been pleased to class in the "succession of your victories;" and I presume you would next include the massacre at Goliad.

Your triumph there, if such you are pleased to term it, was not the triumph of arms—it was the success of perfidy. Fannin and his brave companions had beaten back and defied your veteran soldiers. Although outnumbered more than seven to one, their valiant, hearty, and indomitable courage, with holy devotion to the cause of freedom, foiled every effort directed by your general to insure his success by arms. He had recourse to a flag of truce; and when the surrender of the little patriot-band was secured by the most solemn treaty stipulations, what were the tragic scenes that ensued to Mexican perfidy? The conditions of the surrender were submitted to you; and, though you have denied the facts, instead of restoring them to liberty, according to the capitulation, you ordered them to be executed contrary to every pledge given them, contrary to the rules of war, and contrary to every principle of humanity. Yet, at this day, you have the effrontery to animadvert upon the conduct of Texans relative to your captivity after the battle of San Jacinto.

You have presumed to arraign the conduct of the then existing cabinet, and to charge it with bad faith; and though you are pleased to commend the conduct of the illustrious Stephen F. Austin, the father of Texas, and myself, for acts of generosity exercised towards you, you take much care to insinuate that we

only were capable of appreciating your proper merits. That you may no longer be induced to misconstrue acts of generosity and appropriate them to the gratification of your self-complacent disposition, I will inform you that they were acts of magnanimity characteristic of the nation to which we belong. They had nothing to do with your merits or demerits. The perfidy and cruelty which had been exercised towards our companions in arms did not enter into our calculation. Your sacrifice would not restore to our gallant companions their lives, nor to our country their services. Although the laws of war would have justified the retaliation of your execution, yet it would have characterized the acts of a nation by passion and revenge; and would have evinced to the world that individuals who had an influence on the destinies of a people were subject to the capricious impulses of vengeance, of which you had so recently set an example.

So far as I was concerned in preserving your life and subsequent liberation, I was only influenced by considerations of mercy, humanity, and the establishment of a national character.

Humanity was gratified by your preservation. The magnanimous of all nations would have justified your release, had they known how little its influence was dreaded by the Texans. If, upon your return to Mexico, you should have power, and a disposition to redeem the pledges you had voluntarily made to myself, as well as this Government, of an earnest disposition to see the independence of Texas recognized by Mexico, I believe it would have a tendency to restore peace to the two nations, diminish the aggregate sufferings of their citizens, and promote the prosperity of both countries. In the event that you were not disposed to redeem the pledges thus given, but urge a prosecution of the war by Mexico against us, I wished to evince to mankind that Texans had magnanimity, resources, and confidence sufficient to sustain them against all your influence in favor of their subjugation.

Your liberation was induced by such principles as these; and though you tendered pledges, doubtless to facilitate and insure your release, they were received, but not accepted, as a condition. I believe that pledges made in duress are not obligatory upon the individual making them; and, if you intend to exercise the influence which you declared you would, the unconditional liberty extended to you would interpose no obstacle to their fulfillment.

Without adverting to any treaty stipulations which you had made with the Cabinet of Texas, I gave you your entire liberty and safe-conduct to the city of Washington.

You have asserted to the world that you have given no pledge to the Texan Government whatever of your disposition in favor of its separation from Mexico. That the tribunal to which you have appealed may judge of the validity of your assertion, I shall submit with this communication a letter of yours addressed to me at Columbia, dated the 5th November, 1836, after my determination to give you your liberty had been communicated. I shall present it in the original, accompanied with its translation into English. I will also give publicity to a veto which I communicated to the Senate, in consequence of a resolution of that honorable body respecting your detention as a prisoner.

You have spoken of events subsequent to the battle of San Jacinto, and endeavor to convey the idea that promises had been extorted from you "under the rifles of a tumultuous soldiery." I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning by this reference. When you were brought into the encampment as a prisoner, the second day after the battle, you were conducted to the presence of the commander-in-chief—not amidst noise and tumult, nor did any exist. When the character of the prisoner became known to the army, much curiosity was excited; but there was no menace used nor violence offered. You were treated with calmness, and every courtesy extended to you that our situation would afford. Had you been a private gentleman and friend, you could have received no greater facilities than those which were extended to you. As you desired, you were placed near my person, and were never sent with the rest of the prisoners. You were informed that you could have your camp-bed and marquee brought to my quarters, where I lay confined with my wound. You were permitted to command the services of your attendants. You were informed, also, that your baggage would be selected from the spoils taken by the army on the field; which was accordingly done, and never inspected. These privileges were granted by my order. Your aide-de-camp, Col. Almonte, and your private secretary, were permitted to remain with you in your marquee. Alguard was detailed for the purpose of allaying any apprehension you might have for your personal safety, and every liberty extended to you except your absolute release.

You submitted propositions to me embracing the questions of

the recognition of the Texan independence, and the termination of our struggle. I unequivocally refused the acceptance of any offer upon the subject of a treaty, alleging as reasons that we had a constitutional government, and that the subject would properly come before the Cabinet of Texas, the members of which would be present in camp within a few days. You urged the further consideration of your propositions upon me, declaring that you would rather enter into stipulations with a general of the army than with the civil authorities of the country. I positively declined taking any action upon them, and they were referred to the Cabinet on its arrival. Declining the consideration of your proposals myself, I required you to issue orders forthwith to the general next in command to evacuate Texas with the troops composing the Mexican army, and to fall back with them to Monterey. Orders to this effect were issued by you to General Filisola, and dispatched by an express, which could not overtake him, however, until he had reached the Colorado on his retreat, conducted in the greatest panic and confusion. Owing to his precipitate flight, and your execution of my orders, the Mexicans were permitted to leave Texas without further molestation.

In the mean time, Gen. Adrian Woll, of the Mexican army, came into the encampment at San Jacinto without my knowledge, and not "upon my word or honor;" nor was I apprised of his presence until I learned that he, together with his aid, had been traversing our lines. So soon as I was advised of this fact, I ordered them to my presence, and instructed them that such conduct would not be tolerated, and caused them to be placed under vigilance. This reason I deemed sufficient to detain Gen. Woll as a prisoner of war. His subsequent conduct to Capt. Dimitt was such as to justify any unfavorable opinion which I had formed of his character. He had rendered himself so obnoxious to the army, that, from a desire for his personal security, I did not permit his release until he could go in perfect safety. In no respect had the prisoners taken on that occasion reason of complaint. Their lives were all forfeited by the laws of war, conformably to the precedent which you had exhibited.

Gen. Cos, who had surrendered in 1835, a prisoner of war at San Antonio, where one hundred and ninety-five Texans stormed and took the Alamo, with the town, when it was defended by seventeen hundred regular troops of Mexico, was again taken prisoner at San Jacinto, after he had violated his parole of

honor, by which he had forfeited his life to the law of arms. Yet such was the lenity of Texans that *even he was spared*—thereby interposing mercy to prevent reclamation being made for the brave Texans perfidiously massacred.

From the 5th of May I had no connection with the encampment, nor the treatment which the prisoners received, until the month of October, when I was inducted into the office of chief magistrate of the nation. It is true that you were chained to an iron bar, but not until an attempt had been made to release you, with your knowledge and assent. A vessel had arrived at Ori. zimbo, on the Brazos, where you were confined. In possession of its captain were found wines and other liquors, mixed with poison for the purpose of poisoning the officers and guard in whose charge you were, thereby insuring your escape. In consequence of the sensation produced by this circumstance, you were confined and treated in the manner you have so pathetically portrayed.

Whilst confined by my wounds in San Augustine, I learned that it was the intention of the army to take you to the theater of Fannin's massacre, and there to have had you executed. Upon the advertisement of this fact, I immediately sent an express to the army, solemnly protesting against any such act, and interposing every obstacle possible against your further molestation, or any action which might not recognize you as a prisoner of war.

Your recent communications have necessarily awakened attention to these facts—otherwise they would have remained unrecited by me. Any part which I bore in the transaction is not related in imitation of the egotistical style of your communication. It is done alone for the purpose of presenting the lights of history. You have sought to darken its shades, and appeal to the sympathies and command the admiration of mankind, and have even invoked "the prismatic tints of romance."

Now the tribunal to which you have appealed will have an opportunity of contrasting the treatment which you and the prisoners taken at San Jacinto received, with that of those who have fallen within your power, and particularly those perfidiously betrayed on a recent trading excursion to Santa Fé. You have endeavored to give that expedition the complexion of an invading movement upon the rights of Mexico. To believe you serious in the idle display of words made on this occasion, would be presenting an absurdity to the common-sense of the age,

Your fears may have given it a character different from that to which it was entitled. Examine the circumstances accompanying it. It was not an act of Texas. Congress had refused to sanction any enterprise of the kind. A number of individuals were anxious to open a lucrative trade (as they believed it would be) with Santa Fé. Such a commerce has been carried on for years by the citizens of the United States from Missouri; and the preparations, connected with the fact that the citizens took with them a considerable amount of merchandise, show that their enterprise was not one of conquest or invasion. You may allege that it had connection with the Government, from the fact that the President identified himself with it, by furnishing arms to those connected with the project. This may have induced you to characterize the expedition as you have, in your tirade against Texas. Whatever part the President bore in this transaction was contrary to law, and in violation of his duty. A large portion of the people of Texas were apprised of the existence of such an enterprise. You doubtless would insist that it had means of offense against Mexico. So far as their preparation could give character to the undertaking, by carrying with them artillery and other munitions of war, it can be accounted for most readily. They had to pass through a wilderness six hundred miles from the frontier of Texas, before they could reach Santa Fé. It was reasonable to suppose that they would encounter many hostile tribes of Indians, and it was proper and necessary that they should be in a situation to repel any attacks made upon them, and, as their objects were pacific, they were justified in resisting aggression from any quarter. The instructions given to them by the President did not contemplate hostilities, but that the enterprise would terminate without bloodshed and violence. Scientific gentlemen from Europe and the United States accompanied them, not for warlike purposes, but for the purpose of adding rich stores to the treasury of science. It had likewise been communicated to the people of Texas, that all the inhabitants east of the Rio Grande were anxious to enjoy the benefits of our institutions. You cannot allege that you were not willing to admit the justice of our claims to the Rio Grande, or that you were not anxious to facilitate the object. Your communication to me on that subject is conclusive. Texans were apprised of it from your repeated declarations to that effect while in this country, and on your way to Washington City. At the time the expedition started, no hostilities were

carried on between this country and Mexico. Commissioners from Gen. Arista were at Austin at the time the party started for Santa Fé. They were kindly received, and made the most sincere profession of amity and reconciliation with this Government. They were treated with kindness, and corresponding commissioners appointed to Gen. Arista. To them every facility was extended, and they were permitted to return without molestation. This was the attitude of the two countries at that time. Will you allege that this was not sanctioned by your Government, or will you insist that it was a trick of diplomacy? For myself, I would not have been deluded by any professions which might have been tendered to Texas by Mexico, when a departure from the most solemn pledges would result in injury to the former and benefit to the latter.

That the ministers of Gen. Arista played their parts with fidelity to their instructions, I have no doubt, and that all the information that could be derived in relation to the trading company was faithfully transmitted to the Government of Mexico. Nor do I doubt but that the population of the northern parts of your country, so soon as the intelligence was received, were thrown into the utmost consternation, and a nation numbering eight millions of people, inhabiting "valleys, mountains, towns, and large cities," "by so many titles respectable," was convulsed at the apprehended approach of three hundred Texan traders! But what has been the sequel of this expedition? On their approach to the settlements of the Rio Grande they obtained supplies from the inhabitants, not as a hostile and marauding party, but they paid a valuable consideration for every supply they obtained. They were met by the Mexican authorities with overtures of peace, assurances of friendship, and pledges of security, provided they would give up their arms for the purpose of tranquillizing the Mexican population. Detached, as the company was, into parties remote from each other, and deluded by pledges, they acquiesced in the wishes of the authorities of the country, thereby evincing to them that they had no disposition to disturb the tranquillity of the inhabitants, and that their objects were pacific. But no sooner were they in the power of the authorities than they were stripped of their clothing, deprived of everything valuable, treated in the most barbarous manner, and marched like convicts to the capital of Mexico. On their route every act of humanity, cruelty, and hatred was evinced. When their sick and helpless condition required the assistance

of Christian charity and humanity, it was denied them. They were barbarously shot, their bodies mangled, and their corpses left unburied. The butchery of McAllister, Galphin, Yates, and others appeal to Heaven and this nation for retribution upon the heads of their inhuman murderers. You may allege that you did not authorize the perpetration of these outrages, committed upon men who had violated no rule of law known to this civilized age. This will be no excuse for you. Your sanction to these acts is as culpable as their perpetration was degrading to their authors. Their detention as prisoners by you may gratify the malignity of little minds; but the just, the chivalric, the brave, and the generous of all nations may pity but must despise your conduct. Had it not been for the faithless professions tendered to them, and their too ready belief, they could have maintained their position against all the forces of northern Mexico, and, if necessary, could have made good their retreat to their homes, defying the "generous effort of the people of New Mexico." Your conduct on this occasion will present your humanity and sense of propriety in very awkward contrast with the treatment extended to you and your followers after the victory of San Jacinto, being not, as you suppose, one of the "freaks of fortune," but one of the accompaniments of that destiny which will mark the course of Texas until the difficulties between the two countries shall be satisfactorily adjusted.

But you declare that you will not relax your exertions until you have subjugated Texas; that you "have weighed its possible value," and that you are perfectly aware of the magnitude of the task which you have undertaken; that you "will not permit a Colossus within the limits of Mexico;" that our title is that of "theft and usurpation," and that "the honor of the Mexican nation" demands of you "the reclamation of Texas;" that "if it were an unproductive desert, useless, sterile, yielding nothing desirable, and abounding only in thorns to wound the feet of the traveler, you would not permit it to exist as an independent government, in derision of your national character, your hearths and your individuality." Allow me to assure you that our title to Texas has a high sanction: that of purchase, because we have performed our conditions; that of conquest, because we have been victorious; it is ours because you cannot subdue us; it has been consecrated ours by the blood of martyred patriots; it is ours by the claims of patriotism, superior intelligence, and un-

subduable courage. It is not a sterile waste or a desert; it is the home of freemen—it is the land of promise—it is the garden of America. Every citizen of Texas was born a freeman, and he would die a recreant to the principles imbibed from his ancestry if he would not freely peril his life in defense of his home, his liberty, and his country.

Although you are pleased to characterize our occupation of Texas and defense of our imprescriptible rights as the "most scandalous robbery of the present age," it is not one fourth of a century since Mexico perpetrated a similar robbery upon the rights of the Crown of Spain. The *magnitude* of the theft may give dignity to the robbery. In *that* you have the advantage. That you should thus have characterized a whole nation I can readily account for. Heretofore you entertained the opinion that Mexico could never conquer Texas, and, if it were possible for her to drive every Texan from the soil, that Mexico could not maintain her position on the Sabine, and the retreat of her army would be the signal for the return of the Anglo-Saxon race, who would reoccupy their homes and pursue the Mexicans as far as the Rio Grande; and that Mexico, in preservation of the integrity of the territory which she then possessed, would gain an advantage by abandoning all hopes of conquering Texas, and direct her attention to the improvement of her internal condition. Your recent opinions, as declared by you, appear to be at variance with these speculations, and are most vehemently avowed. It is an attribute of wisdom to change opinions upon conviction of error, and perhaps for it you are justifiable; at least, I discover that you have one attribute of a new convert: you are quite zealous and wordy in the promulgation of the doctrine which you have espoused.

Sir, from your lenity and power Texans expect nothing—from your humanity less; and when you invade Texas you will not find "thorns to wound the foot of the traveler," but you will find opposed to Mexican breasts arms wielded by freemen of unerring certainty, and directed by a purpose not to be eluded. Texans war not for gewgaws and titles; they battle not to sustain dictators or despots; they do not march to the field unwillingly, nor are they dragged to the army in chains, with the mock title of volunteers. For awhile they lay by the implements of husbandry, and seize their rifles; they rally in defense of their rights; and, when victory has been achieved they return to the cultivation of the soil. They have laws to protect their rights. Their property

is their own. They do not bow to the will of despots; but they bow to the majesty of the Constitution and laws. They are freemen indeed. It is not so with your nation. From the alcalde to the dictator, all are tyrants in Mexico; and the community is held in bondage, subject not to law, but to the will of a superior, and confined in hopeless subjection to usurpation.

In an individual so intelligent as yourself, it does seem to me that you have evinced very bad taste by adverting to the subject of slavery in the internal affairs of this country. Your opinions whilst here, on this subject, were fully and freely avowed. You then believed that it would be of great advantage to Mexico to introduce slave labor into that country; that it would develop her resources, by enabling her to produce cotton, sugar, and coffee, for purposes of exportation; and that without it she would be seriously retarded in her march to greatness and prosperity. Your sympathy and commiseration at present expressed are no doubt very sincere, and I only regret that they partake so little of consistency. You boast that Mexico gave the noble and illustrious example of emancipating her slaves. The fact that she has the name of having done so has enabled you to add another flourish to your rhetoric. But the examination of facts for one moment will disclose the truth. The slaves of Mexico, you say, were emancipated. Did you elevate them to the condition of freemen? No, you did not: you gave them the name of freedom, but you reduced the common people to the condition of slaves. It is not uncommon in Mexico for one dignitary, upon his hacienda, to control from one hundred to ten thousand human beings, in a state of bondage more abject and intolerable than the negroes on any cotton plantation in this country. If an individual in Mexico owes but twenty-five cents, by application to an alcalde, the creditor can have him, with his family, decreed to his service, and to remain in that state of slavery until he is able to pay the debt from the wages accruing from his labor, after being compelled to subsist his dependent family. This you call freedom, and graciously bestow your sympathy upon the African race. The Abolitionists of the present day will not feel that they are indebted to you for your support of their cause. Had some one else than the dictator of Mexico, or the self-styled "Napoleon of the West,"—the subverter of the Constitution of 1824, the projector of centralism, and the man who endeavors to reduce a nation to slavery,—become their advocate, they might have been more sensible of their obligation. Slavery is an evil;

it was entailed upon us by Mexico. So far as its increase can be prevented, our Constitution and laws have presented every obstacle. They will be maintained to the letter; and on account of slavery Texas will incur no reproach.

You tauntingly invite Texas to cover herself anew with the Mexican flag. You certainly intend this as mockery. You denied us the enjoyment of the laws under which we came to the country. Her flag was never raised in our behalf, nor has it been seen in Texas unless when displayed in an attempt at our subjugation. We know your lenity—we know your mercy—we are ready again to test your power. You have threatened to plant your banner on the banks of the Sabine. Is this done to intimidate us? Is it done to alarm us? Or do you deem it the most successful mode of conquest? If the latter, it may do to amuse the people surrounding you. If to alarm us, it will amuse those conversant with the history of your last campaign. If to intimidate us, the threat is idle. We have desired peace. You have annoyed our frontier—you have harassed our citizens—you have incarcerated our traders, after your commissioners had been kindly received, and your citizens allowed the privileges of commerce in Texas without molestation—you continue aggression—you will not accord us peace. *We will have it.* You threaten to conquer Texas—we will war with Mexico. Your pretensions with ours, you have referred to the social world and to the God of Battles. We refer our cause to the same tribunals. The issue involves the fate of nations. Destiny must determine. Its course is only known to the tribunal of Heaven. If experience of the past will authorize speculations of the future, the attitude of Mexico is more "problematical" than that of Texas.

In the war which will be conducted by Texas against Mexico our incentive will not be a love of conquest: it will be to disarm tyranny of its power. We will make no war upon Mexicans or their religion. Our efforts shall be made in behalf of the liberties of the people, and directed against the authorities of the country, and against *your* principles. We will exalt the condition of the people to representative freedom; they shall choose their own rulers; they shall possess their property in peace, and it shall not be taken from them to support an armed soldiery for the purpose of oppression.

With these principles, we will march across the Rio Grande; *and believe me, sir, ere the banner of Mexico shall triumphantly float on the banks of the Sabine, the Texan standard of the single*

star, borne by the Anglo-Saxon race, shall display its bright folds in liberty's triumph on the Isthmus of Darien.

With the most appropriate consideration, I have the honor to present you my salutation.

SAM HOUSTON.

To His Excellency ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
President of the Republic of Mexico.

We are now obliged to cut short our relation of events in detail, to give a brief account of other more important movements. Confidence began to be restored. One open rebellion against the laws of the country Houston put down by going to the scene and calling out the militia. When desperadoes found there was a man at the head of affairs who could not be trifled with, they soon disbanded, and the supremacy of law was again restored. A new set of men were in office—justice was efficiently administered—economy was observed, and although Mr. Lamar had saddled an enormous debt upon the country, which could not be discharged for a long time to come, yet public credit was being restored, and men began to feel proud of their Government.

Houston had left no resource untried to effect the liberation of the Santa Fé prisoners. He had appealed to all friendly Powers to mediate in their release. The Congress of Texas had adjourned, after the news of their capture had arrived, without doing anything to aid the President in restoring them to their liberty. They had been given up as doomed men; they had gone to Santa Fé in violation of the law of nations, and with no constitutional authority from their Government. They had been thrown on Houston's hands; his only reliance was on the terms of their capitulation, for he insisted that, even if they had been outlaws before, this had brought them within the pale of civilized warfare. *We have no space to give the history of the negotia-*

tions that were carried on for the release of these brave but misguided men. Suffice it to say, that they were liberated. Nor have we space to give the history of the Mier Expedition.

Texas had now been repeatedly invaded by predatory Mexican bands, who seemed to have but two objects—to harass the nation they could not subdue, and pay up arrearages due to their soldiers from the treasury of Mexico with spoils of the robber. Mexico was always talking about a grand campaign, but since the battle of San Jacinto she had not dared to meet the revolted Province in honorable battle. The people of Mexico knew that the tyranny of her Dictators had lost them forever that portion of their dominion; and at no period did they wear the yoke so tamely, that the tyrant in power dared to leave the capital to head any army of invasion. Whoever that tyrant may have been, he knew that his worst enemies were the Mexicans themselves; his supremacy rested upon the presence of his troops in the city, and if he succeeded in consolidating his power at home, and turned his face towards Texas, he was sure to be overtaken by a courier from the capital with the news that his dominion was ended, and another dictator had been proclaimed. In the opinion of the Texan President, the time had come when the civilized world should interfere to end this contemptible system of pillage and robbery of the Republic.

AN EFFECTIVE APPEAL TO THE GREAT POWERS.

The President caused his Secretary of State to address the following high-toned and honorable appeal to the *Great Powers*, which had acknowledged the *Independence of Texas*. It shows clearly the condition of Texas, and will correct many false impressions which went

APPEAL TO THE GREAT POWERS. 199

abroad in reference to the struggles of that nation. It is also proper to add, that this was the paper which proved so powerful in winning the sympathy and respect of Sir Robert Peel, and M. Guizot, who ever after showed the deepest interest in the fortunes of Texas. It was the work of Houston's own hand, and if it stood alone, he would need no other monument to perpetuate his fame as a statesman.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, TEXAS,
Washington, October 15, 1842.

I am instructed by his Excellency the President to submit for your consideration and action a subject of general concern to civilized nations, but of peculiar interest to Texas, viz., the character of the war at present waged by Mexico against this country. The President is led to believe, from the nature of the facts involved, that this step will be deemed not only admissible, but entirely proper. The civilized and Christian world is interested in the unimpaired preservation of those principles and rules of international intercourse, both in peace and war, which have received the impress of wisdom and humanity, and been strengthened, through a long course of time, by the practice and approval of the most powerful and enlightened of modern States. To these rules, in their application to the pending difficulties between this Republic and Mexico, your attention is respectfully invited.

Whenever a people, separate and sovereign in their political character, are admitted into the great community of nations, they incur responsibilities and contract obligations which are reciprocal in their character, and naturally binding upon all the members of the community, the extent and force of which depend upon that code of ethics which prescribes the reciprocal duties and obligations of each sovereign member. Hence arises the right to control the mode of warfare pursued by one nation towards another, and the corresponding duty of providing against the perpetration of acts at variance with the laws of humanity, and the settled usages of civilized nations.

In view of the character of hostilities, at present waged by Mexico against Texas, and of those principles which have been, in the opinion of this Government, so frequently and so flagrantly

violated by our enemy, the hope is confidently indulged by the President that the direct interference of nations mutually friendly will be extended to arrest a species of warfare unbecoming the age in which we live, and disgraceful to any people professing to be civilized.

The course of conduct uniformly observed by the Government and people of Texas towards our enemy stands in palpable contrast with their manifold enormities and wanton aggression, and will, it is confidently expected, furnish abundant ground for the exercise of the right of interference now invoked.

It has now been nearly seven years since the Declaration and the establishment of the Independence of this Republic. During the whole of this time, Mexico, although uniformly asserting the ability and determination to resubjugate the country, has never made a formidable effort to do so. Her principal war has consisted of silly taunts and idle threats, of braggadocio bulletins and gasconading proclamations. All her boasted threats of invasion have resulted in nothing more than fitting out and sending into the most exposed portions of our territory petty marauding parties, for the purpose of pillaging and harassing the weak and isolated settlements on our western border.

Since March last no less than three incursions of that character have been made, none of which have continued longer than eight days. The *first* party was composed of artillery, infantry, rancheros, and Indian warriors, in all about 700. Their attack was made upon the defenseless town of San Antonio. The second, consisting of about 800, attacked a party of about 200 emigrants at Lipantillan. They were repulsed with loss, and retreated from the country. The last, under General Woll, of about 1300, attacked and took San Antonio the second time, by surprise, during the session of the District Court. His force was composed of regulars, rancheros, and Indians. The Indians employed by the Mexicans are fragments of bands originally from the United States, but now located within the limits of Texas. This Government has always refused to employ the services of Indians when tendered against Mexico, and has sought every possible means to mitigate, rather than increase, the calamities of war. Persisting in this effort, the President has had recourse to the present measure, with a hope to subserve the cause of humanity. Should this effort fail, the Government must resort to retaliatory measures, growing out of our peculiar situation, *which* are to be deprecated by every Christian and generous

feeling. The rulers of nations are responsible for their preservation, and as a last resort must adopt a just retaliation. What is most to be deplored in a war of this character is that the unoffending and defenseless become victims of the most relentless cruelty. War, in its most generous and noble aspect, is accompanied by great calamities. Nations are not benefited by it, and it must be productive of great individual sufferings. But when individuals and nations are exasperated by repeated wrongs, even cruelty itself may be rendered tolerable, if it be used as retaliation for injuries long endured. The massacres and cruelties which have been inflicted upon Texas since the commencement of her revolution have been responded to by a generous forbearance, but that cannot be expected longer to exist.

The object of Mexico, in her course, cannot be misunderstood. By incursions of the character complained of, the spirits of our husbandmen and farmers are depressed, the cry of invasion is kept up, and the excitement incidental to war prevents emigration, and embarrasses our resources by deterring men of enterprise and capital from making importations of goods into our country. This, for a time, may avail her something; but the aggregate of human suffering will be a poor recompense for the advantages she may gain. The origin, genius, and character of the people of Texas are guarantees for her ultimate success. Nations that contribute to her advancement will command her gratitude. Never, since 1836, has Mexico attempted anything like a general invasion of the country, or conducted the war upon any plan calculated to test the superiority of the two nations on the field of battle, and bring the war to a close by the arbitration of arms. Her hostile demonstrations, thus far, have consisted exclusively in the clandestine approach of small bands of rancheros from the valley of the Rio Grande for plunder and theft, but sometimes associated with fragments of the Mexican army, composed for the most part of convict soldiery, fit for nothing either honorable in enterprise or magnanimous in conduct. The people of Texas being, for most part, agriculturalists, engaged in the tillage of the soil, the consequences of this predatory system of warfare have been to them extremely vexatious and harassing, without in any degree hastening the adjustment of the difficulties existing between the parties. Entirely different is the general character of the Mexican population. They are literally a nation of herdsmen, sub-

sisting, in a great measure, on the proceeds of their flocks and herds. They can move about from place to place, and make their homes wherever inclination or convenience may prompt, without detriment.

Hitherto the conduct and disposition of the Government and people of Mexico have been diametrically opposed to those manifested by the people of Texas. While the one has been depredating upon the property and dwellings of our exposed and defenseless frontier, murdering the inhabitants in cold blood, or forcing them away into loathsome, and too often fatal, captivity; inciting the murderous tribes of hostile Indians, who reside along our northern border, to plunder our exposed settlements, stimulating to the most cruel and barbarous massacres, and inhuman bucheries, even of our defenseless women and children, and to commit every excess of savage warfare—the other, animated by the hope of a further resort to arms and their attendant calamities, for injuries received, returned forbearance.

The President has sought to abstain from the effusion of blood, and in that aim has uniformly restrained the impetuosity and calmed the excitement of his countrymen, so often aroused by a course of conduct which violates every right, both private and national, and a cruelty and depravity which would disgrace the darkest ages of feudal barbarism. The popular impulse might have been turned upon the enemy, on their own soil. The result might have proved that a free people, burning with vengeance long restrained, could levy a heavy retaliation.

Such being the character of hostile operations against Texas, on the part of our enemy, which being plainly in violation of every principle of civilized or honorable warfare, and at the same time so little calculated to achieve the professed object of the war—the reconquest of Texas, the President confidently hopes the Government of ——— will feel not only justified, but even called upon, to interpose its high authority and arrest their course of proceedings, and require of Mexico either the recognition of the independence of Texas, or to make war upon her according to the rights established and universally recognized by civilized nations. If Mexico believes herself able to resubjugate *this country*, her right to make the effort to do so is not denied, for, *on the contrary*, if she choose to invade our territory with that purpose, the President, in the name of the people of all Texas, *will bid her welcome*. It is not against a war with Mexico that

Texas would protest. This she deprecates not. She is willing at any time to stake her existence as a nation upon the issue of a war conducted on Christian principles. It is alone against the unholy, inhuman, and fruitless character it has assumed, and still maintains, which violates every rule of honorable warfare, every precept of religion, and sets at defiance even the common sentiments of humanity, against which she protests, and invokes the interposition of those powerful nations which have recognized her independence.

The Government of this Republic has already given an earnest of its disposition to consult the wishes of other nations, when those wishes do not conflict with the general interests and convenience of the country. Fully appreciating the friendly sentiments of those Powers which have acknowledged the independence of Texas, and relying much upon their ability and influence in securing an early and permanent adjustment of our difficulties with Mexico, the President, in compliance with the desire of those Nations, expressed through their representatives to this Government, revoked the late proclamation of blockade against Mexico, and thus removed every cause of embarrassment to those nations in their intercourse with our enemy. Having thus yielded the opportunity of retaliating upon our enemy the many injuries we have received at her hands, the President feels less reluctance in making this representation, and invoking the interposition of those nations to put an end to a mode of warfare at once disgraceful to the age, so evil in its consequences to civil society, so revolting to every precept of the Christian religion, and shocking to every sentiment of humanity.

G. W. TERRELL,

Attorney-General and Acting Secretary of State.

ANNEXATION—FRENCH, BRITISH, AND AMERICAN CABINETS.

This luminous and able paper unfolded clearly the merits of the Texan struggle, and it received the profound attention of the Cabinets of Washington, London, and Paris. The leading journals of England and France, borrowing their prejudices and their intelligence about Texan affairs from powerful and widely circulated American papers, had hitherto regarded the

people of Texas as a band of outlaws. Scarcely a word of encouragement or sympathy had been uttered by their ministers to the agents of Texas in Europe, and beyond a tardy recognition of her independence, they hardly ventured. The American Press groaned under the burden of calumnies against the Texan people and their bold leader.

Consequently, this appeal was received and read with surprise and mortification. They saw that the same high veneration for justice—the same lofty regard for national honor, and the same (if not a nobler) recognition of the claims of humanity and Christian principle which had characterized the progress and the intercourse of those great kingdoms—inspired the councils of the man who had given freedom to his outraged country.

We have been assured on the highest authority that both of those great ministers, who guided the destinies of England and France, declared, on reading this appeal, that it would have done honor to the bravest nation and most enlightened statesman; and we know from the archives of Texas that immediately afterward a rivalry began between the French and English Cabinets for the cultivation of friendly relations with Texas. Instructions were sent to the ministers of those nations accredited to the Texan Government, to allow no opportunity of winning the regard and friendship of the Republic to pass unimproved. We also know that no effort which vigilant ministers could put forth, and no motives which keen-sighted diplomatists could press, were left untried to gain for their sovereigns control over the commerce and the political fortunes of Texas. They saw that, as an independent power, no barriers could be interposed to her ultimate advancement; and

it became a matter of infinite moment to France and England to prevent the final union of Texas with the United States. Hence, those powers watched with so much vigilance and alarm the tendency of affairs towards annexation. Hence they brought into requisition all their diplomatic, commercial, and financial machinery to prevent what they clearly foresaw would prove so detrimental to their ancient supremacy in the New World. We have had facilities for knowing something of these movements, and we venture to say that had not Houston held the control of these negotiations, and been a man whose policy neither England nor France could constrain or coerce by *any* motives of personal aggrandizement, Texas would not, certainly for a long time to come, have become a part of our Republic, and those great powers would have gained a foothold beyond the Sabine which would not unlikely have transferred to their hands that vast empire which we are now wielding on the shores of the Pacific.

The moment the French and British Cabinets saw the tendency of events they increased their vigilance just in proportion as Texas was spurned from our embraces. But while timidity and apprehensions filled the minds of the friends of Texas in this country, and Congress, blinded by falsehood and prejudice, plied by threats and awed by clamor, still held itself aloof from all legislation on the subject, Mr. Tyler and his Cabinet were no idle spectators of the advancing drama. That President—whatever may have been the wisdom of the rest of his course—pursued, in the affair of Texas, a most enlightened, sagacious, and American policy. He saw the vast importance of consummating annexation at the earliest possible moment; and all that vigilance, activity, and a complete understanding of the merits of

the question could accomplish was done. His efforts were at last successful. And although his reputation as a statesman may have suffered, and he may have paid the penalty of having in some things proved untrue to both parties as well as to himself, yet all this has been in a great measure forgotten, and the time has come when the vast consequences of that great act, whose consummation was so much due to him, and the sagacity of Daniel Webster, his chief adviser in his foreign policy, has become so apparent to our people, that his name will be cherished by every American. Throughout his administration he was true to his country on this question. Unawed by popular clamor, and unseduced by the minions who pressed around his feet (and who brought the transient eclipse over his fame), he steadily and firmly pursued his noble purpose.

In the mean time, France and England *did* intervene, and brought about an armistice between Mexico and Texas. The friendly offices of our Cabinet were also proffered, but they had little influence with Mexico. The negotiations in London were conducted with consummate ability by Mr. Ashbel Smith.

In a dispatch from the Department of State of Texas to Mr. Van Zandt, Chargé d'Affaires of the Republic at Washington, dated July 6, 1843, that functionary was thus instructed: "The United States having taken no definite action in this matter, and there now being an increased prospect of an adjustment of our difficulties with Mexico, the President deems it advisable to take no further action at present in reference to annexation, but has decided to await the issue of events now in progress, and to postpone that subject for future consideration, and for such action as circumstances may

hereafter render most expedient for the interests of this country."

This extract, with others we shall presently give, will unfold what became a matter of some dispute, viz., the policy of Houston on this important subject. Whatever his own private feelings may have been, it was exceedingly doubtful whether our Government would ever consent to annexation on what he considered fair and equal terms; and he was resolved to maintain with France and England the most friendly relations; that in the event of Texas being spurned from the embrace of the United States, she might fall back upon a Treaty with a powerful ally, under whose patronage she might claim protection from her foe, and under whose policy (made liberal by interest) she might advance rapidly to power.

The French and English ministers resident in Texas had already manifested some little jealousy on the subject of Houston's negotiations with the Washington Cabinet, and seeing little probability of consummating a treaty of annexation, he instructed Mr. Van Zandt to defer all further action for the time being.

Accordingly, instructions were forwarded to Mr. Van Zandt on the 13th of December (1843). The following extracts will clearly unfold the reasons for Houston's policy:

"The interposition of foreign friendly governments, by which an Armistice has been established between Texas and Mexico, and the prospect of a permanent peace with that power given, has been extended by the particular governments mostly influential in obtaining these most desirable results chiefly with a view that, in the event of Mexico's agreeing to acknowledge the independence of Texas, she should continue to exist as a separate and independent nation. The great object and desire of Texas is the establishment of a permanent and satisfactory

peace with her enemy, and for this purpose the good offices of these powers have been asked and obtained, and the object sought for, through their intervention, appears now on the eve of being realized.

"This intervention and these good offices have been gratuitously and unconditionally given, and although Texas is entirely free to pursue any course she may please in future, the President thinks that, in the present state of our foreign relations, it would not be politic to abandon the expectations which now exist of a speedy settlement of our difficulties with Mexico through the good offices of other powers, for the very uncertain prospect of annexation to the United States, however desirable that event, if it could be consummated, might be. Were Texas to agree to a treaty of annexation, the good offices of these powers would, it is believed, be immediately withdrawn, and were the treaty then to fall of ratification by the Senate of the United States, Texas would be placed in a much worse situation than she is at present, nor could she again ask or hope for any interposition in her behalf, either by England or France; and with our consequent supposed dependence upon the United States, might again return the apathy and indifference towards us which has always, until now, characterized that Government. Texas would then be left in the same situation she was two years since, without a friend, and her difficulties with Mexico unsettled.

"This Government is duly sensible of the very friendly feelings evinced by the President of the United States, in the offer to conclude a treaty for the annexation of this country, but from all the information which he has been able to obtain in relation to the views and feelings of the people of the United States, he is induced to believe that its approval by the other branches of that Government would be, if not refused, at least, of very uncertain attainment at this particular time; therefore, and until such an expression of their opinion can be obtained as would render this measure certain of success, the President deems it most proper and most advantageous to the interests of this country to decline the proposition for concluding a treaty. In making a communication of this determination to the Government of the United States, it will be proper to inform that Government that whenever the Congress or Senate of the United States shall throw wide open the door to annexation, by a resolution authorizing the President of that country to propose a

SAGACITY OF HOUSTON'S DIPLOMACY. 209

treaty for the purpose, the proposition will be immediately submitted to the representatives of the people of this country, and promptly responded to on the part of its Government.

"The present determination of the President on this subject does not proceed from any change in his views of the general policy of the measure, but from a change in the relations of this country with other powers."

THE SAGACITY OF HOUSTON'S DIPLOMACY.

These instructions to suspend negotiations on the subject of annexation, with a knowledge that England was pressing her powerful and friendly offices upon the Republic, alarmed the Cabinet at Washington. The facts which were soon after made public excited the apprehensions also, not only of all the friends of annexation, but of all those Americans who had the foresight to anticipate the prejudicial consequences that would come upon this country by allowing England to gain a foothold on our Southern frontier. She had sometimes proved a bad neighbor, as our difficulties growing out of the North-eastern and Oregon boundaries had abundantly proved—and the deepest anxiety was everywhere manifested for the prompt action of Congress. In the mean time, Mr. Tyler, fearing the result, had instructed his Secretary of State to lose no opportunity of assuring the Texan Government of his earnest desire to consummate annexation.

The President of Texas was placed in a position of extreme delicacy, and any imprudent act or movement would have proved exceedingly hazardous to the interests of his country. He had early manifested his desire for annexation, and done all he could to effect it during his first executive term. Under Mr. Lamar's administration the question had slept. Houston had pursued a discreet course in regard to it after his re-election, and

although he had now been for some time earnestly occupied in securing annexation, he had, like a wise man, kept his own counsels.

On the 20th of January, 1844, however, he sent a secret message to Congress, in which he used the following language:

"Connected with our present condition, our foreign relations are becoming daily more and more interesting; and it seems to me that the representatives of the people should anticipate the events which may in all probability occur. . . . The Executive, therefore, relies upon the deliberative wisdom and decision of the representatives of the people to give him all the aid in their power to conduct the affairs of Texas to such an issue as will be promotive of its interests as a community, and at the same time gratifying to the people. Heretofore he has carefully abstained, during his present administration, from the expression of any opinion in reference to the subject of annexation to the United States. And, in submitting this communication, he does not think it becoming in him now to express any preference.

"It will be perceived by the honorable Congress that if any effort were made on the part of this Government to effect the object of annexation, which is so desirable, and if it should fail of meeting responsive and corresponding action on the part of the United States, it might have a seriously prejudicial influence upon the course which England and France might otherwise be disposed to take in our favor. And a failure on our part, after a decided expression, could not but be mortifying to us, and, to a great extent, diminish our claims to the confidence of other nations. It would create distrust on their part towards us; because the opponents of our interests would allege there was no stability in our purposes, and therefore it would be unsafe in other nations to cultivate very intimate relations with us, or even to maintain those which now exist. They might apprehend that after the lapse of a few more years, Texas, once having acquired increased importance from their friendly aid and good offices, would be induced again, by the agitation of the same question in the United States, to apply for admission into that Union, and that by possibility it might be effected. Hence the utmost caution and secrecy on our part, as to the true motives of our policy, should be carefully observed."

SAGACITY OF HOUSTON'S DIPLOMACY. 211

He recommended that in the event of the failure of Texas, she should enter into "a treaty of alliance, defensive at least, if not offensive," with the United States.

"If nothing else," he said, "were effected in a treaty for defense, it would secure to Texas a position that would forever bid defiance to our Mexican enemy. It would be as important to us, in fact, as the recognition of our independence by Mexico."

He also proposed the appointment of "an additional agent to the Government of the United States, to co-operate with our agent there." He thus concludes:

"If the honorable Congress should think well of these suggestions, they will be aware of the propriety of *immediate* action on the subject. The Congress of the United States have now been in session some time, and there can be but little doubt that if they have not already done so, they will soon indicate their disposition and course of policy towards this country.

"Believing, as the Executive did, at the commencement of the present session, that the subject of annexation was in the best position in which Texas could place it, he did not allude to it in his general message—apprehending that any public action taken either by the Executive or the Congress would only have a tendency to embarrass the subject. Action must now be taken by the United States; and we must now watch and meet their disposition towards us.

"If we evince too much anxiety, it will be regarded as importunity, and the voice of supplication seldom commands great respect."

The spirit of this message inspired all Houston's acts on this great question, and the effect was most salutary. For it is more than probable that our Congress would have turned a deaf ear to "the voice of supplication" had they not discovered that the people of Texas, grown weary of delays and indignant at repeated repulses, would supplicate no longer. The position of parties was suddenly reversed. It became clearer than noon-day that unless Texas was allowed to come into our

Union under auspices the most favorable to her, she would not enter—and, in any event, it seemed probable that she was after all to be the sufferer. Her anxiety, therefore, for annexation was every hour growing less, while ours was increasing.

Both parties were aware of the movements of England, and while Texas saw in the extension of that proud shield over her young republic the boon of mighty protection, we watched with jealous and anxious interest the progress of that same imperial emblem. When, therefore, that republic whose people, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," had been pleading on their knees the same admission which had hitherto been cordially tendered by Congress to every other American colony on the continent, was repulsed "like some stranger," she sprung to her feet, and the next moment we saw her youthful figure relieved against the giant form of Old England, whose purple mantle was thrown kindly over her shoulder, and whose flag of St. George was waving over her head. It was a strange but beautiful sight. "Is that," said all, "the suppliant who so lately was kneeling on the steps of our Capitol?"

Texas was now lost to America. The only question was, "Can she be again won?" and the American Congress was no longer the sole party to answer the inquiry.

The Cabinet at Washington manifested an anxiety to renew negotiations. In his letter to Mr. Van Zandt (29th January, 1844), Houston instructs his minister to meet the United States half-way, and to inform him of any disposition on their part to come to the terms they had rejected. "They must be convinced," says he, "that England has rendered most important service to Texas by her mediatorial influence with Mexico." He then proceeds:

"If the United States really intend to deprive England of connections on this continent, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, formed with this country against Mexico would enable that Government to retain an influence in the affairs of Texas which could be done by no other circumstance. In November, 1842, when Texas protested to the three great powers against the course pursued by Mexico in her war with this country, it was understood the three powers were to act in harmony, so far as any mediation was to be interposed. From some circumstances, England appears to have been most active and efficient in her efforts. The United States, from their contiguity in situation, had greater facilities than England at their command, and had they been as forward in their efforts at mediation as England, it would have been more grateful to the citizens of Texas. A moment's reflection will present many reasons why it should have been so. When an individual is overwhelmed by misfortune, and that misfortune is lightened or relieved, the beneficiary always feels grateful for the benefits conferred; and in the event of a recurrence, would naturally look to the same source for a renewal of favor. Thus must it be with nations, and it requires no argument to convince the United States that, in submitting the first proposition for a treaty of alliance with them, the authorities of Texas are far from pretermittting any just claims which they may have to the confidence of Texas as a nation, but the reverse.

"It is true that our eyes were directed to the United States, not only as a people but as a Government, to which Texas was most willing to feel herself obligated. If we did not realize all our expectations, we are far from concluding that anything left unaccomplished by her arose from hostility to Texas on her part; and for that, among other reasons, we propose an alliance as an earnest of the confidence we are still willing to place upon them and their efforts."

Negotiations were once more commenced in earnest, and the two Ministers of Texas (Mr. Van Zandt, and Gen. Henderson, afterwards Governor of Texas) represented their country with great ability, and won for themselves universal respect.

In the dispatch of Houston to Mr. Van Zandt (Feb. 15, 1844), informing him of the investment of Gen.

Henderson (just appointed) and himself, "with proper powers to conclude the subject of annexation, as far as it can be consummated by the Government of the United States and our Ministers," the President thus speaks of the vast consequences of annexation, if it should be effected:

"It would be useless for me to attempt to portray to you the magnitude of the consequences which are to grow out of these transactions. Millions will realize the benefits; but it is not within the compass of mortal expression to estimate the advantages to mankind. The measures of this Government have not been devised without due consideration of the subject, so far as Texas may be affected by it; and no matter how great the ultimate advantages to the two countries may have been considered, in the event of annexation, it was the manifest duty of this Government to use such precaution as would secure it against any accidental catastrophe. It is now in possession of such assurances from the United States as will hazard the die."

In another dispatch, dated the 29th of April, 1844, we find the following language:—

"I have felt, and yet feel, great solicitude for our fate. The crisis to Texas is everything. To the United States it is worth its union. My toil has constantly been for the freedom and happiness of mankind, and if we are annexed, I hope we shall have accomplished much; but if from any cause we should be rejected, we must redouble our energies, and the accompanying duplicate will express to you decisively what my purposes are. Texas can become sovereign and independent, established upon her own incalculable advantages of situation, and sustained by European influences, without the slightest compromittal of her nationality. If the present measure of annexation should fail entirely, and we are to be thrown back upon our own resources, fix your eye steadily on the salvation of Texas, and pursue the course which I have indicated. I again declare to you, that every day which passes only convinces me more clearly that it is the last effort at annexation that Texas will ever make; nor do I believe that any solicitation or guarantee from the United States would at any future day induce her to consent to the *measure*."

But the Mission of Gen. Henderson seemed likely to secure no good results, and in a dispatch of May 17th, 1844, he was advised to return. The President says:

"Whatever the desires of this Government or the people are, or might have been, in relation to Annexation, I am satisfied they are not ambitious at this time, nor will ever be again, to be seen in the attitude of a bone of contention, to be worried or gnawed by conflicting politicians. The views of the Executive of this country, as well as the views of its citizens, were fairly presented in a willingness to become annexed to the United States, and though the advantages presented to the United States were incalculably greater than those resulting to Texas, she was willing to stand the hazard of the adventure.

"The statesmen of that country appear to be united in opinion adverse to our admission into the Union of the North. We must, therefore, regard ourselves as a nation, to remain *forever separate*. It would be unpleasant for us to enter into a community, as a member, where we should be regarded ungraciously by either of the political parties. Texas *alone* can well be sustained, and no matter what sincere desire we may have entertained for a connection with that Government, and the affectionate enthusiasm that has existed in this towards it, we will be compelled to reconcile ourselves to our present condition, or to assume such an attitude towards other countries as will certainly look to our independence. This can be accomplished if the United States will carry out the pledges which they have already given. The compromittal of our national honor I cannot contemplate, nor would I entertain any proposition which could be aversive to our character as an independent nation; *but Texas can now command interests which will require no such sacrifice*. We must act! . . . It would seem, from the complexion of matters at Washington, that Gen. Henderson's remaining there longer would be unnecessary. As indicated in my last communication, *negotiations can be very well conducted at this Government*, not designing to cast any reflections upon the representatives of this Government at Washington, in whom the Executive has the highest confidence. Moments of leisure could be employed here, and even hours and days commanded, which is not permitted when urgent dispatches arrive. The locality of our seat of Government is such that the Executive has had no substitute himself in corresponding for the Secretary of State,

and dispenses with the services of that valuable officer
 sake of dispatch. . . The measure of Annexation havin
 taken up at the instance of the United States, ought to
 Texas, and fortify her against all inconveniences arising
 having opened negotiations on that subject. The treaty
 been signed and submitted to the Senate, is all that can
 formed on the part of Texas. Further solicitation, on he
 would present her as an object of commiseration to the c
 world. If the embarrassments of our condition have pre
 us in a humiliating posture, it furnishes no excuse to us
 untary degradation.

"Therefore it is that my purpose is fixed in relation
 subject of which I have treated. THE DESIRES OF THE I
 OF TEXAS, WITH MY LOVE OF REPOSE (thus far I am selfish
 DETERMINED ME IN FAVOR OF ANNEXATION. MY JUDGMENT, T
 RENDERED SUBSERVIENT TO THEIR INCLINATIONS AND MY OW
 NEVER FULLY RATIFIED THE COURSE ADOPTED. YET IN ALL
 FAITH I HAVE LENT AND AFFORDED EVERY AID TO ITS CON
 TION."

We shall now close our extracts from Houston
 patches, by giving a portion of a very important p
 letter to Mr. Murphy, the American Minister t
 Texan Government. We have nowhere seen the
 views expressed in regard to the future desti
 Texas. The letter shows, beyond a question, th
 writer was persuaded that Texas, even if she was
 pelled to stand alone, had no mean destiny aw
 her in the future. The views here given are those
 statesman—of one who knew the history of his n
 and the character of her people—of a patriot,
 never despaired for his country, on whose altars h
 consecrated himself forever.

. . . "The times are big with coming events to Texas a
 world. I feel that matters now transacting are, if carrie
 to perpetuate the union of the States, by the Annexat
 Texas, for centuries. If this great measure fails, the Uni
 be endangered, its revenues diminished, and a European

ence will grow up in Texas, from our necessities and interests, that will most effectually prejudice the interests of the United States, so far as they are to look for the sale of their fabrics in the southern section of this continent, and a forfeiture of our sympathies. Mexico in a short time, by the influences which Texas can command, will yield everything to the superior energy, activity, and the employment of well-directed capital, which will flow into us from Europe, and render us the beneficiaries of a most important and extensive trade. All our ports will soon become great commercial marts; and places, now scarcely noticed upon our maps, will be built up and grow into splendid cities.

"These are but few of the advantages which are noticed; but these, to the statesmen of the United States, ought to cause ceaseless efforts to secure so rich a prize.

"The present moment is the only one that the United States will ever enjoy to annex Texas. I am intensely solicitous to see the matter consummated, and my country at rest. 'Tis true that we are not to be great gainers, when compared to the United States, in what they derive. Had I been at Washington, I would most certainly not have made a treaty so indefinite as to individual rights which may arise, and be involved in the subject of annexation. We surrender everything, and in reality get nothing but protection—and that at the hazard of being invaded or annoyed by Mexico before any aid could be rendered by the United States. I hope that the precautions taken will be such as to deter Mexico from any attempt upon us.

"The fact that the United States is one of the rival powers of the world will render that nation more liable to war than we would be as a minor power. There are a thousand reasons which I could urge why Texas would be more secure from trouble if she could have present peace—which she can obtain readily if she is not annexed. When we once become a part and parcel of the United States we are subject to all their vicissitudes. Their commercial relations are extensive, which subjects them to jealousy and the rivalry of other powers, who will seek to overreach them, and cramp them by restrictions or annoy them by interference. They will not be willing to submit to these things, and the consequences will be war. Nor will this danger arise from any one power of the earth, but from various nations. The wealth of European nations depends more upon their labor than the people of this continent. We

look to the soil, they to their manufacturing capacity, for the means of life as well as wealth. These facts are not all, and indeed but a very partial notice of important affairs. The political relations of the United States will increase, and become more complicated and extensive with their increase of power. Not only this, but they, too, will grow arrogant; and it will not be a half century, if the Union should last, before they will feel a strong inclination to possess by force that which they at present would be willing to make a subject of negotiation and treaty.

"In all contingencies, if we are annexed, we have to bear a part of their troubles—no matter of what character. Alone and independent, Texas would be enabled to stand aloof from all matters unconnected with her existence as a nation; while the causes of war to the United States would be a source of benefit and prosperity to her. War could grow up between no power and the United States, but what Texas would be the beneficiary. The value of her staples would be enhanced, and that arising from the influence of war upon the United States. Texas, enjoying as she does a situation on the Gulf, and a neutral attitude, would derive the greatest possible benefits. Calamity to other nations would be wealth and power to Texas. The encouragement given us by the demand for our staples would increase our individual as well as our national wealth. The fleets of belligerents would be supplied with meats from our natural pastures; and the sale of our superabundant herds would, when added to the sale of our other commodities, give us more wealth than any other nation, in comparison to our population.

"Apart from this, if we should not be annexed, all the European nations would introduce with alacrity vast numbers of emigrants, because it would enable them to extend their commerce. Those who migrate from the different nations to Texas will retain predilections, for many years, in favor of the partialities which nativity carries with it in after life.

That France and England will pour into our country vast numbers of industrious citizens, there can be no doubt. Belgium, Holland, and other countries will not be remiss in their duty to ulterior consequences. All these countries have an excess of population, and the common policy and economy of nations are such that they will have a care to the location of those who leave their native countries. Never, to my apprehension, have all nations evinced the same disposition to com-

merce as that which is now exercised and entertained. Hence, no time has ever been so propitious for the upbuilding of a nation possessed of our advantages as that which Texas at this moment enjoys, in the event that the measure of annexation should fail. Its failure can only result from selfishness on the part of the Government or Congress of the United States. If faction, or a regard to present party advantages, should defeat the measure, you may depend upon one thing—and that is, that the glory of the United States has already culminated. A rival power will soon be built up, and the Pacific, as well as the Atlantic, will be component parts of Texas in thirty years from this date.

The Oregon region, in geographical affinity, will attach to Texas. By this coalition, or union, the barrier of the Rocky Mountains will be dispensed with or obviated. England and France, in anticipation of such an event, would not be so tenacious on the subject of Oregon as if the United States were to be the sole possessors of it. When such an event would take place, or in anticipation of such result, all the powers which either envy or fear the United States would use all reasonable exertions to build us up, as the only rival power which can exist, on this continent, to that of the United States. Considering our origin, these speculations may seem chimerical, and that such things cannot take place. A common origin has its influence so long as a common interest exists, and no longer. Sentiment tells well in love matters or in a speech; but in the affairs and transactions of nations there is no sentiment or feeling but one, and that is essentially selfish.

I regard nations as corporations on a large and sometimes magnificent scale, but no more than this; consequently, they have no soul, and recognize no mentor but interest.

Texas, once set apart and rejected by the United States, would feel that she was of humble origin; and if a prospect was once presented to her of becoming a rival to the United States, it would only stimulate her to feelings of emulation; and it would be her least consideration that, by her growth to power, she would overcome the humility of her early condition. So the very causes which now operate with Texas, and incline her to annexation, may at some future period give origin to the most active and powerful animosity between the two countries. This, too, we must look at, for it will be the case. Whenever difficulties arise between the United States and Texas, if they are to

remain two distinct nations, the powers of Europe will not look upon our affairs with indifference; and no matter what their professions may be of neutrality, they can always find means of evasion. The union of Oregon and Texas will be much more natural and convenient than for either, separately, to belong to the United States. This, too, would place Mexico at the mercy of such a power as Oregon and Texas would form. Such an event may appear fanciful to many, but I assure you there are no Rocky Mountains interposing to such a project. But one thing can prevent its accomplishment, and that is *annexation*.

If you, or any statesman, will only regard the map of North America, you will perceive that from the 46th degree of latitude north there is the commencement of a natural boundary. This will embrace the Oregon, and from thence south on the Pacific coast, to the 29th or 30th degree of south latitude, will be a natural and convenient extent of seaboard.

I am free to admit that most of the Provinces of Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Upper and Lower Californias, as well as Santa Fe, which we now claim, will have to be brought into the connection of Texas and Oregon. This, you will see by reference to the map, is no bugbear to those who will reflect upon the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon people. What have they ever attempted and recoiled from in submission to defeat? Nothing, I would answer. Population would be all that would be needful, for with it resources would be afforded for the accomplishment of any enterprise. As to the proposition that the Provinces of Mexico would have to be overrun, there is nothing in this; for you may rely upon the fact that the Mexicans only require kind and humane masters to make them a happy people, and secure them against the savage hordes who harass them constantly, and bear their women and children into bondage. Secure them from these calamities, and they would bless any power that would grant them such a boon.

The Rocky Mountains interposing between Missouri and Oregon will very naturally separate them from the United States, when they see the advantages arising from a connection with another nation of the same language and habits with themselves. The line of Texas running with the Arkansas, and extending to the great desert, would mark a natural boundary between Texas, or a new and vast Republic to the southwest. If this ever take place, you may rely upon one thing, which is this, that a nation, embracing the advantages of the extent of seventeen degrees on

the Pacific, and so extensive a front on the Atlantic as Texas does, will not be less than a rival power to any of the nations now in existence.

You need not estimate the population, which is said, or reputed, to occupy the vast territory embraced between the 29th and 46th degrees of latitude on the Pacific. They will, like the Indian race, yield to the advance of the North American population. The amalgamation, under the guidance of statesmen, cannot fail to produce the result, in creating a united Government, formed of, and embracing the limits suggested.

It may be urged that these matters are remote. Be it so. Statesmen are intended by their forecast to regulate and arrange matters in such sort as will give direction to events by which the future is to be benefited or prejudiced.

You may freely rely, my friend, that future ages will profit by these facts, while we will only contemplate them in perspective. They must come. It is impossible to look upon the map of North America and not perceive the *rationale* of the project. Men may laugh at these suggestions; but when we are withdrawn from all the petty influences which now exist, these matters will assume the most grave and solemn national import.

I do not care to be in any way identified with them. They are the results of destiny, over which I have no control.

If the treaty is not ratified, I will require all future negotiations to be transferred to Texas." . . .

It would be difficult in all the annals of history to discover a more striking illustration of far-sighted statesmanship.

Such was the destiny which, to the keen vision of Houston, awaited Texas if she remained a sovereign nation.

The extracts we have given from his dispatches put the question of his policy and his preferences, in regard to annexation, at rest forever. He was, up to the last moment, in favor of that great measure.

He favored it, because it would secure immediate peace to his fellow-citizens and protection from a perfidious and barbarous foe.

He favored it, because it would settle the affairs and establish the tranquillity of the republic, and enable him to withdraw from the turbulent scenes of political life, and enjoy the repose of retirement, after his long and ceaseless labors.

He favored it, because it would bind the people of Texas firmly to the great Federal family of Washington, and link their fortunes to the American Republic.

He favored it, because, like all the true and all the patriotic of his country, he felt an earnest longing to return to the family hearthstone, where the great patriarchs of the Revolution had gathered, and unite with our then only twenty millions of his brethren in burning incense to the genius of liberty around its holy altars.

He favored it, because he saw that it would narrow the field of many petty ambitious men, whose struggles for power might disturb the tranquillity of Texas, and impede her advancement.

He favored it, because he felt he had himself achieved his work on the field and in the Cabinet, and although he was beloved by the people, and could always have been, in one form or another, their leader, yet he had no more ambition to gratify. He believed, too, that his beloved country would find under our broad shield the same repose from her alarms and troubles that he himself looked forward to in the quiet of his prairie home. And yet his dispatches show that he was prepared for any result. He had his eye fixed on the future, and if American statesmen were resolved Texas never should mingle her fortunes with us, he also was determined to watch over her career and guide her to a nobler destiny.

Up to the very moment the decision was made by

the American Senate he held the question of annexation in the hollow of his hand. And when, at the eleventh hour, we grudgingly opened the doors to let the light of the Lone Star shine into our temple, there is not a shadow of doubt that if Houston had resented the tardy offer, it would have been proudly and scornfully hurled back by the people of Texas. He was not then President, actually; but in or out of office he was still their leader, the counselor of his country. His last term expired just before annexation was passed, and the Constitution would not allow him to be President again. But his own confidential friend, his Secretary of State, his adviser and his supporter, was chosen to succeed him, and it was everywhere understood that Houston's policy was still followed, his feeling still consulted, and his voice still heard. Great apprehensions were felt by the friends of Texas in this country about the course Houston would finally pursue, for it was believed that he would carry the people of that Republic with him in his decision. The time at last came—Houston gave his support to annexation, and by an overwhelming majority Texas became one of the sovereign States of the American Republic.

Henceforth, for weal or woe, her fortunes were to be mingled with the fortunes of the United States. Whether she was to regret it, was yet to be seen. She most certainly would have repented the day she ever sought refuge under our protection, unless she had been allowed to occupy a high and honorable place in our Government. She was no outlaw, no menial; nor was she to be treated as either. With the richest soil and vast natural resources; with a wide territory, which stretches from the sea, where it blushes under a tropical sun, to the North, where it whitens with the eternal

snows of her mountains; with a climate as balmy as the lands which are bathed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and, above all, with an ingenious, enterprising, and heroic people—she must become the garden of the New World. It was ere long to become the pride of every man, whose inestimable privilege it would be to say “I am an American Citizen,” to extend towards Texas and the Texans his generous greeting. They were long misrepresented and traduced; but the odium had been lifted from their name, for they were a brave and a magnanimous people; and we soon became proud everywhere, whether by the firesides of our northern homes or in the courts of foreign princes, to call them brothers. We showed to them and the world that the children of sires who bled at Bunker Hill and Yorktown knew how to prize the heroic men who rang out the Anglo-Saxon battle-cry over the bloody field of San Jacinto.

But we are admonished that we may have already trespassed too long upon the patience of our readers in these details. Our only excuse is, that in tracing the fortunes of a brave People and their heroic Leader we have been beguiled by the pleasant lights and shadows that have fallen over the path where we were roaming, and we wished to have our younger citizens understand more clearly than other records show how and why Texas came into our Union.

His predecessor had made war upon the Indians, and carried desolation to their peaceful wigwams. In their forest homes were heard the wailings of women whose chiefs had fallen by the hand of the white man; and the young Indian boy was sad because his Chieftain Father led him out no more on the path of the forest game. Houston had seen injustice perpetrated upon

the Red men, and when his last term began, he at once sent the wampum among the forest tribes, and soon after went himself, in the Indian dress, to the distant woods, and smoked the pipe of peace in the Chieftains' dwellings. He made treaties with twenty-four different Chiefs, and they regarded these treaties sacredly. Among them he felt safe; he wrapped his blanket about him, and laid himself down to sleep by the fires of ferocious savages, near whom other white men did not dare to venture. "We have nothing to fear from an Indian," he used to say, "if we only treat him with justice, and he believes us his friends." Peace was again restored along the frontiers, and the green corn was again growing luxuriantly by the side of the primeval forests, where the savage stealthily, lurked but only for his game.

Houston paid off a large amount of debt incurred by his predecessor, due to other Governments, arising from the prodigality of the administration. He created no new debt, administered the Government on the basis of the revenues, and left the Exchequer Bills issued at the beginning of his term, at par with a considerable surplus in the Treasury.

He left the country at peace with all the Indian tribes on the frontiers; the Navy was laid up in port, for there was no use for it; the State was blessed with tranquillity at home, the nation was prosperous; emigrants of the better class were rapidly pouring in from the North and from Europe; and the people were happy. The prisoners in Mexico were all restored to their homes; inland trade with Mexico was brisk and lucrative; Texas was respected by all nations, and Annexation was near its consummation.

Nor should we overlook the amazing social transform-

tion which took place in Texas, immediately after she became one of our States. Law and order soon softened and harmonized the crude elements which marked her population; and villages, towns, and cities arose on every hand, busy with the industry, skill, and vigor of a thriving and worthy people. The school-house was built by the wayside. Churches dotted the lawns and the hillsides. The courts of law administered justice to all; and on every side there were indications of prosperity and security. The Mexican prophecy was more than fulfilled; and the wisdom of the man who had patiently sought, calmly waited, and confidently persevered to rescue a vast domain from lawlessness and to place it as a star in our constellation of republics, was shown in the culture of the soil and in the external symbols of refinement and civilization. At the present time no State in the Union is more inviting to those who would seek a home in a new country, as will be evident to those who endeavor to learn the nature of her social character; the extent of her industrial resources, and the opportunities which may be secured for advancement in all the learned professions, and in the walks of commercial and agricultural life.

Houston's last term expired. He could never be President again; and it was with no little sadness that the people saw him lay down his office, and take leave of them, to return to private life. He was received back with joy by his family, and they thought that he would part from them no more. His home was on a rolling elevation in the midst of a green prairie, interspersed with islands of trees and silver lakes gleaming in the sunlight. His labors, his sorrows, and his struggles were over, and in the bosom of an affectionate family he expected to spend the last peaceful years of his

stormy life in the noble pursuits of the husbandman. But he was not yet to realize this dream.

Texas had become one of the States of our Union, and she called her old Leader from retirement once more to represent her—but in the Senate at Washington. He did not readily yield to this demand; for he felt that in his quiet home he was as happy as the regards of the nation he had saved, the affection and society of his wife and his child, and the remembrance of sorrows past and victories won, could make him. But he responded to the call of his country, and brought his Republic and laid it on our Federal Altar.

HOUSTON IN THE NATIONAL SENATE.

Such was Houston's character, and such had been his achievements when I first saw him in Washington—thirty-seven years ago. On the annexation of Texas to the United States, he and Gen. Rusk were chosen to represent the new State in the National Senate. Our limits preclude us from tracing as fully as we should desire his senatorial career. Abstaining from general or promiscuous debate, he was found punctually in his place and prompt at the discharge of every duty, and whenever great questions claimed the attention of the Senate, his speeches showed that he carefully watched the interests of the country, and was always ready to render it his best services. But we must briefly, however, glance over the records of his oratory and services for several years, and come down to the *annus mirabilis* of the Republic.

The year 1850—the middle of the nineteenth century—witnessed a sectional convulsion which threatened the union of the American States. The leaders of parties and the champions of section exulted over the prospect

of disunion; and for a while the waves of discord so high that the most enlightened and prominent friends of the Union became deeply alarmed. This exigency called out all the force of Houston's character. He shed his blood in the second war with England, where he had learned the science and the practice of war from General Jackson himself. He had been the leader of the father, and the saviour of Texas, on whose soil he had again bled in behalf of the independence of a republic. When he came into the Senate of the United States he had no private views or sectional feelings to gratify. He felt jealous, indeed, of the interests of his own State, after she had ceased to be an independent republic and its lone star had been added to the national constellation; but he went into the Senate as a *national man*, and every act of his, from that day on, he left it, only stamped his political character as an American statesman with the broadest impression of nationality.

Factions raged; sectionalism had grown furth; disunion had lifted its serpent head; abolitionism inflamed the passions of Northern men; and everywhere the political sky was overcast by ominous clouds foreshadowed a dark future for the great Republic of Washington. But, thanks to God, this Republic was too great and glorious to be suddenly destroyed. The great men of all parties in the national councils clustered around the Federal altar, where the Fathers of the Republic had worshipped; and, laying aside all sectional feeling, determined to preserve the integrity of the Union which had cost so much blood and been sacrificed by so many years of struggle. Great public meetings were everywhere held in honor of those men who, in this moment of danger, struck their hands

gether in holy love of the institutions of our fathers, and sworn to defend them to the last.

Among the most earnest and eloquent of the Union orators in the Senate, Houston held a conspicuous place. Though this record has shown many evidences of his literary culture and original intellectual gifts, yet, to afford a more complete insight into his moral and political character, further extracts from his speeches may be made. The reader will be gratified to find that this man, under circumstances quite unfavorable to the cultivation of letters, acquired a power of expression and facility in illustrating his subject which could have been gained only by a persistent study of the literature of the world. In his military dispatches he showed an admirable style—a wholesome, though not barren brevity, and a precision such as becomes an able general in correspondence with the state. In various parts of this book we have placed some of these before the reader, not less for the value of their contents than for the beautiful perspicuity and directness of their style. In themselves they furnish the very highest compliment to the innate taste and scholastic facility of their author; and we cannot but admire the man, who, under the most discouraging obstacles, and with powerful incentives to other accomplishments and deeds, distinguished himself in the command of his native language as well as in the active duties of public life.

In his speeches, Senator Houston displays a native earnestness and force far more effective than the studied graces of the schools. His clear mind was not burdened with the sophistries of logic or the casuistry of politics. He spoke right on—animated with his subject, and as if certain that the true orator never need fear the result of

unfolding the strong feelings of the heart when the promptings of conscience, and not the dictates of self-interest, inspire the tongue. This species of appeal to the sensibilities and judgment can never fail to have its due weight upon deliberative assemblies or upon the people. The charms of rhetoric, like the purple and jewels on the shoulders and breast of the tyrant, may dazzle with gaudy brilliancy for a moment, and make men overlook their danger from the triumph of errors and oppression; but the plain, heart-spoken words of a true, patriotic man are like the apostolic apothegms—so in consonance with the conscience as to proclaim the divinity of their origin. Senator Houston was a great orator, in the sense that he was an effective one. His power lay in his simplicity of expression, and in the familiar manner in which he spoke the native feelings of his heart and the unselfish convictions of his judgment.

The extracts from his speeches which we shall now give will convey to the intelligent reader not only Houston's opinions on some subjects of vast interest, but may be deemed average specimens of his style. On the subject of "Intervention" he remarked that our Government ought to abstain from entangling alliances with foreign nations, and confine its policy to the full development of its resources. He said:

"The House has been told that this is a subject of vast importance. In this light he regarded it, as far as he had been able to view it. He thought it a subject of no common importance, because it was about to take a direction perfectly novel. It is proposed to meet different nations, or their representatives, in a deliberative body, to establish certain regulations which are to govern our relation to foreign powers, and in our immediate relations. He concurred with the gentleman from South Carolina that it was quite new, because its effect would be to introduce a new era in the annals of this country. Hitherto we have

evinced a disinclination to entangle ourselves with alliances. We have exalted ourselves by persisting in a system that has been extremely beneficial to us; so long as this system in which we persist proves beneficial to us, either as a nation or as individuals, so long ought it be retained. We stand unshackled from all connection with the nations of the earth. We have our relations of amity and commerce with them, not treaties of alliance offensive and defensive. Such relations the United States had hitherto sustained, and he hoped ever would sustain.

"But are we to be benefited in our institutions by our associations with these other powers? So far as any advantage was to be obtained by it, so far he was in favor of it; but he was not willing that we should be embarrassed by a connection with them. The benefits of our institutions are free to all. Let them come here and receive them. If there were any good purpose to be answered by associating ourselves with them (Mr. H. said), he would cheerfully coincide in so doing; but he could not perceive the necessity of immediately dispatching ministers to meet in this assembly at Panama. We are not aware of what call they may make on us, nor could we see any probable benefits to the United States by this general meeting which would not result with our treaties with them in their individual national capacities. Hitherto we have been pursuing a rational policy. We have exalted ourselves by it. We stand *alone*, and we are well able to sustain ourselves. Twice have we been tested, and twice have our principles triumphed; and they ever will triumph as long as we remain untrammelled and unburdened by foreign alliances. There are no dangers to impede us in our progress but such as can be guarded against. Whilst we are in this situation we have no serious dangers to apprehend, but such as in the progress of nations will result, and which the good sense and wisdom of counselors are always able to remedy before they become ruinous."

In February, 1850, Houston spoke on the Compromise Measures. There is so much of earnest love of the Union, so much spontaneous patriotism in the few words before us, that we must place them in this work, as further illustrative of his character:

"I call on the friends of the Union from every quarter to come forward like men, and to sacrifice their differences upon the

common altar of their country's good, and to form a bulwark around the Constitution that cannot be shaken. It will require manly efforts, sir, and they must expect to meet with prejudices growing up, that will assail them from every quarter. They must stand firm to the Union, regardless of all personal consequences. Time alone can recompense them for their sacrifices and their labors; for devotion to country can never be forgotten when it is offered freely, and without expectation of reward. The incense of self-sacrifice, when thus offered on their country, will be acceptable to the people. I have no doubt that this question might be easily adjusted if gentlemen would encourage such disposition and feeling as doubtless actuate a large portion, if not all, of this body, if they would come up to the work. I have no doubt six Senators could here be designated, without reference to party (you may if you please disregard the portion of the country from which they come), who would act as a Committee of Conference, and sit down together as wayfaring men, and produce satisfactory reconciliation, thereby diffusing universal peace, and calming the agitated waves that are lashing at the base of our Capitol, and speak comfort and solace to millions of freemen.

"Do not the American people love this Union? Are they not devoted to it? Is not every reminiscence of the past associated with its glories, and are they not calculated to inspire prayers for its prosperity and its perpetuity? If this were not the case, you might think lightly of our noble confederacy; but so it is—it stands connected with every fibre of the national heart, and is interwoven with every glorious recollection of the past, which affection or reverence can inspire in the minds of the American people. It is not, Mr. President, that twenty-three millions of souls are involved in the perpetuity of this Union; it is not that every consideration of happiness connected with country appertains to it; but it is because it is the great moral, social, and political lever that has moved, is moving, and will continue to move the world. Look abroad at foreign nations, and behold the influence of our example upon them—not ours, for I feel a sense of humiliation when I contrast the efforts of any man now living with the illustrious achievements of the departed sages and heroes who performed this mighty work."

On the subject of Disunion—that subject which Andrew Jackson had to deal with boldly, as he did effec-

tively, in the course of his Administration—we find a passage or two of great strength and significance: //

“Mr. President—Twenty-seven years ago I had the honor to occupy a seat in the House of Representatives from the State of Tennessee. I recollect that in the discussion of the Tariff Act of 1824 for the first time in my life I heard the idea suggested that there might be secession, disunion, or resistance to the constitutional authorities of the land. It produced deep and intense meditation on my part. I did believe then that an example ought to be made of it; but there was no way to touch it. I have heard principles of disunion boldly avowed in this hall, and have heard Senators avow what was treason, not technically, but which was not stripped of one particle of the moral turpitude of treason. *Disunion* has been proclaimed in this hall. What a delightful commentary on the freedom of our institutions and the forbearance of the public mind when a man is permitted to go unscathed and unscourged who, in a deliberative body like this, has made such a declaration! Sir, no higher assurance can be given of the freedom of our institutions, and of the forbearance of the American people, and their reliance upon the reason and the intelligence of the community. The intelligent mind is left free to combat error. Such sentiments, with their authors, will descend to the obscurity and the tomb of oblivion. I have only to say, in conclusion, that those who proclaim disunion, no matter of what name politically—that those who, for the sake of disunion, conspire against the Union and the Constitution, are very beautifully described in Holy Writ. They are ‘raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.’”

“The Compromise, sir, was the work of able, patriotic, and renowned statesmen. Some of them are no longer in this body. It is with regret, sir, that I witness the absence of one who bore an important and conspicuous part in the accomplishment of that Compromise. I allude to the venerable Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Clay), who is detained from this chamber by sickness, with which he is deeply afflicted. I trust he will again resume his place in the Senate. The wisdom of his counsels, the brilliancy of his genius, the strength of his will, and the patriotism of his heart never shone brighter than during their manifestation in this body in the achievement of that Compromise.”

On an occasion when our treatment of the Indians was under discussion—a subject he understood better by far than any other member of that august body—he said:

“I am a friend of the Indian, upon the principle that I am a friend to justice. We are not bound to make them promises; but if a promise be made to an Indian, it ought to be regarded as sacredly as if it were made to a white man. If we treat them as tribes, recognize them, send commissioners to form treaties and exchange ratifications with them, and the treaties are negotiated, accepted, ratified, and exchanged,—having met with the approval of the Senate,—I think they may be called compacts; and how are those compacts regarded? Just as we choose to construe them at the time, without any reference to the wishes of the Indians, or whether we do them kindness or justice in the operation, or not. We are often prompted to their ratification by persons interested; and we lend ourselves unintentionally to an unjust act of oppression upon the Indians by men who go and get their signatures to a treaty. The Indian's mark is made; the employees of the Government certify or witness it; and the Indians do not understand it, for they do not know what is written. These are some of the circumstances connected with the Indians. Gentlemen have spoken here of voting millions to build ships, and placing the Army and Navy at the disposition of the President in the event that England act inconsistently with treaty stipulations. This is done because, if England violates a treaty with us, our national honor is injured. Now I should like to know if it becomes us to violate a treaty made with the Indians when we please, regardless of every principle of truth and of honor. We should be careful if it were with a power able to war with us; and it argues a degree of infinite meanness and indescribable degradation on our part to act differently with the Indians, who confide in our honor and justice, and who call the President their Great Father, and confide in him. Mr. President, it is in the power of the Congress of the United States to do some justice to the Indians by giving them a government of their own, and encouraging them in their organization and improvement by inviting their delegates to a place on the floor of the Senate and House of Representatives. If you will not do it, the sin will lie at your door; and Providence, in His own way, mysterious and incomprehensible to us though it is, will accom-

plish all His purposes, and may at some day avenge the wrongs of the Indians upon our nation. As a people we can save them; and the sooner the great work is begun, the sooner will humanity have cause to rejoice in its accomplishment."

Such was the noblest defense of the Red men of America ever pronounced in the Senate of the United States. It was listened to with interest, but it produced little effect upon its action. The poor Red man has had few powerful friends on this continent; while the African race have for a quarter of a century been the exciting topic of sympathy, and for many years of inflammatory appeals. And yet who will pretend to compare the wrongs of the Africans, great as they were, with the outrages that have been perpetrated upon the Aborigines? The former were brought hither from a land of barbarism and Pagan darkness, to be elevated in the scale of social life more rapidly than four millions of men have ever been elevated in the history of the world. They may be called adventurers, having no prescriptive right to the soil. But the Indian was the original possessor of the soil. He received this broad continent from the hands of his Creator. He has been driven from it by invasion; and what the white man's rifle and the white man's fire-water failed to accomplish in his extermination has been made up by treachery and fraud.

Houston had always been a friend to the Red man; and in this respect there was no variation in his conduct during his entire life. This country will one day thoroughly wake up to the atrocities and inhumanity we have inflicted upon the Aborigines. Houston's long efforts in their behalf will then stamp him as the philanthropist of the age which has just passed.*

* I shall never forget the enthusiasm excited in the circle of

HOUSTON AT HOME.

In retiring from public life to spend his last days in the peace of his prairie home we cast one glance at his closing days. Texas still clamored for him to leave his

friends gathered in his room when Houston inquired if some one present could not repeat the splendid lament of Charles Sprague, uttered over the fading away of the Red man, in his matchless Oration on the reception of Lafayette at Boston. One of Houston's guests repeated them:

"Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from His mid-day throne, in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untiring pinion was wet in the clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

"And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pfl-

retirement, and he was elected Governor in 1861. When the same wave of madness which swept the South to her destruction carried Texas into rebellion, General Houston opposed the act with all his enthusiasm and power. For the first time an appeal of his to the reason or patriotism of his countrymen was not heeded. They demanded that he should take the oath to support the Confederacy. But the tortures of a thousand Inquisitions could not have dragged such treasonable words from his lips. Secession was voted over his head. *He resigned his office.* He defied the wild clamor of his

grim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the scill where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

"As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying out to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people."

State, whose population had now risen to 650,000. He retired to his prairie home! and planting upon his log-cabin a single four-pounder, he told his State to 'go to ruin if she pleased; but she should not drag him along with her.' He had made and saved her, and if she would be unmade, it should be her work—not his.*

This act closed his public career, and he went back to his home to be greeted by a gifted and noble wife, and a son† and four lovely daughters. Mrs. Houston's maiden name was Margaret Moffatt Lea, of Marion, Alabama. She was one of the purest, noblest, and most gifted of her sex, and she brightened and blessed his home till the latest moment of his life.

He lived in a log-house plainly furnished, still retaining the chairs which he owned while President of the Republic. These chairs had turned posts, and were bottomed with cow-hides tanned with the hair on. Everything about his home indicated frugality, for he had devoted more time and attention to the salvation and prosperity of his country than to the acquisition

* This citation is made from the author's *History of the United States*, vol. ii. p. 176.

† So greatly was the secession feeling predominant in Texas that he was unable to direct his own family—even his dearly beloved son Sam was a Secessionist, and coming into the Governor's office one day just before his resignation, wearing a secession rosette on his breast, the Governor asked him:

"What is that, Sam, on the lappel of your coat?"

"It is a secession rosette, father," answered young Sam.

"Why, Sammy, haven't you got it in the wrong place?" said the Governor.

"Where should I wear it, father," asked Sam, "if not over my heart?"

"I think, Sammy, it would be more appropriate for you to wear it pinned to the inside of your coat-tail!" answered the Governor.—*History of Texas*, J. M. Morphis, pp. 452-53.

of wealth. Holding the position twice as President of the Republic of Texas, had he been less than scrupulously honest he could have amassed boundless wealth; for he could have gathered into his hands extensive domains of land, which at the time fell into the possession of others who had rendered few or no services to the State. Had he been disposed to profit by the station he held, he could have been the owner of hundreds of thousand of acres of the richest lands in the broad public domain, and many thousand dollars of Texas liabilities, which soon enriched those who held them. But instead of this, he never speculated to the extent of a single dollar in soldiers' lands or Texas stocks—and yet, in the opinion of men, he might have done it without any imputation of dishonor. But Houston was always governed by a higher code of honor than most men.

In his private relations no one who regarded the truth ever dared to arraign his honesty or punctuality. Hence, after more than forty years in public life, he was possessed of only a moderate fortune: not rich, for he never cared for more than a competency for himself and a young family, to whom he wished to leave as a chief heritage a spotless reputation.

And when he has finally retired from the Senate, to his distant home on the far-off frontier, full of honors, and surrounded by the halo of victory, he added a new lustre to his private character by uniting himself with the Christian Church, as a humble communicant.

Houston's youth was wild and impetuous; but it was spotted by no crime, it was not even soiled by indulgence. His early manhood was filled with earnestness and daring, but it was deformed by no act which lost for him the confidence of the virtuous or the daring.

love of his mother. We have related, too, that just as he was stepping upon the theater of high and brilliant fame a cloud came over the sky and wrapped his heart and his home in sadness and gloom.

There is a sorrow which even the hero cannot bear. The storms of life may beat against the frail dwelling of man as wildly as they will, and the proud and the generous heart may still withstand the blast. But when the poisoned shaft of disappointment strikes the bosom where *all* we love and live for is treasured, the fruit of this world turns to ashes, and the charm of life is broken. Then it is that too often reason and bliss take their flight together.

When this dark cloud fell over the path of Houston, he yielded for a while to intemperate indulgences, like many noble and generous spirits. But his excesses were exaggerated by his enemies a hundredfold. We believe no man could say that he ever saw Houston rendered incompetent, by any indulgence, to perform any of the offices of private or public life, a single hour.

But the days of his indulgences soon passed away. When the sunlight of domestic happiness again shone through his dwelling, and he was sustained by that great conservative principle of a man's life, a happy home, illumined by the smile of an affectionate and devoted wife—his good angel came back again, *and for the rest of his long life no man was more exemplary in all the duties and all the virtues of the citizen, the father, and the husband.* From that moment he espoused the great cause of Virtue and Temperance with all the earnestness of his nature.

Whenever an opportunity occurred he spoke eloquently, in public and in private, in favor of that beneficent movement which has restored many thousands of

generous but misguided men to the long-abandoned embraces of weeping families and to the noble duties of citizenship. And who could better tell the horrors and the woes of the poor inebriate's life than the man who had experienced them? Who could more eloquently and willingly woo back the wanderer to the fold of virtue than he who had just returned to its hallowed inclosure? Blessings on the head of the devoted and beautiful wife whose tender persuasions proved too strong for the clamors of appetite and the pangs of disappointment. In winning the stricken wanderer back to the pure charities of home, she saved the State one of its noblest citizens; and so benign was the influence of his example, and so calm and so holy a light beamed ceaselessly around the altars of that distant Prairie Home, that his children, with the nation he saved, rose up and called him blessed. Houston's indulgences never were carried so far as to give the slightest shock to his constitution. They were only occasional at any period.

And when he thought his public career over, he found himself standing on the meridian of life, with an erect, well-made form, of perfect health and gigantic strength. His hair had been turned gray by Herculean labors, but his eye was still soft and clear, and it beamed with a smile which no man's can wear whose heart does not overflow with love of country and philanthropy to his race. His countenance was flushed with the glow of health and cheerfulness, which seldom, in a world like ours, lingers after the morning of life is passed. And but for occasional days of suffering from the wound he received in his right shoulder from two rifle balls at To-ho-pe-ka, so many years before, he knew no physical ailment. Sometimes these sufferings were intense, and

